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Description: *The Inkwell* is Armstrong's student newspaper published since 1935, this is volume two (10/23/1936-5/21/1937) from the college's second year. It was bound with contemporary issues of *Collegiate Digest: College News in Picture & Paragraph*. Hoyt Ware, Jeanne Victor and the Inkwell staff produced five issues (55 pages including the *Collegiate News*). Highlights: Stacy Keach's theatre, Coach Shiver's football, founding of student organizations, naming of yearbook, descriptions of student's dress, reading habits and what to expect in several courses.

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Dyer Heads
Personnel GroupBusiness Leaders Will
Speak Here On
Choice of Vocation

A new feature of the curriculum of the college this year is the introduction of a personnel department, which is to be under the supervision of Dr. J. P. Dyer. Dean Askeu and Professors Boyd and Gignilliat complete the committee on personnel.

The committee hopes to bring outstanding men in the business and professional fields here to talk on their various lines of work to students who are interested. These conferences will come in a series throughout the year, it is understood.

The purpose of the personnel program is "to advise with students concerning their choice of vocation and in every way possible to steer them into those channels where they will have the best chance of success."

As Dr. Dyer sees it, the method for accomplishing this aim is first, through the use of comprehensive diagnostic and achievement tests to determine to some extent an individual's strong and weak points, thus enabling him to know more accurately his proper field; and second, through vocational guidance conferences; and third, through personal contact between faculty and students.

The faculty is making for one of its main objectives this year the guidance of students through interviews and friendly advice in the choice of vocation. It is hoped, the committee stated, that students will confer not only with members of the committee, but any of the faculty. They are especially desirous that students discuss their personal problems with members of the faculty.

Home Ec.
Scholarship
Will Be Given

A Home Economics scholarship fund will be established by the Home Economics Club this year, it was declared recently by Miss Frances Ennis, Instructor in Home Economics.

The fund will be used to aid some deserving student to pursue studies in Home Economics here next year. Cooking school exhibits and card parties are the means to be used to build up the fund.

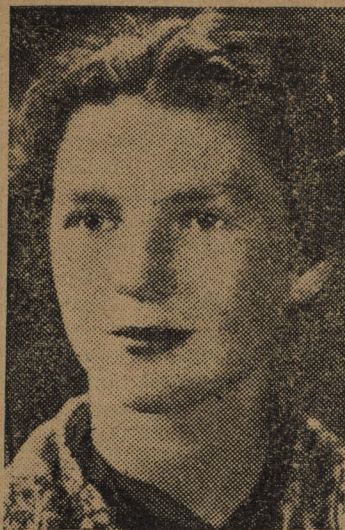
The club is planning a busy schedule for this year, and the topic for study is "New Things in Home Economics."

A joint meeting of the Savannah Home Economics Club and the college club was held on October 6, at the college auditorium. Mrs. B. S. Barnes, Miss Ennis, and Miss Mays, State Supervisor of Home Economics, spoke very interestingly.

Many Home Economics students went to the teachers' conference held in Statesboro recently to attend the Home Economics convention there. They report an enjoyable and instructive trip.

The Home Economics Club meets on the second Wednesday of each month at 5:30, and a light supper is served after the meetings. Dues are 15 cents a month, and any student is eligible for membership.

FIRST PRESIDENT



Nell McIntyre

Phi Delta Mu
Elects McIntyreFirst Greek Letter Club
Also Names Grace
Bounds and Joan Dodd

The first sorority of Armstrong Junior College has been formed, and the members have adopted the name of Phi Delta Mu for the organization.

At a recent meeting, Nell McIntyre was elected president, Grace Bounds was made secretary, and Joan Dodd was named treasurer.

The announcement of the formation of Armstrong's first Greek letter club will come as a surprise to the general student body, as the plans thus far have been made in secret.

Members of the sorority have discussed plans with Mrs. Ernest A. Lowe, and it is largely through her counsel that the girls were able to organize in the short time since the beginning of the school term. It is understood that Mrs. Lowe is negotiating with President Lowe on the subject of a club room for the sorority.

Officers of the club declared recently that initiation for the members will be held at an early date. The initiation ritual will be drawn up with the help of Mrs. Lowe, and sorority pins will be presented to the members at the initiation ceremony.

Already the sorority has made several plans for various social functions, the feature of which will be a formal dance near the Easter holidays. The members are very enthusiastic as they look forward to the activities of the sorority. They plan to pledge Freshmen into the club at the end of the fall quarter.

Members of the club are: Nell McIntyre, Joan Dodd, Ann Gibson, Caroline Oliver, Walton Purse, Ophelia Park, Marilouise Lockwood, Helene Herndon, Electa Robertson, and Grace Bounds.

Night School
Classes Are
Quite Full

More than one hundred and sixty students throng Armstrong's halls three nights a week, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Various courses are being offered: Chemistry under Mr. Hawes, Financial Analysis under Mr. Kolgaklis, Economics under Mr. McNeill, English under Miss Fortson, and Play Production under Mr. Keach. Students, some mature, some youthful, all serious, hustle to class at the sound of the opening bell. A renaissance of learning is certainly in evidence.

Tuition for one course is \$15.00, and all the resources of the college are open to the students.

How Should
One Study?Inquiring Reporter
Collects Symposium
On This Subject

What is the best way to study? Study is the most important thing done at Armstrong, yet many students know very little about the best methods. Many students realize at the end of the year or quarter that they have not always made the best use of their time. The question is, What are the best ways to study?

We asked the faculty to make up a sort of symposium on the subject and have gotten these answers:

1. Organize the assignment, know what you are after. Use the index.
2. Concentrate: set yourself a time-limit, then go to work. Don't dawdle.
3. Read through the entire assignment first; try to understand rather than memorize.
4. Take notes on the important ideas, or lightly underline (in pencil) or write notes in the margin.
5. Review classnotes the same day. Psychologists believe that what you forget, is forgotten within 24 hours.
6. Test yourself, make sure of everything, reorganize.

Other good hints on study are:

1. Don't memorize by note, try to get the gist, the main ideas.
2. Have proper lighting and physical conditions. Quiet.
3. Approach your lessons with the proper attitude, be determined about it, and try to enjoy it. Perhaps do the hardest task first. Nothing was ever well learned in a half-hearted, grudging way.
4. Develop method, study the same time, same place, every day.
5. Develop an accurate and extensive vocabulary. Don't say "CUTE" when you mean pretty, pleasant, charming, handsome, beautiful, nice, attractive. "Cute" means Attractive by reason of daintiness or picturesqueness, as a child. Also, shrewd or clever (Webster) Poverty of words indicates a lack of ideas, and a lack of brains.
6. Seek recreation. Don't study all the time. Continuous reading and study makes for dullness, and pedantry.
6. Get plenty of sleep. Physical fatigue or nervousness is a drag on mental effort, and makes you dull.

With all this advice, it may be that individuals will have or develop personal idiosyncracies. It has been found that rapid reading is a help, and prevents idling.

Also very important is reorganization of material before examinations. Review, review.

Inkwell On
Herty Paper

Carrying out the policy of Greater Armstrong - Greater Savannah, *The Inkwell* is printed this issue on paper made from Georgia pine through the Herty process. *The Inkwell* is deeply indebted to Dr. Herty and to Mr. W. G. McNaughton of the Herty plant for their generosity.

This paper is made in Savannah from pine trees in this district, and the printing is done by Savannah labor. This plan was begun last year by *The Inkwell*, the first Junior College newspaper to use Georgia pine paper for newsprint.

NEW COACH



Robbie Thompson

Thompson May
Coach BoxingShiver Tells of Athletic
Activities For
Ensuing Seasons

Robbie Thomson, well-known in local sport circles, may coach the Armstrong boxing team, it was announced recently by "Chick" Shiver, Director of Athletics. Mr. Thomson, having been boxing coach of both Savannah High School and Benedictine College teams, is widely experienced in this sport. He is quite popular with the boys, and is expected to mold a winning team.

Mr. Shiver said the boxing squad will begin training a few days before the Christmas holidays in order to get the boys in good condition, and to give them a base on which to work after they return to school. After a reasonable period of training, a tournament will be held, a team selected, and the pugilists will be prepared to engage in combat with outside teams.

These statements came in an exclusive interview with an *Inkwell* reporter in which Mr. Shiver outlined the year's athletic activities in detail. He declared that he had formed an extensive program for students to participate in every sport as the respective seasons rolled around.

Immediately following basketball will be either indoor baseball or regular baseball. This is another phase of last year's program which was entered into wholeheartedly by the students.

(Continued on page 3)

Henry Again
Urges Freshman
To Co-operate

Frank Henry, president of the Student Council of last term, told an *Inkwell* reporter in a recent interview that it would be up to the new Council and the new Sophomore Class Officers to enforce the Freshman Regulations suggested by last year's Council.

Mr. Henry said there should be no enmity between classes, but some means must be taken to curb wholesale violation of the adopted suggestions. He spoke of the favorable comment that Freshman caps have aroused among outsiders, and added that it seems the Freshmen have already stopped wearing the caps.

These statements reiterated Mr. Henry's talk in assembly at the beginning of the present term when he urged Freshmen to co-operate in regard to tradition and school spirit.

Keach To Take
Play On TourIn Discussing Year's
Drama Plans, He
Tells of Extensive
Experiment

Stacy Keach, instructor in Play Production, announced recently that he hoped to take a play on the road and present it throughout the state sometime during the spring quarter. Mr. Keach said his statement was entirely tentative, as no definite arrangements have been made along that line yet.

Mr. Keach further declared he was inaugurating an experimental theatre here this year, beginning preparations as soon as time will permit. The theatre will experiment not only with types of plays, but also with lighting machinery, scenic effects, and costuming. The various crews assigned will be directly responsible for the show, building their own scenery and properties.

This will be one of the few theatres in the South to get certain plays, professional theatres being favored; but since Armstrong is to have an experimental theatre, it will have opportunities to put on many of the better plays. Through a representative, Samuel French, Mr. Keach will be able to obtain for the college theatre several World Premier productions—plays that have never been produced before.

The classes will produce all types of plays, new forms as well as old, to give the students of the college and the people of Savannah a greater conception and appreciation of the theatre's aims.

The classes in Play Production will co-operate with the regular crews in producing the plays, and will handle the backstage end of the theatre. The plays will be open to all members of the night and day classes, any student being eligible to try out for parts.

Regular tryouts for parts were held in the Auditorium under Mr. Keach's tutelage. A large number of students tried out and Mr. Keach said the tryouts were successful. Applicants were required to do a pantomime and a character sketch and also to read certain passages in order to show their emotional actions.

Health Here
Is Good,
Says Boyd

As the results of the physical examinations conducted at the beginning of the school term are being tabulated, Professor W. S. Boyd announced to *The Inkwell* the general trend indicates good health among the student body. Mr. Boyd and Dr. V. H. Bassett, City Health Officer, were in charge of the examinations.

Mr. Boyd hopes the students will co-operate in regard to the health program so that any defects may be corrected immediately.

He declared he was delighted to find so few irregularities in health. Any irregularity will be disclosed to the individual concerned, Mr. Boyd stated.

The physical examinations are the beginning of an extensive health program. The exams will be followed up with further checks and recommendations in order to improve individual health.

The college recognizes that health is one of the most important aspects of life and is, therefore, stressing it greatly, Mr. Boyd said.

THE INKWELL

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of Savannah, Georgia

Published Monthly

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VOL. II. OCTOBER 23, 1936 No. 1

Following the custom adopted last year, *The Inkwell* proposes to dedicate each issue to some member of the faculty. This issue is, therefore, dedicated to Reuben W. Holland, Professor of Romance Languages.

Pictures in this issue of *The Inkwell* are used through the courtesy of *The Savannah Evening Press*.

A man is as good as his word and as big as his capacity.

Everything is related; even fleas have brothers.

New Professors

With the increased enrollment at the college this year, it was necessary to enlarge the personnel of our faculty. To find professors who would measure up to the standard and quality of the faculty of last year was a very difficult task to complete, as our faculty was and is, one of the finest in the state, but to the credit of the school must go the fact that the new members of our faculty have not only measured up to the highest standards of our faculty but also have become very well liked and admired by the student body. From both in the state and out of the state the new faculty members came, but every one of them has the same attributes of friendliness and cordiality that marks the fine personality and to them we say that their presence and guiding spirit in our school can only bring credit and honor to the name of Armstrong Junior College.

—A. J.

Auditorium

Last year *The Inkwell* advocated that the new auditorium of the college be named in honor of Mayor Thomas Gamble, who was so highly instrumental in the conception and founding of this institution.

The Inkwell still holds this view, and believes that the passage of time since the editorial was published had indicated still further that the Mayor is richly deserving of whatever honors that the grateful people of this community can bestow upon him. It was his vision, his influence, and, to a still greater extent, his untiring efforts that made this college a reality. He worked for it, not only in his official capacity as head of the city government, but as a private citizen. He has shown a tremendous interest in the college and its students, and has manifested this interest in a material way.

He was an influential force in the securing of the funds for the construction of the auditorium, and as a result of his work, Savannah is a richer, finer, and more beautiful city.

It is only fitting, therefore, that the thousands of students and citizens who shall pass through the doors of the Armstrong auditorium in the years to come should have some definite reminder, some memorial, of the man, who, above all men, is responsible for the existence of the entire institution.

—R. M.

Rules

Essential to that intangible but vitally necessary thing known as college spirit are the age old traditions upon which it is based. At Armstrong we have nothing age old but the jokes; so the creation of traditions will be done by the first students. But if the traditions are to be a credit to the institution and worthy of the recognition that time will grant them, the careful guidance of their formation should be the concern of the first students. It is in keeping with this concern that the upper-classmen have suggested several freshmen "rules." (Quotation marks around the rules, because they are not rules in the sense of laws to be enforced, but simply age old traditions in the process of creation.) One of our most precious traditions at Armstrong is we have no laws on personal conduct beyond the unwritten rules of propriety and the request that high standards be therein maintained. It is in keeping with the sustenance of this good policy that the upper-classmen have entreated the newcomers and future upper-classmen to cooperate in the building of college spirit by the observance of the freshmen rules. The freshmen as a whole are to be highly commended on the spirit they have shown in reciprocating.

—S. S.

And then there was the absent-minded professor who tried to blow out his brains.

The Inkwell urges the student body to patronize the advertisers, those who are making possible the publication of this paper.

Groping for the right answer in class is like interviewing a big executive: the object of your interest is always In Conference.

NYA

To make it possible for worthy students, not otherwise able, to attend college is a laudable policy; but in providing federal scholarships, the Government hopes to accomplish a two-fold purpose: to enable students desirous of continuing their education to earn their tuition; and, wherever possible, to benefit the community as a whole by the type of work done.

There are students in Armstrong Junior College whose attendance has been made possible by these federal scholarships. Each of them has been given work which seems to serve best his natural talents, past training, and future vocational prospects.

Some of the men students are co-operating with the Y. M. C. A. in promoting athletic activities among younger boys, organizing new clubs, and supervising playgrounds. This service renders benefits to the entire community by providing wholesome activities for boys, where failure to do so might cause a social problem.

Those students talented in painting and manual arts will paint and construct stage scenery for the auditorium. The use of the auditorium facilities are available not only to the college students, but for any worthy purpose in which Savannah is interested.

Quick thinking, diplomacy, and patience, traits everyone needs, can be developed by working at the Information Desk. The kind of reception a visitor receives often determines his opinion of an institution.

Working in the library affords good training in becoming acquainted with books, filing, card-indexing, and the other duties of the librarian. This is practical experience which might prove valuable in the future.

In order to gain a broader experience, students will spend a part of their time in the different phases of the work. Besides a good education, they will have gained valuable practical experience, developed admirable qualities, and truly benefited others by the work they pursue.

—G. A. H.

Diogenes' Bathtub

Editor's Note.—The opinions expressed in this column are entirely those of Mr. Diogenes, and have no connection with the editorial policy of this paper.

The purpose of this column is to give me space so the Editor won't leave me out to put in something else. In it, you will find merriment, wisdom of all the ages, criticism plus a young man's fancy. If you are bored with it, I don't blame you.—Diogenes.

When Anne Morrow Lindbergh was very young she often embarrassed her parents by brashly remarking about any odd thing she might see. One day Pierpont Morgan was to stop in for tea, so Anne's mother sternly cautioned her not to say a word about Mr. Morgan's admittedly large nose. In due time Mr. Morgan came and the visit was going off fine, Anne had met him and the only thing she had done wrong was to stare at him shyly as children often will. When tea was served, Anne asked her mother if she might go out and play. Relieved, Mrs. Morrow said, "yes," and when the child was gone she turned to Pierpont Morgan and said: "Will you have two lumps of sugar in your nose?"

Try this problem on yourself: If you get it without peeping, it shows you are bright as a dollar, or smart as a whip: Up at Duke, a psychology prof. asked his class to figure out how you could train an X-ray machine so as to hit an internal diseased spot every time, yet hit the healthy tissue surrounding it as little as possible. Reason is that X-rays destroy healthy tissue as well as cancerous tissue.

Hardly anybody could guess right, but finally a bright boy decided that if you rotate the beam around an arc outside the body, you would hit the diseased spot every time, yet the healthy tissue would only be hit once each revolution of the circle. The psychology teacher beamed on the boy, but it was only a flash in the pan, and he flunked the course.

Germany's Frederic Nietzsche's philosophy of the superman is the basis for much of current Nazi theory. Insidiously, the Aryan superiority bunko (disproved by the world's best ethnologists) has crept into their minds perhaps as a balm for the injury done their national pride by Versailles, and to draw attention away from economic realities. In a Fascist state, if you haven't got raw materials you build up your army and then get them, paying with human life, and rewarded by a salute.

Frederic as a delicate pale youth, disliked the bad boys who robbed birds' nests, raided orchards, and told lies. His playmates called him the little minister, so he burned a batch of matches in his hand to prove his stoicism.

When he read Schopenhauer's *World as Will and Idea*, he beheld the world, life, and his own nature, with frightful grandeur. "Without music, life would be a mistake," Nietzsche's own philosophy included the belief that things usually considered "evil," such as greed, hatred, envy, cruelty, and struggle, are necessary in the struggle for survival and selection. He thought the ethics of Christianity weak, democratic, and negative.

Spectacular is no word for what happened at a Tech-Stanford football game: Stumpy Thomason jammed his finger down a fellow's throat while stiff arming him; the fellow almost bit his finger off from surprise, and then vomited from having the finger down his throat . . . later in the game a Tech boy ran 90 yards the wrong way.

Lessons in Anatomy: (for human biology students) Diogenes has written an exhausting 900 page volume entitled the *Human Body and So What*. It is on sale in any hardware store and at the airport.

The Human ear is an organ of which there are two. Of the human ear, Aristotle said: "Bah!" The ear is used by ordinary people for listening, but students find it convenient to hear bells with at the end of periods. Until 1932, the ear was thought to be related to the nose, but Diogenes has cleared all that up. Some ears are shaped

Exchange

Grace Bounds, Editor

"Collegiate"

Sure of himself, head and shoulders above his fellow students; distinctive.

He swings along the campus walks, proud of the heritage his Alma Mater bestows upon him, glad of his academic responsibilities, appreciative of his privileges.

He is part of his institution, he is one of its workers; he is typical of a great system.

When a man enters wholeheartedly into the college world; when he is proud of all his college affords and represents:

He is then—"Collegiate."

The Hight Hat—

Norfolk Division of William and Mary College.

(By Associated Collegiate Press)

Quite unaccountably, we find ourselves with a sudden rush of the head of stories about absent-minded college professors. We do not recall where the stories originated, nor whom they concerned, but our remembrance of all of them suggest that there is a basis of truth for each one.

Every year college deans pop the routine question to their undergraduates:

"Why did you come to college?"

Traditionally the answers match the question in triteness. But last year one University of Arizona co-ed unexpectedly confided:

"I came here to be went with,—but I ain't yet?"

The Flat Hat—

College of William and Mary.

G. S. C. W. is going to have a private part in the national elections this year—the students will go to the polls on November 3 and cast their votes for the president of the United States in a mock election to be staged on the campus, under the leadership of the history club, to acquaint the students with the manner in which the election is carried on.

The Colonade—

Georgia State College for Women.

To flirt is very wrong;

I don't.

Wild youths chase women, wine, and song;

I don't.

I kiss no girls, not even one;

I don't even know how it is done.

You wouldn't think I have much fun;

I don't.

Epitaph

Here lies the body of an atheist,
All dressed up and no place to go.

Have you heard of the Frosh who thought Western Union was cowboy's underwear?

The Flat Hat—

College of William and Mary.

New Tablets

Have you gotten your new Maroon and Gold theme tablet? Armstrong now has its own theme paper. A shipment of a thousand new tablets has recently been received at the book store. The new theme tablets are most attractive, having a maroon cover with the name Maroon and Gold in large gold letters. The paper is of finest quality and all work done on it will reflect a personal pride of the Junior College students.

In the long run violators of freshmen rules seldom make popular students.

like those of a donkey: later we will take up the donkey, but just now our hands are full.

Plato whimsically thought the Human Ear was for equalizing the pressure inside and out of a Freshman's head, but today we know that is impossible.

Next month, we will take up the Human Hand, from chapter 3, in the monumental Diogenes: *Human Body and So What*.

—DIOGENES.



The summer doesn't seem to have had any drastic effects on the Romances of last winter . . . they are still going strong.

Is "Sherman" still rooting for Georgia . . . it looks sorta doubtful.

It seems that Pape Brooks has a crush on Cecilia Travis.

What girl's heart hasn't skipped a beat at the sight of Mr. Keach?

Pete blossomed forth recently in a good looking U. S. Navy prep school pin.

Gracie and Hoyt are seen every where together now.

Hulbert writes from St. Mary's saying how much she misses Armstrong.

Amusing scene . . . Felie holding up traffic on the Wilmington road while she danced around with ants in her . . . shoes.

"Mat" spends all her spare time peering in the pay telephone hoping to find a nickel!

Ask Pat Dodd about Jimmie the next time you see her . . . and watch her blush!

Have you noticed the grin on Mr. Holland's face for the past couple weeks?

Mr. McNeill is running a south-side express . . . the ship leaves the dock at 1:30 . . . Half-fare on top . . .

Adele and Stockton are working up a nice little case.

Junie Roberts leaves home at night to study and ends up playing bridge (the kind you play with cards)!

By the by—who's responsible for the empty Seagram's bottle on the front lawn.

When !!! Oliver has curls again.

Mrs. Wall insists on bursting forth in the midst of class with recitations of poetry.

Amusing moment! Mr. Askew dashing into class with "What day is this?"

Is it true that Lee Speir has a case on Elizabeth Wallace?

We are wondering if the boys behaved themselves in Atlanta last week-end.

Miss Victor and Miss Levy seem to be competing for Mr. Traub . . . wonder who's ahead and what Mr. McGillicuddy has to say about this.

Jack McLaughlin appears to be the freshman co-ed's ideal.

Stanley does a lot of talking and note writing to Elacta for one who claims to be faithful to another.

If you want to see Frank Barragan get uncomfortable in a hurry just ask him how Frances is?

Thought for the day—the joy of knowing winter is almost here soon fades when we take a look at our last years wardrobe!

Another thought—Who gave Mann the black eye?

To The Painter

When your thoughts revert to sadness

When you feel both tired and blue
Then 'tis time to change your color

To a brighter, braver hue.

For your thoughts are brushes
cunning

Painting high lights and the low;
Be an artist in their handling
Use your brush to paint the glow

Paint the brightness, and the courage
That high aim and growth demand.
Be an artist—show your colors
See your aim and life expand.

—SIN FAH CHAN.

A Toast

Here's to happy days; any old
ol can have a good time at night.

Survey Of Youth Today

—BOOK REVIEW—

Davis, Maxine. *The Lost Generation*. Macmillan. 1936. \$2.00.

The Lost Generation is a personal survey of social and economic conditions among the youth of the "lost generation"—those who upon graduation from college or high school found themselves unable to find employment in not only what they were trained for, but were unable to find employment in anything. Well trained technical men were forced to operate gas stations for a living. Many were forced to go on relief. Some turned to crime.

Miss Davis bought a second-hand car and toured the country to find out what the lost generation had to say for itself. All over the nation she talked to young people in CCC camps, high schools, colleges, the corner drug-store—anywhere. She talked to employers and college officials.

Everywhere, almost without exception, she found uncomplaining, but resigned acceptance of its fate by the lost generation. Apparently they have lost all ambition. What they want is security—permanent security. Communism had made little headway among youth, not because they are fundamentally opposed to it, but because there has been no leader to put communism in their own terms. Returning prosperity means nothing to many of the lost generation, for employers want men graduated to-day and tomorrow, not yesterday.

As a partial solution to these problems, there are the trade schools of big corporations, vocational schools, the CCC and the NYA; but a basic solution must be effected by the government for the youth of today who are the nation tomorrow.

Read it; you'll be interested and will think about it after you have finished.

—SAMUEL FREEMAN.

Vivid View Of Georgia

—BOOK REVIEW—

Woodward, Emily, comp. *Empire: Georgia today in pictures and paragraphs*. Ruralist Press. 1936. \$3.00.

This is a book of real value to the Armstrong student because it gives him a photographic story of Georgia. Emily Woodward, one of Georgia's foremost ladies of the press, has produced a wonderful picture-story supplemented with just enough explanatory print to awaken keen interest in the varied history, beauty, and present day industry, of our State. Within less than an hour, a remarkably vivid and fairly comprehensive view of Georgia can be had from this pictorial record. Due to the book's object, certain photographs are more appealing. The very first, a lovely river scene is an introduction that carries one on to the close of Miss Woodward's book to a genuine desire to see and learn more of our "Empire State."

—ELEANOR MURPHY.

Glee Club Will Present Revue In The Spring

Although plans are yet vague, the Glee Club will present an operetta as the feature of a Spring Festival to be held in connection with Mr. Keach's Play Production classes. It was announced recently that this gala occasion will be the climax of the year's activities of the Glee Club. The first activity of the present season will be a performance at the dedication of the new buildings.

The club now has an enrollment of forty-five. At present the members are working on two interesting numbers: the New Alma Mater, the words of which Miss Spencer wrote to Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony;" and Stephen Foster's "I Dream of Jeanie with Light Brown Hair." The girls' chorus is working on "Song of Pan," which has a flute accompaniment.

Growth Of The Library Is Traced

—ARTICLE—

How time does fly! But this is not going to be an article of reminiscence, dear reader, so you may be at ease and continue in peace.

However, stop to think a minute. A year ago this time your library and mine was just a newborn infant, crying and squirming for more nourishment in the form of books, books, and more books. But today our library—well, it is still an infant with needy hands forever outstretched. And I may add that our great room of knowledge always has been, is, and will be grateful to its many past, present, and future contributors for giving it its very life, its very means of existence—its books; which, as we all have noticed since September 22, are rapidly adding color to the vast empty spaces of the dark and gloomy library shelves.

However, times were when conditions were not so rosey. Shelves were practically bare of literature; when first knowledge seeking freshmen knew less about using a college library than giving an explanation of Einstein's pet theory. Oh, those were days in September, 1935, believe me! Then, our now dignified (?) library was a mere gathering place, a conference room, a community forum, so to speak, where quiet was a thing unknown; where views were freely—much too freely—expressed; where "coming attractions" were eagerly talked over; where the new and strange college studies were cussed and discussed from all angles—even the right one occasionally; where the terrifically overburdened students unloaded their many troubles not only on their fellow classmates, who had enough problems of their own, but even on their poor, defenseless library assistants who were trying to bring peace out of chaos. Soon there came the dawn of a new day! The tumult and the shouting soon died away (with due apologies to Kipling), and an air of dignity and studiousness gradually crept over all who entered the beautiful brown-walled room with the books. Indeed, under Mrs. Miller's careful eye and guiding hand (a hand which was, by the way, forever guiding to the nearest exit those who persisted in exercising their vocal chords) we college youngsters felt for the first time real college discipline and learned to make time valuable by using the library to its best advantage for study and for research.

By the end of its first year of existence the library had grown from a somewhat empty room containing less than 400 books to a room containing over 1,000 volumes and racks molding 77 weekly and monthly publications and 4 excellent newspapers. At present the library boasts of having over 2,000 books catalogued. In addition to these which are in the library proper, we have over 3,000 various and sundry volumes in our basement bookroom. Practically all of the latter were donated by friends of the college and are very often used for both pleasure reading and for reference work.

This year, with the great influx of somewhat intelligent looking freshmen and freshwomen (no harm meant), new library problems arose, but are being solved quickly and most efficiently. To care for the great increase in business, new stacks have been installed and new tables have been placed. As for new books—well, avalanches of them continue pouring in daily. (Ask Mrs. Miller!) Circulation, by the by, had increased to many hundreds a week, a fact which shows that the new students are, in a fashion, putting some business, at least, before their pleasure.

Yet, for the first few days, it was really very amusing to notice the newcomers wearing extremely blank faces. Their expressions were, at times, most pathetic. Some looked as though they were utterly hopeless of the future; others seemed to maintain a quizzical stare as they wandered aimlessly around over the marble floors; many indeed seemed terri-

Lake Song

The rain drops dimples into the Lake
And, O, the smiles the ripples make

The unheard laughter roll and roll
And mingle with the music in my soul.

The gaudy leaves like jewels in a dream

Ride the currents down the lazy stream

As they whirl and play
Toward the wide spill-way

The waterfall makes music loud and deep

And wakes the fairies up from sleep

To come and dance and lark
Upon the shinning rainbow's arc

Then how the water churns and races

And makes such foam like snowy laces

On down the stream of curves and bends

Into the sea of mystery it ends.

Life is like a raindrop small
It can dimple dance and ride a waterfall

Reflect a beam of rainbow light
And fashion beauty with all its might.

Then falls into the seething stream
And returns to that from which it came.

—CELIA Z. WALL.

The Vagabonds

The wind and I are vagabonds
Unknown, unloved, but free

Our life the search for great beyonds,
A life for such as we.

The brooding peace of sleepless nights,

This is our wander song,
The dreamless road through barren heights

Our lonesome road along.

For you the warm home fires last;
For us the fight, a torch to wave

Where God's great canvas changes fast,

The cold starlight, an unknown grave.

—CECIL REID REINSTEIN.

fically bewildered by it all. But the "young-inns" certainly adapted themselves very quickly to their new school life and are rapidly becoming a real part of Armstrong. Indeed, after losing their air of superiority, the freshies have turned out to be regular guys. The great co-operation afforded by them in helping to keep an orderly and increasingly useful library has been truly appreciated by all concerned.

Why, if each freshman class sees the library grow as it has done in the past two months, the books will be soon overflowing into—well, goodness knows where. Yet, who knows? n years to come, when Armstrong expands to new quarters, the library may occupy the entire building in which it is now housed; and instead of reading simply: "Armstrong Junior College," the plaque in front of our school will bear the words: "Armstrong College Library."

Then, when we old timers return home, won't we look the place over and say with pride, "I knew you when!"

—HERBERT TRAUB.

Thompson May Coach Boxing

(Continued from page 1)

In answer to a question as to the probability of having swimming and track teams, Mr. Shiver made the statement that this depended entirely upon the amount of interest shown among the students. He said tennis, golf, riding, fencing, and any other sport will be included if student interest warrants.

An Intra-mural Athletic Council has been formed, which is to settle any disputes that may arise between teams, and to help in the best way possible the running of the physical education activities. This board, elected by popular vote, consists of the following: two freshmen, Robert Miller and Arthur Cranman; three sophomores, Billy Mann, Nairn Ross, and George Straight; and Mr. Shiver, Mr. Askew, and Miss Ennis of the faculty.

Mr. Shiver stated it may well be said at this time, that although the school has an interesting program of athletic activities lined up, at no time will athletic participation be allowed to such a degree that it will prove detrimental to the student's scholastic standing. Armstrong Junior College feels that the student goes to college, not for the purpose of displaying his accidental ability to handle a stick, to kick, throw, or carry a ball, or to swim or run; but that he goes for the purpose of gaining knowledge which will be of practical value to him in later life. In order to abide by such a policy, the school feels it necessary to demand that the students maintain the required scholastic average although it may mean the curtailment of active participation in sports.

Husband (after the theater): "But, dear, what did you object to?"

Wife: "Why the idea of you bel-lowing 'Author! Author!' at a Shakespearian drama!"

To The Easily Embarrassed

Don't look so agonized! Don't squirm

Like some poor misguided worm
In hot ashes might.

Go put some powder on your nose—

Go pick a daisy—or a rose—
Don't look so agonized! Don't squirm

Like some evilly tortured worm.
(Two doors down. Turn right).

—FRESHMAN.

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Across From College

MISS FRANCES ENNIS TELLS OF INTERESTING TOUR OF EUROPE

BY MISS FRANCES ENNIS

Instructor in Home Economics

As quick as a flash, one can change all former plans and just go to Europe! I decided that the time, June 28, 1936, was at hand, but none of my friends were quite ready to go along with me.

I joined a party, Brownell Motor Tours, from Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Not knowing one soul in the group, I went to New York on the day coach (but air-conditioned) and saw my director only long enough to get my passport. I thought surely I might find him at the Bremen Steamship among the 3,000 passengers to go along with me, or certainly among the 5,000 friends to bid us bon voyage. But no! So I bravely paid ten cents and calmly walked on the boat as a visitor. Of course, having duly paid my steamship fare, the captain himself would have had great difficulty in sending me down the gangplank.

At 2 a. m. we were well on our way waving good-bye to our friends, for everyone on land is your dearest friend when you see the Statue of Liberty fading into the clouds. But 3,128 miles of music, games, movies, dancing, new acquaintances, and beautiful sunshine brought us after four days, twenty hours, and eighteen minutes to Cherbourg, France. Here, after receiving instructions and scouring through only two of our party's luggage, we got a boat train for Paris.

Paris, Geneva, Interlaken

In Paris we took two motor tours of the city, visiting the Grand Boulevards, Madeleine rue Royale, Place de la Concorde, Champs Elysees, Arc de Triomphe, and Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Invalides, and Tomb of Napoleon, Latin Quarter, Pantheon, Cathedral of Notre Dame, Sainte Chapelle, Bastille, Place de la Republic, and Montmartre. We took an all day motor tour to beautiful Versailles, the Trianons, and Mailmaison, the home of Josephine, after being divorced from Napoleon. We had a most interesting and instructive visit to the Louvre Art Gallery, largest museum in the world. We remember with greatest joy our own Whistler's "Portrait of the Artist's Mother" as the first American picture granted a place there (and now one of the two only American pictures in the Louvre). We also visited Fontainebleau.

After five days in Paris, we started out to tour our second of ten countries visited on the Continent. We loved Lake Leman in Geneva, the richest city in Switzerland. Mount Blanc with its towering peak could be seen in the distance. Our sight-seeing drive (in our own blue Renault bus) included a visit to the League of Nations, Russian Church, Hotel de Ville, and other places of interest.

On we went from Geneva along the shores of Lake Leman through Lausanne and to Montreaux. We visited the Castle of Chillon built in the 14th Century. You remember its connection with "Prisoner's Song."

After crossing the Bernese Oberland by way of Ivan Pass and Spiez, obtaining intimate visions of mountain farms and villages, we arrived in Interlaken as the name indicated, lying between two beautiful lakes, Brienz and Thun. It is the most fashionable summer resort of Switzerland, at the foot of the lofty, snow-capped Jungfrau. A whole day was spent going up the lovely mountain drive to the Rhone Glacier.

Leaving Interlaken, we reached Lucerne after enjoying a constantly changing panorama of sapphire lakes, snow-capped peaks, gorges, and water-falls. Lucerne is a clean and prosperous city, beautifully situated on Lake Lucerne, old bridge with many historic paintings, quaint streets, squares, and attractive shops (where we bought watches, music boxes and Swiss blouses).

Touring Italy

We motored through Altordf (of William Tell fame), Andermatt, and crossed St. Gotthard Pass before entering the Italian Lake district, Lugano, where we spent the night in one of the most charming towns in a district which is noted for its beauty. Of course we went swimming in the lakes and bicycled around the towns.

Skirting Lakes Lugano and Como, we took the new "auto highway" to Milan. In this progressive Italian city we visited the old Cathedral which is one of the architectural wonders of the world. We also found a profound joy as we gazed for a long time at Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated "Last Supper."

Driving along the Italian Riviera from Milan to Rapallo we traversed the fertile Lombardy Valley by way of Pavia, its principal town. Further on we stopped at Genoa long enough to visit the old vine covered house (said to be the birth-place of Columbus) and the Campo Santo cemetery. We continued our journey along the Italian Riviera to Rapallo. This is one of Italy's most popular summer resorts because of its ideal weather and marvelous bathing beach. Of course we all (26 in our party), old and young, either went in the Mediterranean or certainly dipped our fingers into its icy blue waters.

We motored on down the coast of the Mediterranean to Pisa, where we saw the renowned leaning tower, Cathedral and Baptistery and on to Sienna for the night. This is an interesting medieval town formerly a rival to Florence for culture—which has retained much of the atmosphere of the Middle Ages.

In Roman Ruins

From Sienna we went to Rome where one will find probably more world sights than in any other European city. We felt as if we should walk along with Caesar, Michelangelo, Dante, and the early Christians. We visited the Colosseum, the Forum, the Pantheon, Vatican, St. Peter's Cathedral, Capitoline, the Catacombs (where with tiny lighted candles we carefully tread the paths that the persecuted Christians once trod), and rode along the Appian Way. Yes, we even threw our Lira into the wishing well (I should say "at," for mine missed it and were quickly picked up by tiny Italian boys awaiting other such poor aimers as I). One of the high points of our stay in Rome was the Concert Maximus at the Forum—out beneath the open skies and surrounded by the ancient ruins of historic Rome with only oil lights casting lights and shadow here and there.

Capri Grandest Spot

On our way, we sped to beautiful Naples, Capri, Blue Grotto, and Sorrento. Capri is perhaps one of the grandest spots in the world; its blue water, with shades of green and gorgeous browns, is unspeakably lovely. Leaving Sorrento we rode along the most picturesque drives in all of Europe. With its mountains, fisherman houses cut out of rock walls along the water, picturesque lemon trees with arbores under the limbs to hold up the branches heavily laden with fruit, animals and people as beasts of burden carrying tremendously heavy loads—it presented a picture about which we have all read and dreamed.

Presently we reached Pompeii and walked hours over the blocks of cold, molten lava, saw the circular conversational Roman baths (one member of our party currently asked the guide if he said co-educational baths—and truthfully, she was a teacher), walked through the House of Glaucus, House of Dancing, and House of Vetti seeing wonderfully preserved old wall paintings and typical styles of old Roman houses.

Florence Cultural Center

Back to Rome we went, and on to Florence. We went rather a roundabout way to visit many tiny picturesque towns in this district. We stopped overnight at Perugia, the home of Perugino, drove by way of Vitello (with the most perfect 13th century square), Orvieto (famous for its wine), and Certosa—with its beautiful monastery.

Florence is the center of art, as well as one of the most beautiful cities of Europe. The very streets, palaces, bridges and market-places breathe out the spirit of the Middle Ages. The many collections of paintings, statues, and monuments were visited. Among them were the Uffizi and Pitti Palaces and Galleries, Cathedral, Baptistery, Monastery of San Marco, San Lorenzo, Medici Chapel, and Santa Croce. Perhaps the Ponte Vecchio with its numberless tiny shops of unending variety entranced us as much as any particular feature here.

The trip to Venice was made by way of two mountain passes of the Appennines visiting Bologna, with its low medieval arches and Ferrara, once the residence of the most brilliant court in Europe. Venice is a unique city, different from anything else in the world. Gondola rides, St. Marks' Cathedral and its square with its seemingly holy pigeons, Doge's Palace, markets and shops make it just the most sublime place imaginable. The Lido furnished ample fun for the water-loving people.

After a scenic drive through Northern Italy, we spent the night at Klagenfurt, a little town on the River Glan in Austria. The Worthersee, a large warm lake is nearby, and there is a fine view of the Karawanken Mountains.

Vienna to Dresden

Through the valley of the Mur River and across the famous Semmering Pass we motored on to Vienna. This is the capital of Austria and the old seat of the Hapsburg dynasty. Some of the places of interest seen were the Opera House, Hofburg, Imperial Mausoleum, Cathedral of St. Stephen, and the public buildings on the Ringstrasse. Schonbrunn, the former imperial palace, was a spot of special beauty.

Now we are nearing the furthest point of our journey; along the Danube we come to the capital of Hungary, Budapest, considered by many the most unique city in Europe. Here the Occident meets the Near East and Turkish Minarets are mingled with the most modern lines of Occidental architecture. Our motor trips included trips to National Museum, Royal Palace, Cathedral, and Houses of Parliament. Fortunately, I had an overnight stay in a typical Hungarian home in Felsogod, 15 miles out on the beautiful Danube. I even ate real Hungarian Goulash! Too, I had an opportunity to visit Marguerita Island, just near Buda and Pest.

On our drive to Prague we passed through picturesque rural sections of both Austria and Czechoslovakia, the roads being so full of people with attractive native costumes that we had to make a special stop and have a store opened so the men in our party could buy Austrian feathered hats. The sightseeing in Prague included the university, which was the center of intellectual culture in the 14th century, the town hall with its unusual astronomical clock, as well as old cathedrals, palaces, and parks.

As we continued through the Moldan River, large up-to-date factories and well kept farms were seen on either side. Dresden was soon reached—a remarkable old town with fine buildings and many art treasures. We studied the "Sistine Madonna" by Raphael, one of the world's ten best paintings, Hoffman's "Christ in the Temple," and the Green Vaults holding many precious royal jewels.

Olympics, Hilter

A hundred mile drive brought us to Berlin, the capital of Germany and the second largest city on the continent. Our sightseeing included the National Gallery, Cathedral, Opera House, Reichstag, Potsdam where we visited the Imperial Palace of Sansouci built by Frederick the Great (we wore high felt shoes to protect the gorgeously inlaid floors). The aeroplane drive over the city and Tiergarten was breathtakingly lovely. Unter den Linden, main street of Berlin, was impressively decorated with greatest dignity—flags of all nations flying high in the German hospitable Olympic air. Of course we saw the field and swimming events of the Olympic games and heard the military concert with its 1,600 piece band—all in all 3,200 participants ad 120,000 spectators. My, but it was the most spectacular sight I ever beheld—to see 3,200 goose-stepping with a beautiful slick black horse leading the goose-stepping. Back of the scene, all men carrying lighted torches on the dark, dark, night, was the everlasting Olympic fire with trumpeters surrounding it. As I increased my height by a footstool and a generous German gave me his opera glass, I could see further Hitler in his loge exhibiting great pride as his very own performed with such ease and perfect display of healthful physique.

On the drive from Berlin, we passed through Wittenburg (cradle of Reformation), Leipsig (famous for its fairs), and Weimar (home of Goethe and Schiller), Erfurt is known as the town of flowers and of Luther. It was here that Luther was a monk in the Augustine Monastery.

We continued our drive through the Thuringian forest to Heidleburg by way of Eiseach (birth-place of Bach). Hanan and Frankfurt, the commercial center of Germany. In Heidelberg we visited the University, the famous "Red Ox," the home of the "Student Prince," duelling hall and had the distinct pleasure of going to a play in the old play-house of the Heidelberg Castle (four hundred people in costumes of 1,415 taking part in *Agnes Banheur*).

Along the Rhine we enjoyed views of romantic castles, modern towns, and well-cultivated vineyards. We passed through Bonn where Beethoven was born. In Cologne we saw the Cathedral which is the finest example of Gothic Architecture in Europe.

Belgium to England

In Brussels, the capital of Belgium, we took a sightseeing trip about Grande Place, Wiertz Museum, the finest Medieval square in Europe. Truthfully, none of us could resist the heavenly Brussels Duchess Laces (horrible extravagance after having indulged in Venetian Point).

A morning ride from Brussels brought us to Amsterdam in time for a trip around the city including the Ryks Museum (with its precious paintings) and the diamond factories. We had a Brownell surprise—a visit to Volendam where all the people wear native dykes surrounded by colorful sailboats. We saw Zuider Zee—beside the sea. A very unusual Edam cheese factory was visited and, heavens, how we enjoyed the buttermilk! Back by the old Dutch windmills to Amsterdam we crossed picturesque rural Holland to the Hague where we saw the Peace Palace, House-in-the-Woods (the royal palace of Queen Wilhelmina), Parliament Buildings and Sheveningen, the North Sea bathing beach.

London and Athens, Ga

We took the night Channel Steamer to London. Motor drives around London included the tower with its royal jewels, Tate Gallery, British Museum (with its Elgin marbles from Parthenon, Portland vase, book of the dead, Rossetti Stone, second oldest Bible in world, and Magna Carta), Madame Tussaud's Max Museum, Westminster

Inkwell Offers Prize For Song Lyrics

A prize is being offered by *The Inkwell* for lyrics to be used in several songs. The contest is to be directed by Miss Margaret Spencer, leader of the Glee Club.

All students who would like to enter the contest are urged to send in lyrics for the second and third verses of "Alma Mater," or for a lighter song to the tune of "Dem Golden Slippers."

Miss Spencer, Miss Margaret Fortson, and A. M. Gignilliat will probably be the judges for the contest. Prize lyrics will be selected by their suitability to the aforementioned tunes. Winners will be announced in the next issue of *The Inkwell*, and a prize awarded by the paper to the author of the winning lyrics.

Miss Spencer, who has written both of the school songs, will be glad to give further information to those interested in the contest. Entries are to be given to her.

Lame-Foot

I did not go this afternoon
When the boys went on the outing,
But sat instead at home, reading,
thinking.
I am crippled and cannot run or
jump,
But can only sit and muse, and let
my mind
Wander in wide curves, bigger than
scope of muscle

My foot is lame, I walk on a
crutch.
Into my thoughts there comes
sadness, sorrow,
And bitter shame for the un-
rhythmic limp,
Shame for the twisted, useless
foot;

Perhaps I should be glad for a
Free, Striding mind.

Abbey (to see its own beauty and to a church service and Holy Communion there). We visited numberless historical streets, squares, and monuments whose names such as "Poultry on Cheapside" have been familiar to us since childhood. Ample time was left to see lovely plays of all types, Ballet Russe, and go to wonderful places to eat as "Cheddar Chees" and "Simpsons on Cheapside," (oh, I did this everywhere and it was so much fun to see the different types of food and eat butter curls in one country and slices from "hunks" in another).

The motor trip to England's countryside was so lovely. The Cotswold houses were beautiful in setting and detail. We visited Oxford, Warwick Castle, Shottery (with Ann Hathaway's cottage—I have some old English Lavendar from her yard), and Stratford-on-Avon (where our beloved Shakespeare was born—I saw his house, his church, and his tomb). Yes, I saw where William Penn lived, too! Back to London—we saw the changing of the guard in front of St. James Palace.

My! The time was filled to overflowing! We rushed to the boat train — Southampton bound! There we boarded our Steamship Columbus and winged our way home with many joy filled Americans.

I went third class—steerage, if you prefer to call it that. It was garbs of fun. I spared luxury there, but saw things. Though I had cabled home twice for money, I got on the train (day-coach again) with a bit over one dollar. Luckily I found four other Georgians in the same penniless predicament so we pooled our monies and I arrived in historical intellectual Athens, Georgia on September 3rd at 3:30 with seven cents—having had a slim breakfast, no lunch (however soon to Milledgeville, my home, for a delayed lunch); but—the best time I ever had in my life.

CLASSROOM

BY MARY ELEANOR GRANTHAM

If you should see some poor Freshman going around college with a big dictionary under his arm, don't be alarmed, he isn't harmful. He is just adapting himself to college life, by trying to increase his knowledge of words—the most important feature of the English Language. The English I class is taking words and giving the history of words, the choice of words, the definition of words, and everything there is to be known about words. In other words, they are studying words.

Punctuation, a good old standby, as well as the art of writing, has been included in this English Course. And for the benefit of Sophomores, the Freshmen have to do out-side reading too!

Social Science II

From what can be gathered from the Freshmen and Sophomores in Social Science II classes, it seems as if Dr. Dyer has made a big hit with the upper, as well as the lower, classes—not only because of his vast knowledge, but because of his pleasing personality. Social Science II is dealing with Mercantilism, 17th Century England, the Age of Louis XIV, the Struggle for Empire, and, most important of all, English Colonization in America.

Human Biology XI

Human Biology is as bad as Greek to some of the poor Freshmen, but they are, from reports of the Freshmen, gradually beginning to see light. Take it from an upper classman, and study Human Biology. You will find it one of the most important, the most beautiful, and most interesting subjects you will ever take. The study of the cells and their properties is the most important topic in the Freshmen's minds right now, and here's hoping they learn all about them before a good old quiz comes along.

French I

Pauvre Enfants! is the name the French I students have taken lately. With the stressing of pronunciation and verbs, the students are trying the hardest to master the French language. There is some consolation for the students, however, when they find out their accents get better every day. Remember this, Freshmen, Rome wasn't built in a day, and the French language isn't to be mastered in a day, but keep on trying!

Math I

When a Freshman comes up to you and asks such personal questions as how much you weigh, what size shoe you wear, and if you have dates or not, don't treat him with contempt. He's doing his duty as a statistician for Mr. Gignialliat's Math I class.

This course in Math doesn't deal only with Statistics. It deals with the study of Algebra, Finance, Plane and Solid Geometry, and Trigonometry. With all these phases, Math helps the new students out, but about the young ladies, it can't be said.

Economics

The Economics class has gotten in deep with the situations of today. They are studying the economic problems, principles, and the policies of today's situations. So far, they have dealt mostly with Production, which is the first great field of economics, as Production is the creation of utility.

English IV

As music soothes the savage beast, so can poetry ease the heart of man. The English IV course proves that poetry can ease the heart of man with words that are beautiful and fine.

The Introduction to Poetry, by Hubbell and Beaty, is giving a very broad and better understanding of poetry, as it was, and as it is today. This course deals with the history of poetry, its different rhyme schemes, meters, stanzas, and feet. This also includes the study of Sonnets, Ballads, Songs, and how they are treated by each author. With the use of all these principles, they give the students a very clear understanding of life and thoughts that are better expressed by poetry!

English V

At first the Play Production course was thought to be a Crib Course. But it is anything but; it is a hard, but very interesting course.

Play Production deals with the most fundamental facts about the stage; the different parts of the stage and their use; the history of the Theater and Drama; dealing up to the present day of stage life.

One of the new professors, Mr. Keach, is in charge of Play Production, and it is he that is making the course more and more interesting. Mr. Keach's interest in the stage helps to make the students more interested and eager for knowledge of the Theatrical World.

Humanities

Miss Fortson had required her Humanities class to look for examples of Greek Architecture in Savannah churches and homes, and the students are as busy as can be roaming around the city and looking, sometimes finding a beautiful piece of art. Humanities tells of what people, in all ages, have done in their spare time towards Art in the world.

Chemistry

Chemistry, one of the phases of science, is as fascinating as a new dress or book. It is a subject that has to be probed, but even if you don't get to the bottom when you first start, you are eager to understand and dig hard for the bottom.

The most interesting part of the Chemistry course is Laboratory, which meets twice a week. Experiments are made and facts are proven, making and discovering new facts, about compounds, mixtures, elements, that students did not know before. Under Mr. Hawes, Chemistry is not what is called a hard course, but a course where a whole lot of study is required.

Social Science XII

Social Science XII is rather a different course than Social Science I or II, because S. S. XII is an impromptu speaking course, as well as a course in American Government. Some time speeches are assigned, but mostly all are impromptu. This method of teaching is very effective in making students study, for when their time comes, they can be "authorities" on the topics of the day. The course in American Government is intended to give students a thorough knowledge of functions and form of the government of our country.

Invertebrate Zoology

Zoology is dealing with a course in Culture—not in the terms of man's achievements in life, but the culture of protozoas. Making a thorough examination and study of protozoas under the microscope.

Field trips are taken regularly for the gathering of different specimens of marine invertebrates. The specimens are being obtained for laboratory examinations and dissection. Dissection is one of the most important parts of Invertebrate Zoology and is the most important part to students.

Math II

The College Algebra course is more than a fundamental course in Algebra; it is a course that stresses emphasis on those topics which are generally recognized as essential whatever the aims of the students are. It is a course that will greatly benefit the student who is considering taking an engineering course or a technical course.

At present however, great stress is being laid upon Quadratic Equations.

Home Economics

Miss Ennis' lovely trip to Europe is being very beneficial to her students as she brought back many pictures dealing with the subjects she is teaching in the Home Furnishing Class. She has divided her class into different groups and has given each group a project to work on. One of the projects is the fixing and furnishing of a lounging room for the girls on the second floor.

The most interesting topic of home furnishing is furniture—the use, the kind, and the style of furniture as it is used in the home today.

The Barker Role

—MONOLOGUE—

Hey! Hey! Right his way! See SPEEDY, the HIGH DIVER . . . the only man in the world to risk his life solely for the amusement of the public; brought to you free of charge by the management! Hey! Hey! Come see Speedy, the high diver! It's free folks! Step right up, folks, it's free! Bring the children to see Speedy in this death defying leap! In one-half minute Speedy will dive from that eighty-five-foot tower into two feet of WATER . . . EIGHTY-FIVE feet! THE CHANCE OF A LIFE TIME, folks; see Speedy in the Leap of Death! The only man in the world to risk his life solely for the amusement of the public; brought to you free of charge, at terrific loss by the management!

That intelligent-looking gentleman over there, step right up, sir, and see Speedy, the high diver. Not you, son. It's a free show! All right, all right, are we ready to see Speedy in his Dive of Death? Push over, there; give everybody a chance; step right up close—there is no charge! Don't shove, son.

All right, Speedy, up you go. Start the drums, boys.

Hey! Hey! There goes Speedy, the high diver, up the ladder for his Death Dive! Step right up close where everybody can see! Listen to those drums, folks; it's the chance of a LIFE-TIME! Right over here, folks, join the crowd to see Speedy in the Leap of Death from that tower into two feet of WATER! Everybody ready? Don't push, there's room for all! Steady, there don't push now! Easy, son. Are we ready? Listen to those drums, folks!

ARE YOU READY, SPEEDY?

Eh? What's that? What's that, Speedy? Quiet, please! Quiet, ladies and gentlemen! Please, I ask you! The water, the water; look! Whoa, drums!

Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to inform you that there will be no Death Leap today! The water is leaking out of the tank! It is unavoidable; we cannot help it!

Come on down, Speedy! No, you can't dive into an empty tank! We are sorry, ladies and gentlemen! No, come on down, Speedy! You can't do it! You can't do it, I tell you! Give the boy a big hand, folks, he hates to disappoint you!

But wait, ladies and gentlemen! Right over there is the greatest show on earth! It's Bozo, the DOG-FACED boy! Only one time to see the greatest show on earth!

See BOZO, the DOG-FACED boy! The only human being in the world possessing a CANINE COUNTENANCE! Move on there, son.

We are not asking you ONE dollar; we are not asking you ONE-HALF dollar! We are not asking you ONE-QUARTER of a dollar; we are asking you only ONE DIME, the TENTH PART of a DOLLAR! One dime to see the greatest show on earth! BOZO, the DOG-FACED boy! Move on, son, show's over.

See Bozo, the DOG-faced boy! Captured in the wilds of the MALAY JUNGLE and brought to you at the terrific cost of ten thousand DOLLARS! Only one dime to see Bozo! ONE DIME, the TENTH PART of a DOLLAR! Right across the way there, folks! Move on, son.

See BOZO, the DOG-FACED boy! Pay on the other side, folks! Bozo, the only human being in the world possessing a CANINE COUNTENANCE! Only one dime, the tenth part of a dollar! See Bozo, the dog-faced boy! Move on, sonny.

—HOYT WARE.

Business Training and Finance

It seems as if statistics are the main topic of the day for Business Training Classes, as well as for the Math Class.

They are studying the different forms of Business—these being: Partnership, Corporation, Sole Proprietor, and dealing also with a new topic, Stocks and Bonds.



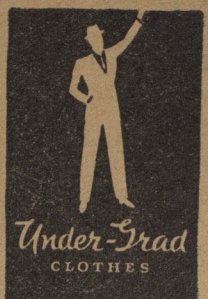
Reuben W. Holland

Reuben W. Holland, Professor of Romance Languages, was born at Forsyth, Georgia, in 1866. He attended Gordon Institute in Barnesville. He obtained his A. B. at Emory University, graduating cum laude in 1928; and he obtained his M. A. at Emory in 1931.

He taught French and Spanish at the Georgia School of Technology from 1929 to 1934; in the summer of 1929 he taught at Emory Junior College in Oxford, Georgia. From 1929 to 1934 he was Professor of French in the University Evening School, Atlanta; and immediately before coming to Armstrong, he was Instructor of French and Spanish at Boys' High School in Atlanta. In the summer of that year, he attended the Emory University Summer School, continuing his work in French.

Mr. Holland was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Alpha Epsilon, and the E. Club, an honorary athletic organization, while at Emory.

He married Miss Ella Mae Harwell, of Rutledge, Georgia, and they have a son and a daughter, Reuben, Jr., and Helen.



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SPORT CHATTER

The prospects for a very good basketball team are bright with such freshmen players as Cranman, Dupont, and MacLaughlin from Benedictine to bolster the squad which will include the veterans Lanier, Mopper, Karnibad, and Leon.

After football practice there is nothing as enjoyable as taking a shower down in the basement of the new Auditorium. The showers are equipped with both hot and cold water and nothing is as invigorating as a warm shower. Some of the boys believe in "singing in the showers." Such crooners as Lanier and Mann deserve to be drowned for their slaughter of some tunes.

Several of the lettermen from last year's basketball squad failed to return to school this year. Billy Cohen, a mainstay on last year's team, has entered Tulane University at New Orleans. Theodore Page passed his Civil Service exam this summer and is now in the postal service, while Abie Cameron has moved to Columbia, S. C., and did not return to school. The other two lettermen not back are Joe Battle and John Hollingsworth.

The Intramural Football league, which will get under way about the first of November and run for about a month, should produce some hot games, as it is understood the Freshmen are gunning for the Sophomores and are anxious to knock them off but the Sophomores are confident they will knock some of the cockiness out of the Freshmen. So, all in all, the stage is set for some real excitement.

Getting away from the local sports, it seems that after several lean years Georgia Tech's Yellow Jackets appear headed for one of their greatest seasons in a long time. The present team is even being compared favorably with the great 1928 team which won the national championship and went to the Rose Bowl. With such backfield stars as "Dutch" Konnemann, "Scrappy" Edwards, and Harry Appleby, and such line stalwarts as Milt Fitzsimmons, Morgan, and Preston, Tech will have to play a very excellent team before they are beaten again, and it is probable that Tech may finish the season without another defeat.

Their defeat at the hands of Duke last week kept them from the possibility of an undefeated season but they still are one of the heavy favorites to win the Southeastern title. With practically the entire team expected to return in '37, there is already talk about making plans for the Rose Bowl next year.

Armstrong should have a very strong tennis team when the time for that sport rolls around. A very strong addition to the candidates was made when John Tyre, city senior and junior titleholder and former S. H. S. captain, enrolled this year. Also such excellent players as Arthur Cranman and John Dupont will bolster this year's squad which will boast the veterans Ed. Morgan, Lanier, Scott, and Stokes.

A new sport will enter the college's extra-curricular activities when boxing is begun about the first of December. This will be run on the intra-mural basis also with the various teams competing against each other. There are very few boys with High School experience in this sport but the few include Robert Miller, John Tyre, Arthur Cranman, and Coleman Mopper. However, it is expected that there will be quite a few candidates for the squad to represent the school in intercollegiate matches.

SPORTS

Arthur Jeffords, Editor

Walton Purse, Assistant

Shiver Names Football Teams

Football practice has gotten under way and is now progressing very rapidly. Under the coaching of Athletic Director "Chick" Shiver the teams are beginning to round into shape and are running their plays off with precision. Practice is held every day in the Park Extension but each student only reports three times a week.

Last week four teams were picked—two from the Freshmen and two from the Sophs—and these teams will continue throughout the year in all the various sports. Each of the teams were given a separate set of plays and for the past two weeks have been occupied in the learning of the various plays. This practice will continue until the first of November when the intramural league will start.

An athletic council has been elected, composed of a member of each of the teams and an extra sophomore and will govern the running of the intramural activities during the entire year. The rules they made governing football will be found elsewhere on this page.

Every student in school is supposed to take part in football activities, but a few students are not able to because "lab" periods in the afternoon conflict with the football schedule and so they are allowed to play tennis instead. However they are still members of the various squads and will probably participate in other sports.

For the present the four squads are simply known as Squad "A" and "B" of both the Freshman and Sophs. The members of the various squads are:

Freshmen-Group "A": Barragan, Behnken, Bidez, Breland, Cook, Cranman, DeValering, DuFour, Dupont, Ellis, Givens, Harvey, Sanders, Schley, Sieg, Trowell, Adams, Amos, Bond, Coley, Davis, Freeman, and Gardner.

Group "B": Hatcher, Hodge, Horswell, Hyrne, Innecken, McLaughlin, Marsh, Miller, Moak, Patrick, Phillips, Richards, Tyre, Usher, Wade, Waite, Wilson, Gonchar, Haas, Heriot, Leigh, Rice, Siegler, and Stanley.

Sophomores-Group "A": Brooks, Henry, Jeffords, Johnson, Karnibad, Lines, Mann, Morgan, Murphy, Persons, Cooper, Hardwick, Hull, Kronstadt, Lanier, Leon, McCreery and McCuen.

Group "B": Roberts, Scarborough, Scott, Simpson, Smith, H. C., Smith, S., Speir, Straight, Traub, Truchelut, B., Truchelut, H., Ware, Mopper, Reinstein, Robinson, Ross, Stokes, Sutker, S., Sutker, H., Taylor, and Carr.

The boys in the college for the last week have been ragging the girls who are interested in riding as to where their horses were, as they have been coming to school in their riding habits but the truth of the matter is that the girls go riding at 7:30 in the morning and therefore don't have time to go home and change their clothes before coming to school. But anyway, don't you think some of the girls look cute in their riding habits?

Some people think the idea of playing touch football in college is foolish, but the reason for the game is that the school can't afford to pay for uniforms; and therefore, in order to avoid injuries, touch football was introduced. It is surprising what deception can be used in this sport. Anybody would think that a "center-rush" would be impossible in "Touch" but it is remarkable what success has been achieved on this same play. The sport is arousing the interest and enthusiasm of all the boys and all the ones who at first scoffed at the idea of playing "Touch" are now joining in the fun.

Our boys must not be so tough the way they were limping around here and complaining about being stiff and sore after the first football practice.

Football Rules Announced By Council

Last week the Athletic Council met with Coach Shiver and drew up a set of rules to govern the intra-mural football games for this year. The members of the council are Billy Mann, George Straight, Nairn Ross, Arthur Cranman, and Robert Miller.

The following rules are to be enforced:

Rule 1: *Tackling*; The ball carrier must be touched above the belt with both hands. Penalty—For leaving feet—10 yards from spot of foul.

Rule 2: *Blocking*; The blocker must not leave his feet in blocking. Penalty—10 yards from spot of foul. Chipping from behind on any point of the field—penalized half the distance to the goal.

Rule 3: *Passing*; A pass may be thrown from any point behind the line of scrimmage. Penalty—5 yards.

Rule 4: *Laterals*; A lateral may be thrown from any spot on the field. Penalty—Loss of a down and five yards from spot of foul.

Rule 5: *Eligible Forward Pass Receivers*; Men on the ends of the line and the backfield men.

Rule 6: *Illegal Use of Hands*; Penalty 5 yards from line of scrimmage.

Rule 7: *Excessive Times Out*; Three time outs are allowed. Penalty—5 yards.

Rule 8: *Unnecessary Roughness*; Penalty—15 yards.

Rule 9: *Time Periods*; 10 minute quarters; 2 minutes between quarter; 5 minutes between halves.

The losing class is to give the winning class a dance and pay for the orchestra. A rotating cup will be given by some influential individual and awarded to the winners. If the cup is won three straight years by the same class, it becomes their permanent possession.

Fencing Practice Soon to Start

Next week, fencing practice will begin in the new Auditorium building. This is one of the sports held over from last year and quite a few boys have signified their intention of attending these practices. For the fall quarter the practices will be held solely for the purpose of training the boys in the correct style and manner of fencing and it will not be until spring that matches with outside schools will be sought.

Frank Henry and Nairn Ross, members of last year's team, will be the coaches of the team and are well qualified for the jobs as they have had much experience in the art of fencing.

The reason for the delay in starting the sport is that the equipment has not arrived yet; but as soon as it does arrive, practice will begin in earnest.

Full physical education credit will be given to the boys who participate in fencing, as this sport is considered part of the athletic program of the school.

The boys who have signed up are: Nairn Ross, James McCreery, Morton Haas, Woodrow Breland, Frank Henry, Bob McCuen, Reuben Kronstadt, Arthur Phillips, William Rice, David Robinson, Samuel Freeman, and Tom Carr.

Riding Is New Sport

This year, horse-back riding has been introduced as a sport to the girls of Armstrong and is attracting quite a few enthusiasts. At present some of the girls are not very experienced in riding, but under the instruction of Mrs. Sarah W. Compton and Miss Sara Sheftall, two well known horsewomen, the girls are learning all the technique of riding.

As soon as every girl can handle her horse well enough, they are going to take an early morning ride and cook breakfast in the woods.

This sport is considered as part of the physical education program for the year and will furnish the girls with their full credit for P. E.

At present there are two groups of girls who ride at 7:00 in the morning or 1:30 in the afternoon. They ride for an hour twice a week and have one lecture a week. Those who ride at 7:00 are: Virginia Bryan, Rachel Keever, Selma Solms, Virginia Quinan, Sara Henderson, Pat Dodd Jeanette Egloff, Jane Chapman, Walton Purse, Virginia White, Bette Williams, and Rita McRae. Those who ride in the afternoon are: Josephine Traub, Elizabeth Levy, Rosalin Kravitch, Nell McIntire, Joan Dodd, Walton Purse, Sin Fah Chan, Jeanne Victor, Adele Ketchum, Elizabeth Pierce, and Fannie Oast.

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Collegiate Digest

• NATIONAL COLLEGE NEWS IN PICTURE AND PARAGRAPH •

Issue 5



Penn freshmen must kiss Ben Franklin's toes

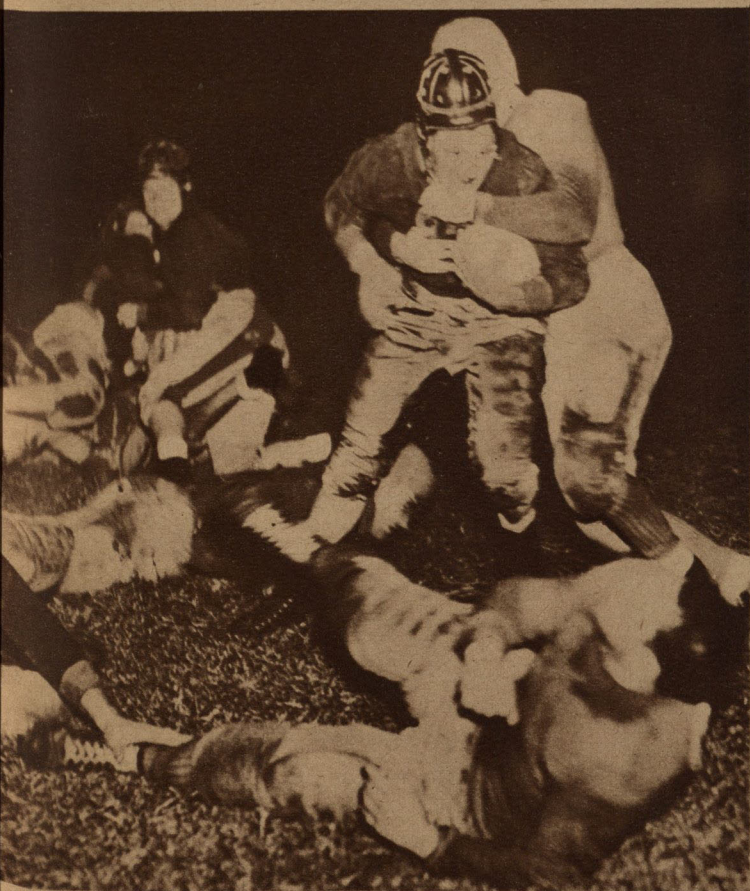
Initiation Eager University of Pennsylvania sophomores push the freshmen up to the famed American's statue where they must kiss his toes before they receive their first-class buttons, which, Penn custom says, they must wear for the remainder of the year.

COLLEGIATE DIGEST Photo by Silberstein



To produce more intense gamma rays than all radium available for medical use

Disease Fighter This new 1,000,000-volt generator designed by Dr. J. G. Trump of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology will be harnessed to a huge X-ray tube for the production of high voltage short waves of great penetrating power for the treatment of malignant diseases.



There was no loafing in this play

ackle A remarkable night-game photo of Dave Bernard, University of Mississippi fullback, being stopped by a Temple University linesman after a gain of five yards in the game played on Temple's field.

Pictures, I



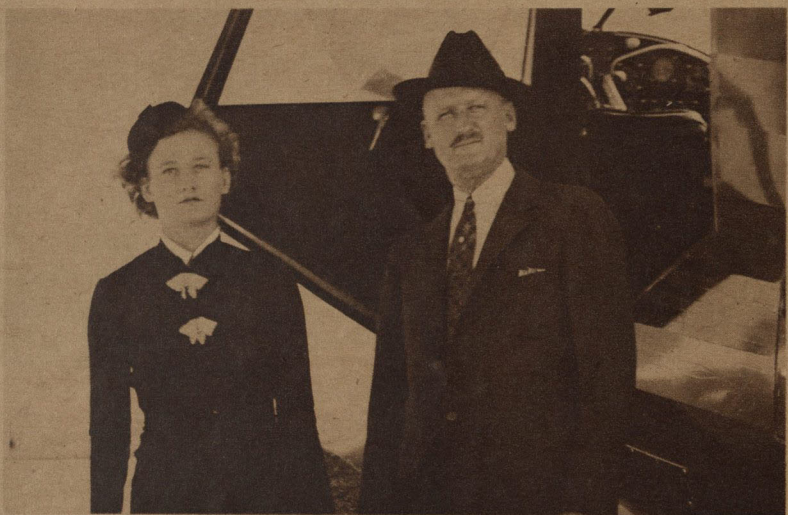
Depletion of carbon dioxide supply to bring end of world

Predict Doom Dr. Carl C. Lindegren and Dr. Richard Vollrath, University of Southern California scientists, have predicted extinction of all life on earth at a much earlier date than hitherto anticipated by depletion of the carbon dioxide supply rather than by cooling of the sun. They base their prophecy on the fact that there is at present in the atmosphere only 1,400 times as much carbon dioxide as is withdrawn each year in forming of sedimentary rocks.

Wide World



Champ He'll defend his two-year title this fall George Nissen, University of Iowa tumbler, demonstrates in outside fall workouts the grace and ease which have won for him the national intercollegiate tumbling championships the last two years.



Commuter She'll fly home for week-ends Ruth D. Rush, Lindenwood College (St. Charles, Mo.) freshman, plans to make week-end trips to her home in Dallas, Texas, in her own plane. She makes the trip in four hours.



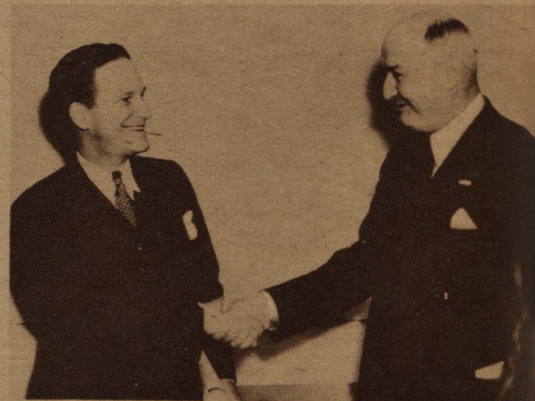
Discovery An outstanding monument to first inhabitants of southwest Dr. Byron Cummings, University of Arizona, and his staff are restoring this ancient twelfth century Apache Indian village which was recently discovered by them. It is estimated that the village had approximately 700 rooms at the height of its development, when it was called Kinishba.



Investigator He found out why people vote as they do University of Akron's Dr. R. O. Nissen is shown giving a test to hundreds of subjects he interviewed regarding their likes and dislikes. Results: Most factory and office workers dislike extreme Left and Right. Republicans dislike communists, socialists, labor unions, democrats and strikes; Socialists dislike American Liberty League, big navy, Ku Klux Klan, capitalist and profit system. Democrats dislike same things as the socialists, and the dislike of each party for the other is most pronounced of all their dislikes.

SPOTLIGHT

GOPoliticians Rely On "Trustors", Too

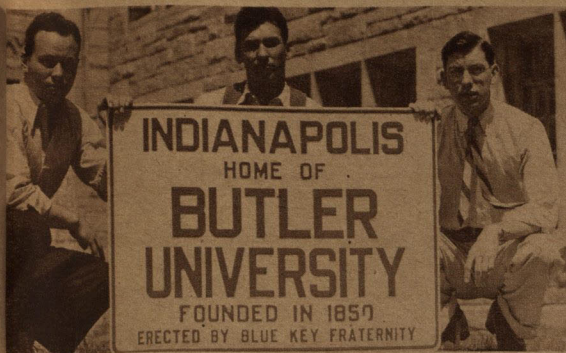


John and Jim, No. 1 Political Maestros

JIM FARLEY and John Daniel Miller Hamilton who are pitting President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Governor Alf M. Landon against each other in the fall, have one thing in common. Both are season joiners and good Elks, since both have been in politics a long time. Jim didn't go to college, so he missed a Greek Fraternity. John D. M. didn't become a Phi Alpha Delta at Northwestern University in 1916. Curly-haired, youthful, with a smile, a direct manner of speaking as valuable as Jim Farley's handshake, John D. M. Hamilton is better looking than his brother Hale, who appears in small movie parts, usually as the smugly successful business executive not adverse to a shady deal.

Iowa-born, John D. M. Hamilton prepared Phillips Academy in Massachusetts. Charles Phillips Taft, Ohio-born, chief among Governor Landon's advisers, prepared at Taft school in Connecticut. Son of the 27th President of the United States, Charles Taft was initiated into Beta Theta Pi and Phi Delta Phi at Yale. He married the daughter of Ingersoll Watch Company's president, fought for the United States a year in France, then earnestly fought for Y. M. C. A. and good government in his native Cincinnati. Father of six children, Charles Taft may serve as a model for the figure of genuine Americanism. He believes in democracy and a Republican liberalism that will provide social security and prosperity without the spoils system of Jim Farley.

Advising Governor Landon on agricultural policy is Earl Howard Taylor, a Kansan, who left the University of Nebraska in 1913 to take a newspaper. Sixteen years an associate editor of *The Country Gentleman*, he is Chi Phi's most distinguished authority on rural life and the farmer.

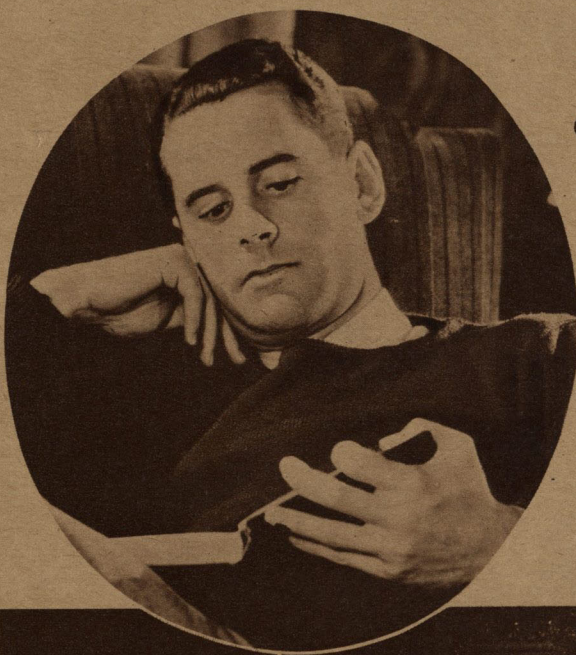


Promotion Members of the Butler University chapter of Blue Key recently erected signs like the one pictured at the left on the twelve arterial highways leading into the Hoosier capital.

Hallowe'en Virginia Tuttle and Virginia Lambert did considerable practicing for the University of Wisconsin's Hallowe'en homecoming celebration this weekend, as this photo proves.



For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels

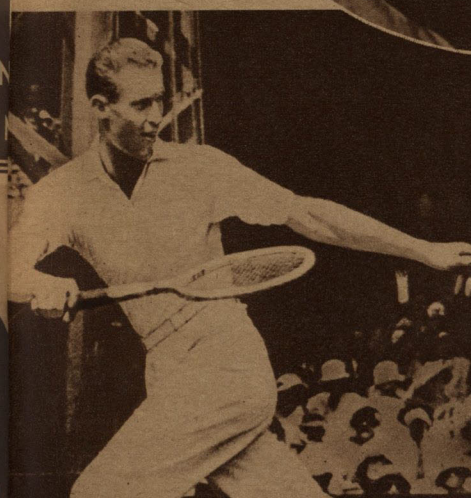


Smoking Camels with meals and after helps bring a delightful sense of well-being

EATING is one of life's real pleasures. And Camels make it even more enjoyable! Thanks to Camels, food tastes better and digestion goes along more smoothly. For it is a scientifically established fact that smoking Camels at mealtime and after speeds up the flow of digestive fluids...alkaline digestive fluids which good digestion and proper nutrition require.

Mild, rich-tasting Camels are a refreshing stand-by the whole day through. They give you a cheery "lift" when you need it most. Camels set you right! They never get on your nerves...tire your taste...or irritate your throat. So, make Camel your cigarette!

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LESTER STOEFFEN, tennis champion whose smashing service goes at the amazing speed of 131 miles an hour. He refers Camels. "An athlete has to have good digestion," says Lester. "I smoke a lot during meals and after. Camels make food taste better and digest easier."



"TALK ABOUT A GRAND FEELING," reports Sydney Jones, expert electrician. "The best part of my meals is when I loll back and have another Camel. Camels always set me right...calm me down...make my food taste better and help my digestion. Camels never jangle my nerves."



AT THE WORLD-FAMOUS "COCOANUT GROVE" IN LOS ANGELES. This famous restaurant of the Ambassador Hotel is a center for dining *de luxe*. The scintillating stars of stage and screen...the vivid personalities of Southern California's gay society parade by...familiar famous faces everywhere. It is life in its happiest mood. Camels are first choice at the Cocoanut Grove, as they are in famous eating places from coast to coast. Jimmy, the well-known *maitre d'hôtel* of the Cocoanut Grove, says: "People who are good judges of food are equally discriminating in their choice of a cigarette. Here they all seem to smoke Camels."

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Camel Cigarettes bring you a FULL HOUR'S ENTERTAINMENT! Benny Goodman's "Swing" Band...Geo. Sroll's Concert Orchestra...and Rupert Hughes presides! Tuesday—9:30 p.m. E. S. T., 8:30 p.m. C. S. T., 7:30 p.m. M. S. T., 6:30 p.m. P. S. T., over WABC-Columbia Network.

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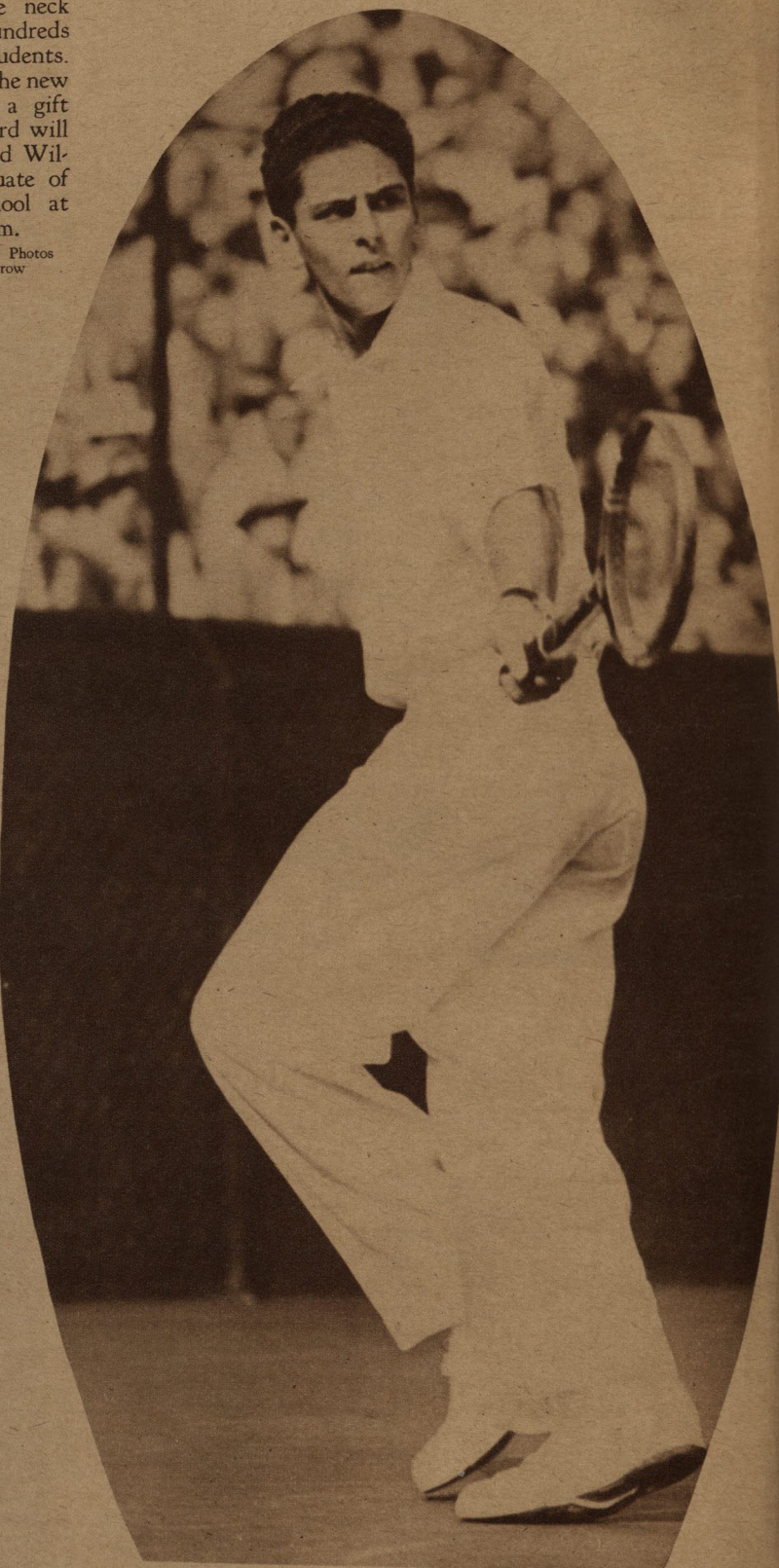
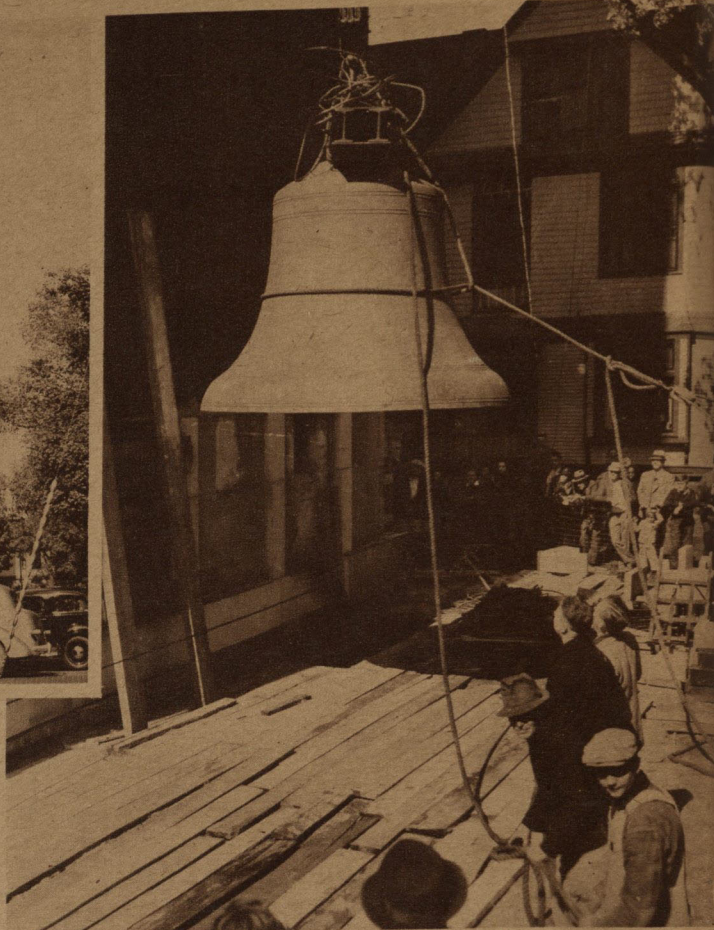
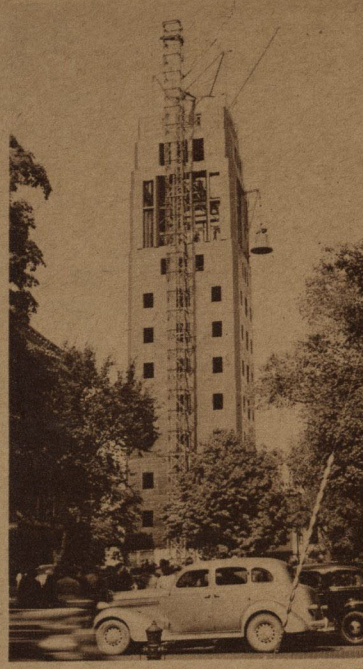


Balance They're seeking better posture, more poise. Nancy Bogardus and Cherry Devereux walk to and from their Wellesley College hygiene class with books balanced atop their heads to aid them in practicing perfect posture and poise.

12-Ton Bell

Third largest carillon bell in the world, the largest of the University of Michigan's 53 bells, was hoisted into the new Burton Memorial Tower early this month with appropriate neck craning by hundreds of Wolverine students. Carillonneur of the new tower built by a gift from Charles Baird will be 25-year-old Wilmar Pratt, graduate of the carillon school at Malignes, Belgium.

COLLEGIATE, DIOGEST Photos from Silber and Crow



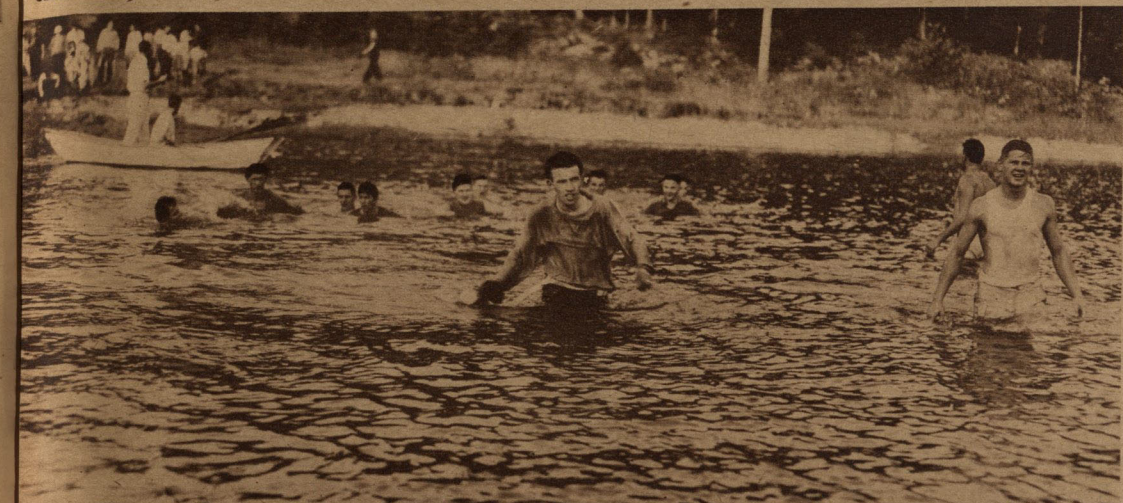
Contender He won a love set from Fred Perry. Julius Heldman, 17-year-old national junior tennis champion from U. C. L. A., is shown in action as he met Fred Perry, world's ranking tennis player, in the second round of the Pacific southwest championships. He was eliminated in a thrilling three-set match, 6-0, 6-0, 6-4.

Wide World

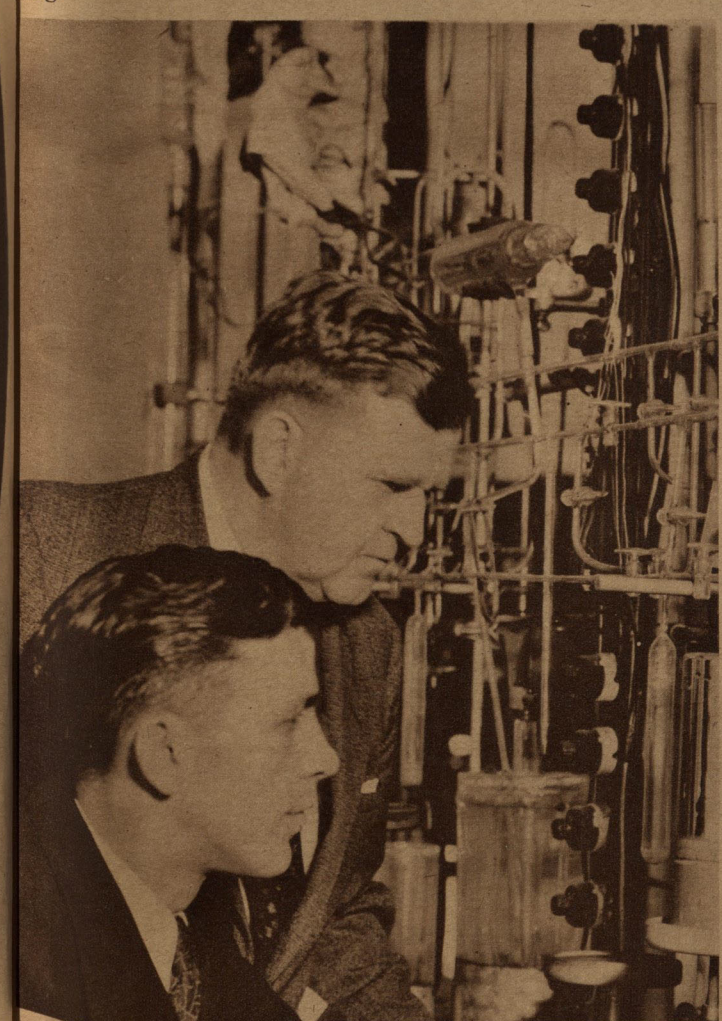


Anniversary Party flirt, college play-boy and serious student—1886 models. Back in the horse and buggy days, the first class in psychology was taught in 1886 at Colgate University. Dr. Donald A. Laird, head of the department since 1927, has produced a one-hour movie depicting life and activities of that time in commemoration of this fiftieth anniversary. This horse and buggy scene was taken on the campus in full color, and the book which the studious man holds is one of the actual texts used in the first course.

Copyright by D. A. Laird



Ducking The freshmen had the most drag. University of New Hampshire sophomores swim out of the College Pond after having been dragged into its icy waters by sturdy first-class heavers in the annual rope pull. Sophomores won the most points for the day despite the ducking.



Discovery Completed their research at public exposition. Prof. Harold S. Booth and Francis C. Mericola, while working in the Western Reserve University building at the Great Lakes Exposition, discovered a new gas, thionyl chlorofluoride, a colorless, poisonous gas. Dr. Booth is the discoverer of 15 of the known 200 gases.



Initiation Upperclassmen just kidded the freshmen along. Southwestern College (Memphis, Tenn.) freshmen wear baby caps and bibs and carry their books in laundry bags during hazing week. Jean Johnson just grins and bears it.

Pictures, Inc.

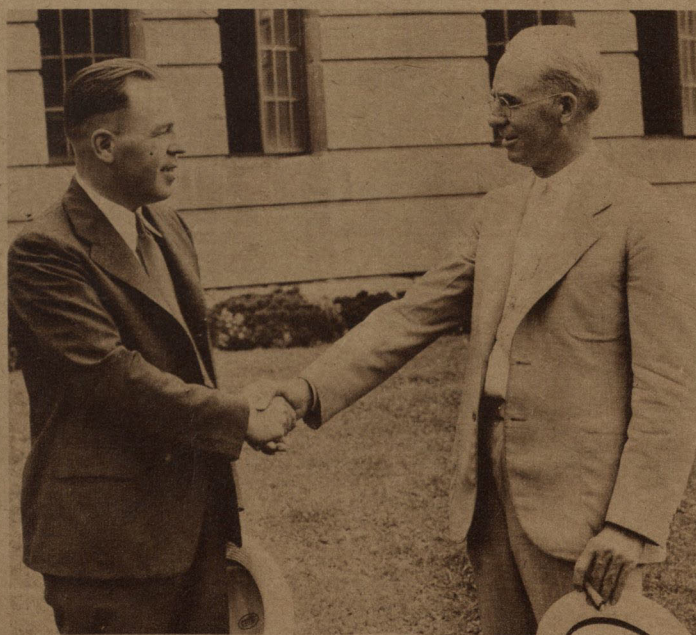


Welcome

When James Nelson, Oberlin College's 1936 Rhodes Scholar, returned to his alma mater he was met at the train by a cheering mob and a five-piece band.

Quandary

At least it's a quandary for Alpha Tau Omega alumni of the University of Nebraska, for two of their old classmates are running for governor of the Cornhusker state. Dwight Griswold (left) is the republican nominee, and Roy Cochran is the Democratic incumbent and candidate for re-election.



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

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THIS CARVED WOOD BAVARIAN PIPE IS A WORK OF ART, JUDGE

HERE'S ANOTHER GEM, A HUMOROUSLY CARVED STAG-HORN PIPE

PRETTY ORNATE AREN'T THEY? AS FOR ME I'LL STAND BY THIS GOOD OLD BRIAR OF MINE AND PRINCE ALBERT

OH—SO YOU'VE JOINED THE PRINCE ALBERT SMOKERS

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SMOKE 20 PIPEFULS OF P.A. AT OUR RISK
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.
(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

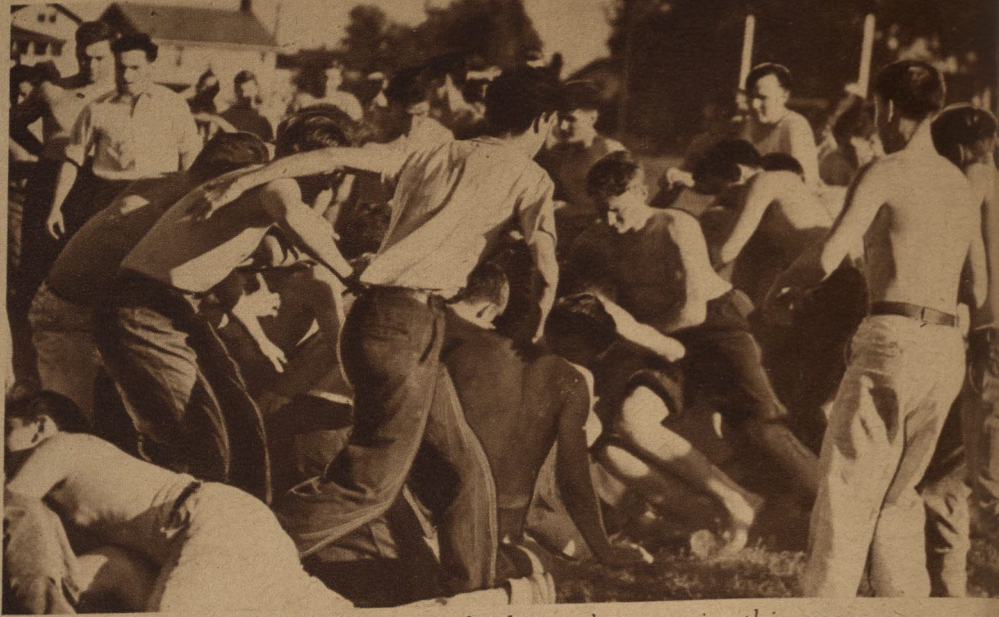


"The Babe" must look down on his charges

Tower Coach

This is not an old salt showing how he used to man the rigging, but rather Coach Babe Hollingbery of Washington State College giving instructions from the top of his 10-foot coaching tower. He is wearing the old Olympic club sweater he has used during the eleven years he has coached the Cougars.

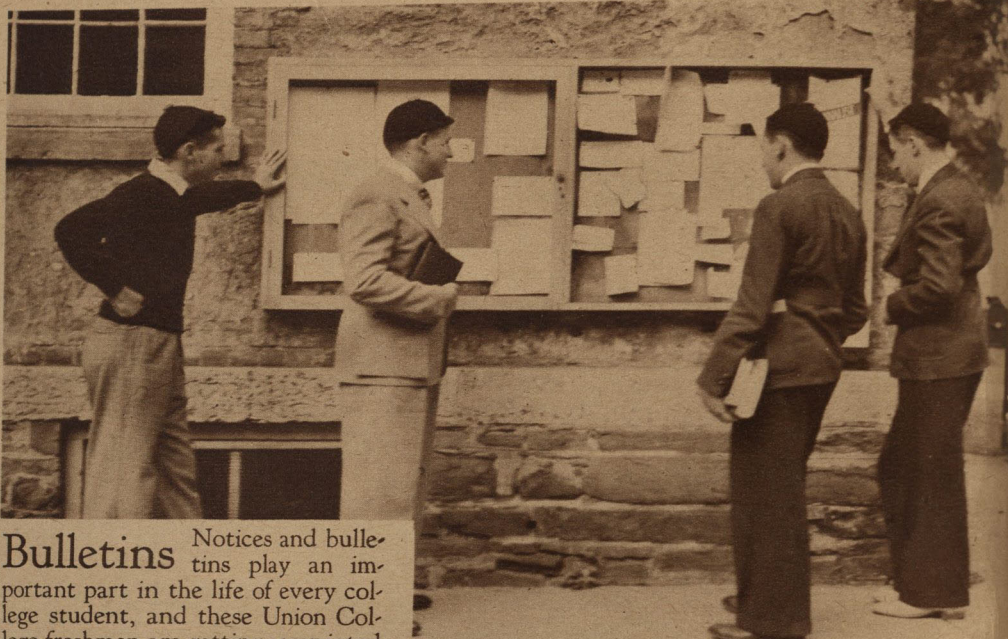
Wide World



And of course the freshmen lost again this year

Brawl

Each fall the freshmen and sophomores of Capital University in Columbus, Ohio, fight for the honor of inflicting penalties on the losing class, and, true to tradition, the unorganized first-year men lost again this fall. Above is a photo of one of the fiercest centers of the battle.



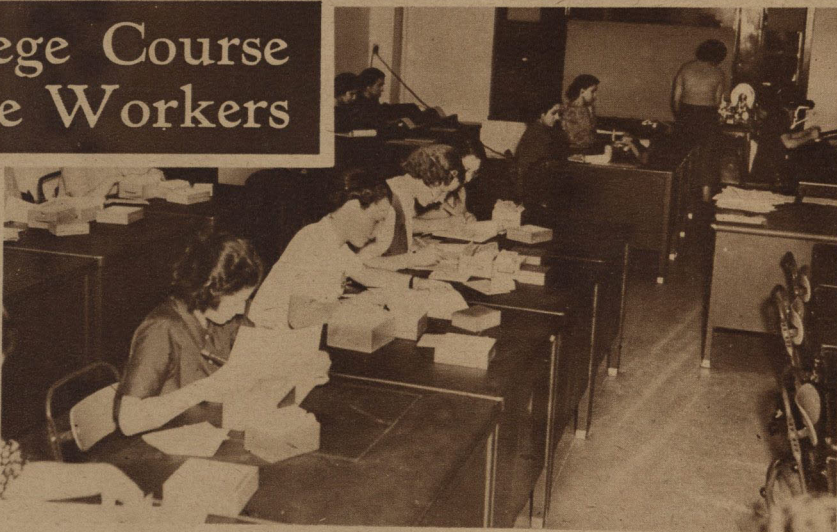
Bulletins

Notices and bulletins play an important part in the life of every college student, and these Union College freshmen are getting acquainted with the main bulletin board on their campus, where they read enlightening messages from deans and rally calls from coaches.

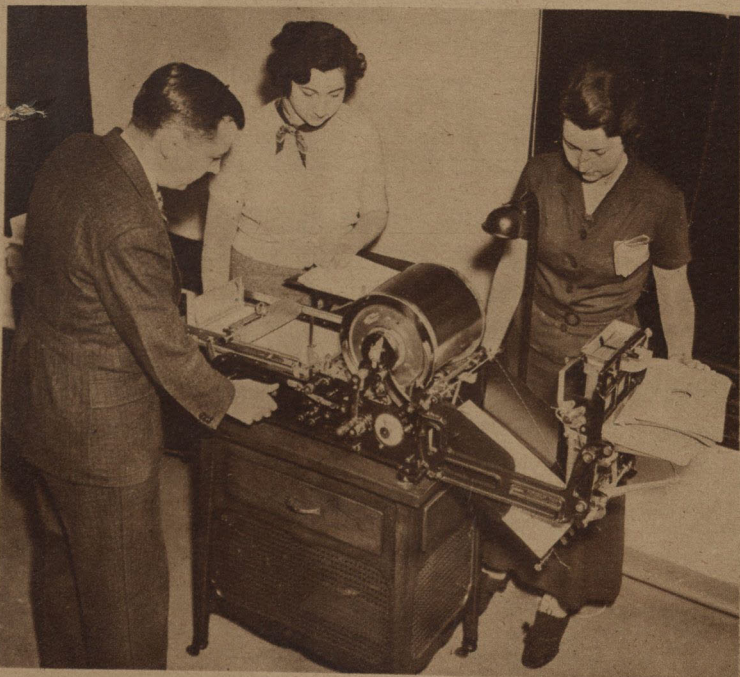
Hunter College Course Trains Office Workers

Stenographers and office workers will soon be offering college degrees as credentials if the movement inaugurated this fall at Hunter College in New York City gains great headway. COLLEGIATE DIGEST here presents unusual photos showing students at work in the office-classrooms where they are trained to do the many odd jobs about an office that require some special training.

Wide World Photos



A general view of the office-classroom



Students are taught how to do mimeographing



They are given dictaphone training



Columbia officials protested his protest

Demonstration

Robert Burke, middleweight champion boxer and president-elect of Columbia University's junior class, was caught by the cameraman as he delivered a speech to fellow-students protesting his dismissal from the university for participating in a demonstration protesting Columbia's participation in the Nazi-planned Heideberg University celebration. Demonstrations protesting his dismissal are planned for ten leading universities throughout the U. S.

International

Dyer Writes On
Vocational ProblemsHe Outlines Tasks Of Modern
College Professor; Says
"Rah, Rah" Days Passed In
Modern College Life

BY DR. J. P. DYER

What vocation or profession should I take up? How can I decide upon the field of endeavor in which I will be happiest and have the best chance of success? Where can I go for adequate advice upon my vocational problems?

These and countless other questions of a similar nature are being asked by serious minded students today as never before in the history of higher education in America. The depression and the consequent unemployment problems have made the youth of today "job conscious" and have placed a tremendously important new task upon the shoulders of educators. No longer can the college professor be content to spray his classes with a little information and at the end of a specified period turn them out on the world as being capable of meeting life situations and problems. The college professor who does his job well must be able to offer the student sound advice on vocational choices. The old time professor with his goatee and his absent-mindedness is being rapidly displaced by a young and energetic type which knows student problems and is capable of lending a hand in their solution.

Too, the "rah-rah" period is passing for the student. Gone are the days when the great majority of students attending an institution were there merely to spend a few years of pleasant associations before taking up the stern realities of life. They are realizing that college life is not much of a preparation for living as it is a process of living—a period when choices must be made. Modern conditions make this mandatory. The demand today is for trained youth. Somewhere along the line,

(Continued on page 2)

International Relations
Club Is Forming

It is the intention of the Social Science Department to petition the Carnegie Foundation for a local chapter of the International Relations Club, within the near future, Dr. J. P. Dyer stated today.

The International Relations Club is sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and has as its purpose the promotion of international understanding and good will among the college students of the world.

Practically all outstanding colleges and universities in America and in many foreign countries have chapters, Dr. Dyer declared. Membership is largely based on scholarship and interest in the field of the Social Sciences, he said.

Delores Cowart
Arranges Song
For Glee Club

The Glee Club has made rapid headway this year, and has an entire program of new songs.

Delores Cowart has written an original arrangement of the popular song, "The Way You Look Tonight," which the group has started work upon, and they are also practicing a song by Teresa Del Rico called, "Homing." Soon work will begin on "Phyllis," by Brahms.

The quartet sang for the Rotary Ladies' Night Hallowe'en Party, and will sing soon for the B. Y. P. U. They are at present singing "None But the Lonely Heart," by Tchaikowsky.

Miss Spencer wishes to get up an instrumental ensemble of all the available instruments in school later on in the year. She also wants to do radio work as soon as possible.

Attention,
Freshmen!

Freshmen will be interested to learn that the results of the placement tests are available and students wishing to know scores and meanings of scores can call by Dr. Dyer's office between the hours of 2:15 to 4:30.

Dr. Dyer says the tests have a direct bearing on possible vocational choices, and are otherwise important to students.

Armstrong Players
Will Produce
Four Plays

The Theatre Board of the Armstrong Players has announced its plans for the coming season. Four plays are scheduled for production, the first to be presented in February of next year.

One of these plays will be a children's play, "The Emperor's New Clothes," which will be given for the Junior League on Saturday, March 13. There will be two performances on this date, morning and afternoon.

The first play of the year, to be presented during the first week of February, will be "The Three-Cornered Moon." Tryouts were held and the cast selected the beginning of the week. The play will go into production in a week or two. Present plans of the board are for two additional productions later in the year.

The equipment for the stage and the scene-shop is ordered and has begun coming in. Labs will begin next week for the students of the classes in Play Production. All scenery for the plays will be made by these students.

Raiford Wood
Talks To
Humanities Class

Raiford Wood made a very interesting talk to the Humanities class Wednesday, November 11. The class had been studying the different types of architecture during the middle ages, and Mr. Wood gave the finishing touch to the subject by projecting in the basement of the Armstrong building pictures illustrating Gothic architecture.

Mr. Wood pointed out that Gothic architecture was used not only for cathedrals, but for schools, libraries, museums, and galleries. He showed the exteriors of several noted French cathedrals including Saint Chappelle, Notre Dame de Paris, Rheims, and Amiens. Famous cathedrals in Germany, Italy, Spain, and England were also shown. Mr. Wood pointed out that the cathedral in Seville, Spain, the largest church of Gothic architecture in the world, is about four times as large as Westminster Abbey in London.

The class showed great interest in the picture of the interior of the Chapel of Edward VII of England, where most of the kings of England are buried. Mr. Wood remarked that Queen Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots, were placed side by side there, and that it is probably for this reason the wall between the two tombs sometimes cracks.

Mr. Wood added much to the interest of his subject by giving small details.

(Continued on page 3)

Potential Housewives
To See Sites

A new feature in the curriculum of the Home Furnishing Class is the institution of study tours. Several delightful trips have been scheduled for the class.

On November 21, the class is going to Milledgeville, where it will visit places of interest and go through many old homes, among them the home of Miss Ennis, instructor.

The class also plans to go to Charleston and then perhaps to St. Augustine. On these trips a guide will be provided. Members of the class are looking forward to the tours with great interest, and they have declared their intention of inviting any students in school who are interested, to go along.

Armstrong Circle
Woman's Missionary Society
Is Formed

The Armstrong Circle of the Woman's Missionary Society of St. Paul's Lutheran Church has been formed by a group of young women of that church attending Armstrong. All Armstrong girls of Lutheran denomination are invited to join.

The problem of the Southern negro is one of the topics to be discussed by the circle.

Officers elected at the first meeting held November 9, at the home of Mrs. R. L. Gnann, adviser, are: Elizabeth Gnann, president; Ardelle Waldhour, vice-president; Georgia Anna Hill, secretary; Frances Coats, treasurer.

The following are members of the Circle: Frances Coats, Elizabeth Cobb, Elizabeth Gnann, Mary Jane Gnann, Georgia Anna Hill, Geraldine Monsees, Augusta Oelshig, and Ardelle Waldhour.

Who Is Elmer, What Is He?

Elmer, Jenny Wants To Tell
You About A Faculty Trip
In The Wilds Of South
Georgia

Dear Elmer,

We have been having the most glorious weather here—warm and sunny days with colder nights. Last week-end, Miss Fortson and Miss Ennis took an overnight trip to Fargo (it's a little village down near the Florida border where there are real natives, you know) and they came back full of enthusiasm about it. They really tell the wildest stories.

It seems that they went down to a cabin out from the village where swamp guides put up their parties. The road out was nothing but six feet of sand and it was the most excruciating agony to get the cars through it. When they got to the shack they couldn't find Lem. Miss Ennis, none daunted, roused out the neighbors, who said, "Lem's gone to a Hallowe'en party, but you folks go'n and make yourselves at home." So they went in and found the electric lights, (Miss Fortson says there was nothing there but beds, pigs, and the electric lights.)

There were the beds, made up with clean unironed sheets and army blankets; but on the wall over the bed was a large sign hand painted, which ran thus: "Don't lay on any bed unless you're going to sleep in it you must pay 50c for

Students Not In Favor
Of FraternitiesSurprising results Revealed By
Inkwell Poll; Many Types
Ballots Cast, Giving Argu-
ments Pro and Con
On Frats

Results of a student opinion poll conducted by *The Inkwell* indicate the majority of students here are not in favor of social fraternities. A scientific method of tabulation reveals that 54.4% of the votes were against fraternities, and that 45.6% favored these organizations.

The poll also shows that 50% of those voting gave reasons for their opinion on the subject. Of this number 33 1-3% gave negative opinions, and 16 2-3% of the opinions were expressed in the affirmative. One student thought nature should take its course, "and let those who would, form fraternities; and those who would not, leave them alone." Of those who voted for fraternities, 21.5% definitely stated that the clubs should be made to conform with proper regulations.

There were various expressions in both affirmative and negative ballots. Over 6% of the voters could "see no harm in trying it out for a year or two, but see no need for fraternities."

Many of those who were against the social clubs favored organizing clubs along lines of interest. Over half of those voting in the negative were of the opinion that social organizations might crumble the school spirit, and this opinion seemed to be the main argument of the group against fraternities.

Those favoring fraternities explained that they thought students gained something from clubs organized along social lines that was absent in organizations which they referred to as "studious." Another argument advanced in favor of fraternities pointed out that many students here will not attend senior college and will, therefore, be deprived of the opportunity of joining such clubs as social fraternities. Only one of the votes

(Continued on page 3)

Wells' Historic Tour Is Reported

Many Interesting Phases Of
This Trip are Told; All Day
Jaunt Enjoyed by Students
and Faculty

BY CALLIE MORRIS

"All aboard! We're off!" (It sounds like a combination of horse race and a railway station, but it is just the beginning of my report on the South Georgia tour taken one Saturday morning by a no-mad group of students and members of the faculty from Armstrong at the invitation extended by Mr. E. D. Wells.)

The populace on Ogeechee Road wore puzzled looks as six cars whizzed by at 7:00 a. m., each car packed to capacity and one right behind the other. The first stop was at the old Indian Trail, thought to be the one used by the Indians to get to Charleston, S. C. Across the road, Mr. Wells, the host, took the party into the Bamboo Farm. He explained that here Asiatic plants and trees are raised exclusively. Incidentally the bamboo was brought from Asia, too. It grows and spreads very rapidly, growing as much as eight to nine inches over night. Inside, the grove gives the impression of a shaded, cool glen and takes one into an entirely different atmosphere.

Farther down the road, having left the Asiatic Plant Farm behind, the group could be seen gazing at the only Austrian pine in this

country besides the ones found in Mr. Henry Ford's botanical gardens. Later one could have seen them picking Ogeechee limes. These limes are the only ones of their species growing anywhere in the world except along the Ogeechee road near the Altamaha River.

Reaching Liberty County, the party disembarked at Freedman's Grove and almost re-enacted the scene of the negroes gathering to be proclaimed "Free." Then from Civil War reminiscences, the next stop was at scenes dating from 1792, the Congregational Church at Midway. There is an old graveyard beside the church. Alva Lines looked for graves of his ancestors who were buried here. The graves were numbered and the names of the entombed were written on the blueprints of the cemetery found tacked at the entrance of the old church. This church was founded by the descendants of an English Colony that went first to Massachusetts in 1630 and later migrated down the coast, finally settling in Georgia in 1752. It was built on the spot of the church which was burned by the British in 1778. Viewed from a distance the structure stirs within one memories of something mysterious and unfathomable.

About twenty-nine miles from Darien, the students passed Cedar Hill Plantations or the site on which it stood in 1770. At Sapelo Sound, they visited the Spanish Missions. The host explained that here all the plants mentioned in the Bible are found growing wild

(Continued on page 3)

any bed that is mussed up." Well, you can imagine how much better they felt about the whole expedition after the laughter that caused. They explored the next room, cautiously, and found another sign: "We don't have any roaches, mosquitoes, bedbugs or insects. If you find any see Lem for a spray."

Just about the time Lem arrived from the Hallowe'en party, Miss Ennis insisted that they should get an early start so Lem promised to wake them at the "crack of breakfast." What was the crack of breakfast? "Oh, very early," Lem said. So they went to bed, half dressed, at two o'clock in the morning!

Needless to say, Lem had had too much Hallowe'en party to rise and shine the next day. It was Miss Ennis who woke everyone at six-thirty. She went over to Lem's house and woke him by shaking on every window. "What about breakfast?" Lem informed her that he would have it ready in about an hour and a half. With all that preparation they had only ham and eggs, and coffee (all you could see was the grounds, and the milk was blue). By that time they had decided Lem was their bitter enemy.

Then they walked down to the Swanee river—did I tell you that the whole trip was to see Okefenokee swamp?—in about an hour. They spent the afternoon exploring the swamp, seeing egrets and "neva-wet" lilies, and floating earth, and alligator holes, and ripe Ogeechee limes or "Tupeloos." They went about ten miles looking for

(Continued on page 2)

THE INKWELL

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VOL. II. NOVEMBER 20, 1936 No. 2

Joan

We go to press this issue without the valuable assistance of one of our most beloved and highly esteemed staff members. Never will this paper nor Armstrong College suffer a more distinct loss than it did at the passing of Joan.

Gifted as she was, with countless qualities, her friendship was dearly treasured by all who knew her and much sought after by others. A more loyal and truer friend could not have been found. Her pleasant disposition and incomparable personality won her a host of warm friendships. Her progressive and vigorous spirit, together with her love and interest in the college, placed Joan among the leaders of this institution. Her leadership had much to do with the establishing of the democratic spirit so characteristic of Armstrong.

Possessed with a keen mind, her activities were widespread. In the classroom she was a scholar, and on the campus a center of attraction. In athletics she excelled in whatever sport she undertook, clean, calm, and cheerful always. Highly commendable was her efficient and faithful service to her church.

In Joan, this paper had an ardent supporter and an outstanding writer. Her column was the most popular feature of this paper since the first issue of the paper last year.

That place Joan won in the hearts of so many of us is evidence of her sincerity. No tears can wash away, nor can time erase the impression left on us of her graciousness, good nature, friendship and loyalty. To eulogize further on such a personality would be to detract from a beautiful memory.

Fraternity

The subject under discussion on the campus today is that of fraternities. The advisability of organizing fraternities for social activity is being debated by doubtful students; those students who favor social fraternities are already forming their respective groups, and those students who are definitely opposed to the fraternity movement are saying that social fraternities will tear asunder the prevailing democratic spirit which now characterizes the Armstrong campus.

The opinion of *The Inkwell* on this subject is that there is no specific need for social fraternities among the small and congenial student body here. However, we should be the last to discourage or to condemn social fraternities, for they represent an aspect of college life that is sometimes a great deal more important to an individual than a study course consuming the same amount of his time.

Let us enlarge on our statement. In the first place, we think any social fraternity should be affiliated with a national organization; and we are dubious that a national fraternity would establish a chapter in a junior college entering its second year of existence.

The Inkwell is not afraid that the student body will be offensively divided against itself if social fraternities are granted charters by the faculty committee. The regulations laid down by the administration are sufficient to govern any organized group on the campus. These regulations expressly stated that social fraternities would be permitted, not urged. They also specified certain qualifications which every applicant for membership in a fraternity must meet. It seems to us that the administration, when asked to allow fraternities, dealt quite fairly with the student body by approving the request for official recognition of social fraternities.

If the fraternity movement continues, *The Inkwell* will greet each organization with cordial interest; but if we were asked for a suggestion, we should say, "Organize fraternities along lines of interest and leave social activities to the discretion of these groups."

Horsy Pants

Comment on the riding breeches which are being regularly worn to class by women students is widespread. The liberals say, "Yes, yes, it is a fine thing." And the conservatives say, "Nay, nay." The horses say, "Neigh, neigh," too, but we don't count them.

The Inkwell, always a liberal journal, says the riding pants are very attractive, and the young ladies in them are very attractive; but that they should not be allowed to come to class without their horses, which are as much a part of their attire as the jodphurs.

The opinions of several students, as expressed in letters to the editor, follow:

To the Editor:

Too many uncomplimentary remarks have been made about the girls at Armstrong parading all day in school while still in riding habit. Something must be done to keep such talk from continuing. It is unladylike to be swathed in trousers constantly in the presence of the male faction. They don't appreciate the apparel when it is not needed within the class room. Riding clothes are necessary and attractive while at the Riding Ranch, but ridiculous on city streets and in the corridors of a cold institution. The girls have been accused of small-townishness for not knowing when enough is enough, and just what to wear in the proper places. And where is their dignity and modesty? Knowing that it is annoying to men to see the ladies in trousers, why do they loll around in school all day still arrayed as when on a horse? They claim they haven't time to change. Why do the girls in the gymnasium find time to change their uniforms?

Mr. Editor, I have merely expressed a few remarks that have been flying around town. I don't think I need go into the others for I know you will see my point of view and try to correct this ridiculous error.

CALLIE MORRIS.

To the Editor:

Regarding the discussion pro and con of the girls' wearing riding habit, I should like, as one of them, to give their side of the question.

Horseback riding is a part of the physical education program for the year and those who chose it for their P. E. credit ride twice a week, either from 7:30 to 8:30 or from 1:30 to 2:30. The girls who ride in the morning haven't time to change before coming to school—indeed they often worry about making it on time! Those who ride in the afternoon must meet at the school dressed for riding in order to have a way out to the academy, as the one who takes them could not be expected to go by the house for each girl.

Most of the criticism, undoubtedly, has been good-natured ribbing which we girls can take, but if anyone objects in all seriousness, we are open to any better plan he might suggest.

GEORGIA ANNA HILL.

Diogenes' Lamp

Editor's Note.—The opinions expressed in this column are entirely those of Mr. Diogenes, and have no connection with the editorial policy of this paper.

Japanese poets have a saying about the "eternal sadness of things." One night I was gossiping with a storekeeper after business hours, when we heard the front door rattle open, and a short, red-faced man shuffled in. He did not say a word but came towards us and sat down despondently in a chair.

I recognized him as a man who was chronically out of work, deaf, half-sick, and usually half-drunk. His brother had just died, and he had been walking the streets . . . He came in because he had to express his grief to someone, but when he came near, there was nothing he could say.

We stopped talking and waited awkwardly, the shopkeeper mumbled a word of sympathy. I remembered having seen him once on a crowded excursion train, sitting next to a window staring out, paying no attention to the noisy, squalling children, nor their patient parents and the singing youngsters. He seemed to be alone, and I wondered what he was thinking about, of things he had intended to do, of an untroubled life?

I looked at him, a hunched figure, silently crying. Grief.

When I buy music or books, I cannot bear to have the clerk wrap them, because I like to look at them while going home. I knew a boy once who would always carry new books around with him for days after he bought them, because he only bought fine books and he wanted to get acquainted with them.

Modern Art is at last leaving the Ivory Tower. Daisies, tet-a-tets, etc. At last, the best artists are learning that Man's fate, that pathetic, hopeful, perplexing fact . . . is a live thing. History is moving, history is man.

These good strong men belong to the immortal line of Goya, Franz Hals, Rembrandts, and Daumier, O Lord what men, and what furious colors they fling on canvas! Daumier, sneering at mentality in politics. Goya, weeping over the wretched.

On Sunday you pick up the brown supplement of Sunday papers, and you are confronted with the utmost reality of the world moving . . . moving . . . where? Tanks, big guns, Mrs. Chillingworth, the people of Paris, London, Berlin, Tokyo dodging underground in newly built caverns designed to keep their lungs from being gnawed by deadly war-gas. In Tokyo, that city of hardworking, aspiring, hopeful people led by what? You see monks being drilled with guns, and tiny school children being taught to wear gas masks, and being taught not to think, that they will be more docile sheep.

Look at the pictures and think. Don't turn the page over to the fashions or to the horserace section. If you are Grozz, a German now exiled to America, you reflect bitterly on the meaning of such pictures, and you go draw angry, frightful pictures of human beings being impaled on barbed wire, of Christ in a gas mask, of humanity weeping over its wounded and dead. You think: "Is this what we are to learn?" Grozz was exiled from Germany because too many people were seeing the truth in his acid drawings.

Dear Mr. Palmolive:

I bought a tube of your shaving cream. It says no mug required. What shall I shave?

Yours truly,

OSCAR ZILCH.

A bulletin board outside a church announced: Do you know what hell is? Underneath was printed in small letters: Come and hear our organist.

Dyer Writes On

(Continued from page 1)

preferably as early as the junior college, student and faculty must get together to discuss life situations. It is a double obligation. One group must realize its need for guidance; the other must be prepared to offer sound advice.

Exchange

Grace Bounds, Editor

The Woman's Glee Club of Phoenix Junior College is planning a tour into Mexico this year. If the trip is made, the college would be the first school from the United States to send a musical organization into Mexico. The Mexican Government has sent numerous musical concert organizations to the United States this past year.

Bear Tracks—

Phoenix Junior College.

From *The Normanlite* we have the following proverbs which might be of assistance in these days of melancholy. They are:

A bird in the hand is bad manners.

Success has turned more heads than halitosis.

A fool and his money are some party.

If you want to remember a thing, tie a string around your finger. If you want to forget things, tie a rope around your neck.

The Normanlite—

West Georgia College.

An editorial in *The High Hat* urges that all students study suggested improvements in student terminology, and to correct their expressions in so far as they do not coincide with the proper terms. The request cannot be stated in too imperative a manner, because of the need to eliminate undesirable terminology now frequently heard about the campus.

POOR

My Math teacher.
Children or pupils.
Boys and girls.

BETTER

My professor of Mathematics.
(College) students.
Men and women (for we are such).

The High Hat—

Norfolk Division of the College of William and Mary.

The Hibbing Junior College is on the verge of forming a Camera Club of all those interested in photography. They want something new and different for the college annual, so it is up to the students to carry out this ideal by contributing pictures.

(We seem to be keeping right along with them with our amateur photographers.)

The College Cardinal—
Hibbing Junior College.

May we offer these simple suggestions for the betterment of civilization:

1. Lubricated peanut butter so that it doesn't stick to the roof of your mouth.
2. A revolving fish bowl for tired fish.
3. Text books without print for those who can't read.

He: "Please!"
She: "No!"
He: "Just this once!"
She: "No!"
He: "Aw Ma, . . . all kids are going barefoot."

Old Lady: (to librarian): "I would like a nice book."

Librarian: "Here's one about a cardinal."

Old Lady: "I'm not interested in religion."

Librarian: "But this is a bird."

Old Lady: "I'm not interested in his private life, either."—Log.

Who Is Elmer, What Is He?

(Continued from page 1)

"pu-rare-ies." They saw Billy's Island where the Indians used to live, and they got out, parched, to look for a spring or a natural well. They quenched their thirst at an old pump, then they pressed bravely on and on and on—but no prairies.

"Just the same it was lots of fun," says Miss Fortson. "We're going back next spring and take a party."

So Elmer if you come around for the week-end about the middle of April, maybe we can go. It sounds good, doesn't it? I'll send you the pictures when they have the negatives developed.

Here's hoping,

JENNY.

Oscar And The Unknown Soldier

— ARTICLE —

Once there was a wild lad name of Oscar, very good boy, promising, et cetera. He was all set to enter the produce business when the war broke out, so instead of buying chickens, he bashfully spoke to a recruiting officer name of No. 3.

No. 3 gracefully accepted Oscar's services, and told him all about honor and duty and how the flag had just been insulted, et cetera. Oscar asked him Wouldn't it be all right if he joined with the artillery on account of his feet being flat? OK with me son, said the sergeant.

Thus it was two days later Oscar found himself in a uniform and in a big camp with 20,000 other in-sultees. Oscar learned to scowl at everybody so they would think him tough, and he even used bad English to heighten the effect, yet at bottom he remained a soft-boiled youth, still thinking of produce and profits. It was very exciting on the boat going to Europe to defend America. Oscar asked a lot of questions about the engines, and about how they know which direction to go. He asked a man that looked kind of technical: Why don't we stay in America and defend our country at home? but the man only laughed, and said, You're crazy! Oscar was offended, but what can you do when a man looks technical?

Pretty soon Oscar found himself wedged into a trench, with mud and rats at his feet, dirt at his elbow, and bullets over his head. Oscar thought the water might give him a cold, but what can you do, when it is war? Once Oscar felt a hard lump in his knapsack, and when he drew it out, he found that his mother had hidden a copper plate for him to put over his chest to keep out bullets, et cetera. Well naturally Oscar was ashamed of it, so he threw the copper plate far out into the No Man's Land, and nobody ever saw it.

Some weeks later, Oscar found himself a corporal, because everybody was getting shot. Oscar pinned the double stripe on his arm but a machine gun bullet clipped it off, so he thought maybe he was not intended to be a corporal. He made friends with a young man who had lied about his age so he could get into the big adventure. Oscar discovered that the lad was a farmer and knew all the prices at wholesale. They enjoyed talking all they could when the war slackened up, and they became fast friends. That was before the big battle.

In the big battle, a colonel made a little mistake about ordering Company A into a wooded area, and naturally not all the company arrived, and among those who did not arrive was Oscar's young friend. Oscar worried about it, and a tough sergeant asked him, Was he worrying about his health? so Oscar said no, he was worried about the price of eggs, and the sergeant laughed heartily, but Oscar could not laugh.

From that time he was gloomy and could not longer fight with elan. He made no grimaces, his grammar improved; and the noise, the filth, the whole awful meaning of war began to oppress him, with every thought centering on his missing comrade. One day when it was raining and the shooting was terrific, he began trembling all over, and his eyes began twitching, so he simply turned around and crept secretly away down the connecting trench and went away from the war. A military policeman caught him more than three miles from the front sitting on a tree stump.

The authorities tried to question him, but he would not answer a word, despite threats. Then they understood that the delicate tissue of his brain was not working, he was crazy or shell-shocked. They tried to make him work, but he would not lift a finger, so they put him in jail. Oscar got into arguments with a fellow in the next cell about war. Oscar said he did not see where they would ever benefit from war, and he personally, was not insulted, nor did he think that was the real cause of the war. After awhile, the armistice was signed and they shipped Oscar back to America with the other

NEWS OF THE MONTH

Condensed from the Local Daily Newspapers

CONCERT USHERS

Thirty of our students will act as ushers for the All-Star Concert Series, which is presenting: Lawrence Tibbett, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Nino Martini and Gladys Swarthout, and the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Vladimir Golschmann, with Albert Spalding, soloist.

Most of the boys were chosen from the Glee Club, and the remainder from the student body at large. The first of the concerts took place Thursday, October 22, and it was generally agreed, not only by those connected with the college, but also by the general public, that the boys made a fine showing in their tuxedos.

FRANK HENRY IS PRESIDENT

Frank Henry was re-elected president of the Student Council at a meeting held in the office of Mr. Lowe, on Wednesday, October 21. Eleta Robertson was elected vice-president and Robert McCuen secretary-treasurer. A room in one of the college buildings will be assigned to the council as its office.

At a second meeting of the council plans were discussed for the coming year, and several committees were chosen, among them a committee to choose a class ring and one to handle social functions.

AUDITORIUM ACCEPTED

Mr. Lowe, president of the college, Henrik Wallin, architect of the Auditorium, and W. H. Artley, contractor, made a final inspection of the Auditorium Thursday, October 29th, and on October 30, it was formally accepted. P. W. A. officials were also present at the inspection.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Monday, October 19, the members of the Student Council and the class officers were elected in an assembly of the student body. Nine members was the number decided upon for the Student Council: five from the Sophomore class, three from the freshman class, and one from the intramural athletic board. The council members from the sophomore class are: Nairn Ross, Billy Mann, Frank Henry, Robert McCuen, and Miss Electa Robertson. Jack Schley, Miss Elizabeth Pierce, and Woodrow Breland were elected by the freshman class. The representative from the intramural athletic board will be elected at a later date.

The officers of the sophomore class are: Mark Johnson, president; Grace Bounds, vice-president; and Elizabeth Cobb, secretary and treasurer. Those of the freshman class are: Frank Barragan, president; Georgia Anna Hill, vice-president; and Ruby Hollis, secretary and treasurer.

JOAN DODD

On November 7 a tragic automobile accident occurred, in which the life of Miss Joan Dodd was taken. The students of the college attended the funeral in a body.

criminals. When they arrived, Oscar was given a paper which said, "Dishonorably discharged," and naturally he lost his temper. When he got out of jail, he threw back his head to the sky and cursed: "Didn't I do my share of the slaughter, didn't I maim with gas, didn't I throw grenades?"

What is more, business was flat, and Oscar lost his money in a bank failure, so Oscar had to take a wretched job as an elevator boy in a tall building with marble on the hallway and brick on the outside. A couple of years later Oscar read in the newspaper that the government was putting up a monument to the memory of the "unknown soldier," so the idea came to him, "Is that my friend?"

At seven o'clock, Oscar asked off, though he usually had to work his full twelve hours till eight. He walked toward the Memorial where the unknown soldier was buried, and he arrived when it was dark.

E. D. WELLS

E. Descombe Wells was the speaker at the regular Friday morning assembly, October 23. Mr. Wells was introduced by Stuart West. He spoke about the opportunities and advantages of this state.

MIRACLE OF A DAY

The Reverend Samuel T. Senter, D. D., pastor of the Wesley Monumental Methodist Church, was the speaker on October 30. Mr. Senter used as his subject: "The Miracle of a Day." He illustrated his talk with a poem of Robert Louis Stevenson.

TWO SPEAKERS

On November 6, Angus Fletcher was presented to the students. Mr. Fletcher had been the speaker the preceding night for the Savannah Chapter of the English Speaking Union. Mrs. B. S. Barnes was the principal speaker of the day. She spoke in behalf of The American Association of University Women. As she herself said, she was speaking primarily for the girls, but nevertheless the boys found her talk enjoyable.

DANCING DEPUTATION

On "Friday the Thirteenth" a most interesting program was presented. Miss Ennis had her girls perform the dance numbers that they were going to take to Athens the next day. There were three dances: A Grecian, a "soft shoe" dance, and a Spanish dance. After that the program was turned over to a delegation from the Womans College at Valdosta. Miss Anna Richter was the first speaker. She told the students that every year their college sent a group to some college in the state to put on a program there in order to create better spirit between those colleges. She then introduced Miss Louise Bennett, who sang, "O Come to Me," by Beethoven. Miss Bennett was accompanied by Miss Virginia Zipplies. Miss Richter then presented Miss Eleanor Ogletree, who gave the principal address.

Music was given by some of the student body at the assemblies. This music, by the quartet and other talented individuals was well received.

ARMISTICE

Capt. Robert M. Hitch addressed the student body on Armistice Day. He emphasized that Armistice celebrations were glorifications of peace.

Miss Marietta Cook, a student, entertained with several selections on her violin.

Heard At A Soda Fountain

"Why don't you use the other straw?" "Oh, this one's not empty yet." —The Cornell Widow.

"I shall now illustrate what I have in my mind," said the professor, as he erased the board.—Punch Bowl.

All the way there, he kept thinking only one thought, "My poor friend, my poor friend. You were a simple lad, full of life, not insulted, not angry, not mean, and why can we not live and be in business, or even just live?"

When Oscar arrived at the place, he found it was just a square block of stone, and there was a soldier walking up and down, making like he was guarding it, so Oscar was ashamed to walk up close, but sat down on the steps near by. It was so dark he could not make out whether it said anything on the monument, so he just sat, and while he was there, his simple mind kept flying back to his friend, and his mind was overwhelmed with hatred and grief at the useless slaughter, the useless war; his mind reeled with anger at the scoundrels who cause war, and he was mumbling a song of bitterness, "My friend, my poor, unknown friend." H. M.

Korean Missionary

Makes Impressive

Talk Here

At the last meeting of the Home Economics Club, Mrs. Lloyd Boggs, a missionary to Korea, was the guest speaker.

She spoke about "Home Economics in Foreign Lands." She told many interesting facts about life in Korea. She said the women in that country have a very low status, and are treated practically as slaves.

In describing the homes Mrs. Boggs declared the largest rooms, even among the nobility, are only eight by eight! and consist of one room. On one side there is a fire for cooking with a channel underneath which catches the steam that heats the house.

Rice straw is of importance in Korea as it is used for practically everything, even for the dresses which are pasted together with it, the speaker stated.

Wells' Historic Tour

(Continued from page 1)

together with the same myrtle used by the ancient Greeks. The mission ruins are in one of the most beautiful natural spots in the Southeast. The serene wildness of Nature's caprice has engulfed man's long-forgotten invasion. The ruins are of tabby. (Editor's note: Tabby is a substance peculiar to this section of the country. It is a mixture of water, sand, oyster shells, and lime made in the early days by burning oyster shells and salvaging the ashes. Tabby is comparable to concrete as regards properties.) There is a controversy at present whether they were used and made for sugar-houses or whether they were actually Missions. (There are arguments for either opinion.) In this territory there have been found many Indian relics, making some wonder if there could be an Indian Happy Hunting Ground in the vicinity. One of the boys became inspired and gave his respects to the redmen by saluting with a genuine war whoop.

Thus, the merry group then motored to St. Mary's, Georgia, passing on the way the famous bulb growing section at Butler Island, and farther, Lanier's Oak, at the "Marshes of Glynn." At St. Mary's the center of attraction was Orange Hill, the oldest home in this part of the country. As far as it is known, it was built about 1780—a genuine colonial home. The Santa Maria Mission was visited next, four or five miles northwest of St. Mary's, supposed to be the largest of the Spanish Missions. A beautiful ruin in the heart of Georgia's

Caller: "I wonder if I can't see your mother, little boy. Is she engaged?"

Willie: "Engaged, hell!! She's married."

—Grinnell Malteaser.

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Students Not In Favor

(Continued from page 1)

favoring fraternities attempted to refute the idea that social clubs tended to break up the student body into "small, offensive groups" as was charged by those against fraternities.

A small percentage of the voters definitely specified that any fraternities organized locally should be chapters of national organizations.

Only two votes were entered anonymously, one for and one against. Neither of the votes was counted.

Over half of the voters were sophomores; four members of Student Council voted; three class officers voted.

Publication of voters' names is omitted by request.

woodland, this is a remnant of a past civilization, yet still alive and rich with tales of things we will probably never know. The mission was built of hand-made timbers for the framework and lime poured over it. Today oak trees have grown within its walls and plants grown wild cover its floors. One could ramble around for hours and never tire merely trying to picture the original of long ago.

With obvious reluctance, the party left to continue on its tour which ended after miles and miles of old country roads starting at Kingsland, Georgia, to Colerain Plantation on the site of the old town of Colerain where the treaty of peace was made in 1796 between the President of the United States and the kings and chiefs and warriors of the Creek nation of Indians. The beautiful home and ground with St. Mary's River winding in the backyard was awe-inspiring—but alas! the spell was broken when Scarborough began smoking a big, black cigar!

It was a tired and dusty group that returned to Savannah about 8 o'clock that night, happy and contented with plans for future motorcades.

Chaff

"Pardon me, Miss," stammered the Bible student, "but could you tell me where I could find something on Adam?"

The modest young lady librarian blushed, then inquired coyly, "Before the Fall, or after?"

—Selected.

Stude (on farming field trip): "Do insects ever get into your corn out here?"

Farmer: "Yeh, but we just fish 'em out and drink it anyway."

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SPORT CHATTER

The freshmen are fighting hammer and tongs, tooth and nail with the sophomores in football George Leon was elected captain of the sophs and McLaughlin was elected captain of the frosh Ask Robert Miller how it is that he keeps his sweatshirt so immaculate and never gets it torn during one of the games Can you imagine little Lukie Bowyer laying out John Tyre in a football game? That's exactly what happened when Tyre's elbow caught Bowyer on the jaw It seems that our referee ought to learn to count when on inflicting a five yards penalty he marks off six Have you noticed how careful Tyre and McCreery are in order to keep from hurting each other in a football game? They are worse rivals than the two classes Its no wonder the freshmen win when they have such tough players as Charlie Adams on their team. He's the boy who chews tobacco and spits all over the ball when it is in the sophs possession Nice fellow! It seems that Adele Ketchum ought to be adopted as the boys locker room mascot after she has shown such interest in that place You ought to see the girls in P. E. take their exercises and roll on the floor We bet they're cute Have you noticed Crooner Taylor playing end for the sophs? He's quite the stuff If the team would be the winner who had the best argument on their side the sophs would easily get that with Leon on their team To close this rambling, did any of you notice that the first game between the sophs and frosh was five quarters long?

Riding has become quite a sport up here if the number of girls and their interest has anything to do with it. About thirty girls are participating in this activity and according to all reports are having a swell time. Their lectures are being conducted by Walton Purse, one of the students and incidentally assistant sports editor of this paper, who has been lecturing on the different parts of the horse.

The girls in Physical Education this year have been devoting their time mainly to the learning of dances to be presented for Miss Fortson's humanities class. They are learning a classical and a folk dance of fifteen different countries and have been practicing them regularly. If you see any girls running around the building in shorts, don't be surprised but just take it for granted that they are going to P. E.

A cup has already been ordered for the winning football team and will be retained by that class for a year. Separate cups will be awarded in each sport to the winning class as each sport will be participated in intramurally as well as intercollegiately.

We have quite an athletic faculty. Mr. McNeill is a tennis and golf enthusiast; Coach Shiver likes to hunt and play golf; Dr. Dyer enjoys a game of golf; Dean Askeew finds pleasure in tennis; Miss Fortson, Miss Ennis and Mr. Keach all are riding addicts; and Miss Spencer participates in cycling. Mrs. Miller, our librarian, rides but it is in an automobile.

In moments of abject despair
I grit my teeth and pull my hair
And think that Life is most unfair.
With talent, genius, everywhere
I somehow didn't get my share.
I didn't even get a "flair."
So Lord, hear this, my constant prayer—
Soothe my feelings, dry my tear—
Let me dance, once, with Astaire.
BETTY LYNES

Father: "And to think that I mortgaged the house to send my boy to college, and all he does is go out with girls, drink, and smoke."
Crony: "Do you regret it?"
Father: "Yes, I should have gone myself."

SPORTS

Arthur Jeffords, Editor

Walton Purse, Assistant

Frosh Defeat Sophs In Classic Battle

On Wednesday, November 4th, the freshmen football team smothered the sophomore team into defeat by a 6-0 score. The score does not indicate how badly the sophomores were outclassed as the freshmen ran up first down upon first down while the sophomores did not even make one. With a heavier and more experienced team the freshmen kept pushing the sophomores back until on the last play of the third quarter, they finally scored by virtue of a short pass from McLaughlin to Cranman.

This game was the first of a five-game series to determine the winning class which will be awarded a cup to be kept one year. The game had not been under way many minutes when McLaughlin, the freshmen's sterling full-back and captain, intercepted a pass and ran it back to the soph's 2 yard line where he was chased out of bounds by Leon, the soph captain. There the sophomores dug in and repulsed every effort of the freshmen to score, and after battering down a pass over the goal line on fourth down, took the ball over on their own twenty yard line.

The running of Miller, diminutive halfback, and the punting and passing of McLaughlin, were the features of the first half and the freshmen were always threatening to score but the sophomores managed to stave off every attempt.

However in the third quarter the superiority of the freshmen began to tell on the sophs and as a result the frosh worked the ball finally down to the six yard line, where on the last down the sophs were offside and were penalized to the one yard line and giving the frosh a first down. The sophs held on the first down but with a short pass directly over the center of the line from McLaughlin to Cranman, the frosh's huge end, the freshmen finally scored with the touchdown that later proved to be the winning points.

Fren then on the game was more equal, with the sophomores being held at bay by the superb punting of Captain McLaughlin. Three times in the last quarter he punted out of bounds within the sophomore's ten yard stripe. The game ended with an interception of a sophomore pass by DuFour, frosh quarterback.

The lineups for the two teams are:

FROSH.	Pos.	SOPHS.
Waite.....	L. E.....	Taylor
Hyrne.....	L. T.....	Truchelut
Adams.....	L. G.....	McCreery
Tyre.....	C.....	Jeffords
Amos.....	R. G.....	Scott
Sanders.....	R. T.....	Smith
Cranman.....	R. E.....	Dreese

Many Lettermen Return For Basketball Teams

Basketball practice will begin on December 7, announced Coach Shiver recently. The place for holding practices has not yet been determined, but it will be announced in the near future. This was the outstanding sport of the college last year, and much enthusiasm is being wrought up by the knowledge that basketball is to start soon.

This sport is participated in by girls as well as boys and both have teams which represent the school in intercollegiate contests. There are lettermen returning for both teams. For the girls the returning lettermen are Edith Beery, Walton Purse, Nell McIntire, Ann Gibson, Carolyn Meadows, Janet Rushing, Pauline Cargill, Martha Lee, and Carolyn Oliver. For the boys, the lettermen are Lanier, Karnibad, Leon and Mopper. In McLaughlin, Cranman, and Dupont the freshman class has furnished some fine material for the boys' varsity.

Basketball will also be played intramurally by the girls and boys. Those who do not make the varsity squads will be on regular teams who will compete among themselves. The varsity squads will practice in the evenings while the other students will report at their regular P. E. periods.

Coach Shiver announced that games have been tentatively arranged with the varsity at South Georgia Teachers College at Statesboro and Glynn Academy at Brunswick. Games are also being sought with the freshmen at the University of Georgia and the University of Florida at Gainesville and with Georgia Military College at Milledgeville. Also the college is intending to enter the team in the annual Georgia Junior College tournament. Last year the school was invited to participate but it was thought inadvisable as the college had not gotten sufficiently organized but this year it is a different story, and the college is expected to enter a team in this tournament.

DuFour..... Q. B.....Hardwick
Miller..... H. B..... (C.) Leon
Dupont..... H. B..... Carr
McLaughlin (C.) F. B. Mann
Substitutes: Sophs: Kronstadt,
Morgan, Ross, Brooks, Bowyer,
Mopper.

Frosh: Innecken, Richards, Ellis.
Referee: Bob McCuen.

We always laugh at the Prof's.
jokes,
No matter what they be;
Not because they're funny,
But it's darn good policy.
—Phoenix.



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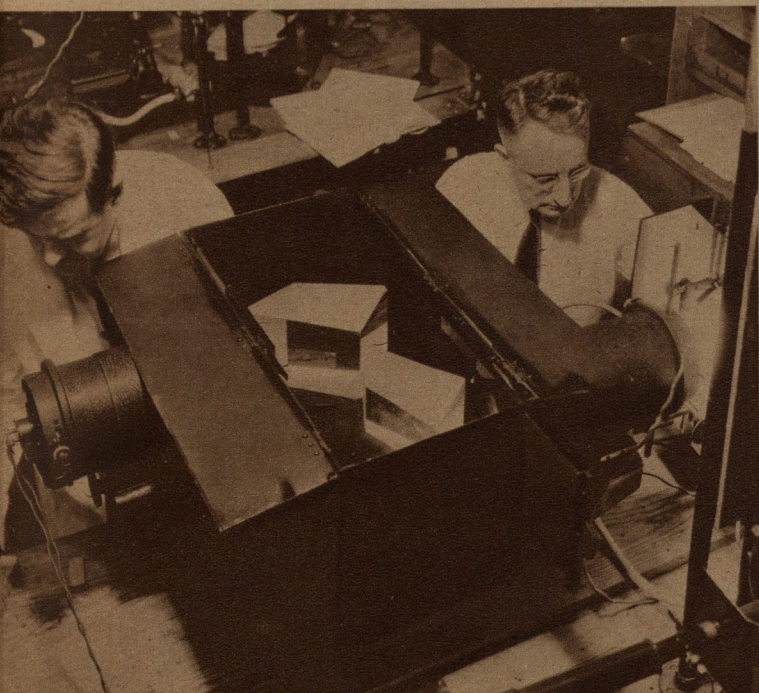
Issue 8



She received a contract after her first audition

Mercedes McCambridge, 20-year-old Mundelein College (Chicago) senior, is playing two important dramatic roles over NBC these days keeping up with her classes and maintaining a B average. She first attracted attention of radio officials when she appeared with Mundelein's verse speaker.

Keystone



Why are green vegetables lacking in Vitamin D?

Prof. Arthur Knudson and Frank Benford of the Albany Medical College are searching for the answer to this perplexing question of 1932. Using the device shown, which splits up ultra-violet radiation into any length wanted for study, the scientists have found that intermittent or late doses of ultra-violet rays will aid the formation of vitamin D.

Science Service



He grades certified milk by its color

Demonstration The new device which H. H. Tucker, professor of dairy husbandry at Rutgers University, is demonstrating for the first time grades certified milk according to its color. He says that yellow is the most popular color this season.

Acme



Guider Ted Peckham, 22-year-old manager of New York City's novel guide-escort service, says his business has boomed so rapidly he now has 134 college men on call—and its definitely not gigoloing, he adds.

Pictures, Inc.



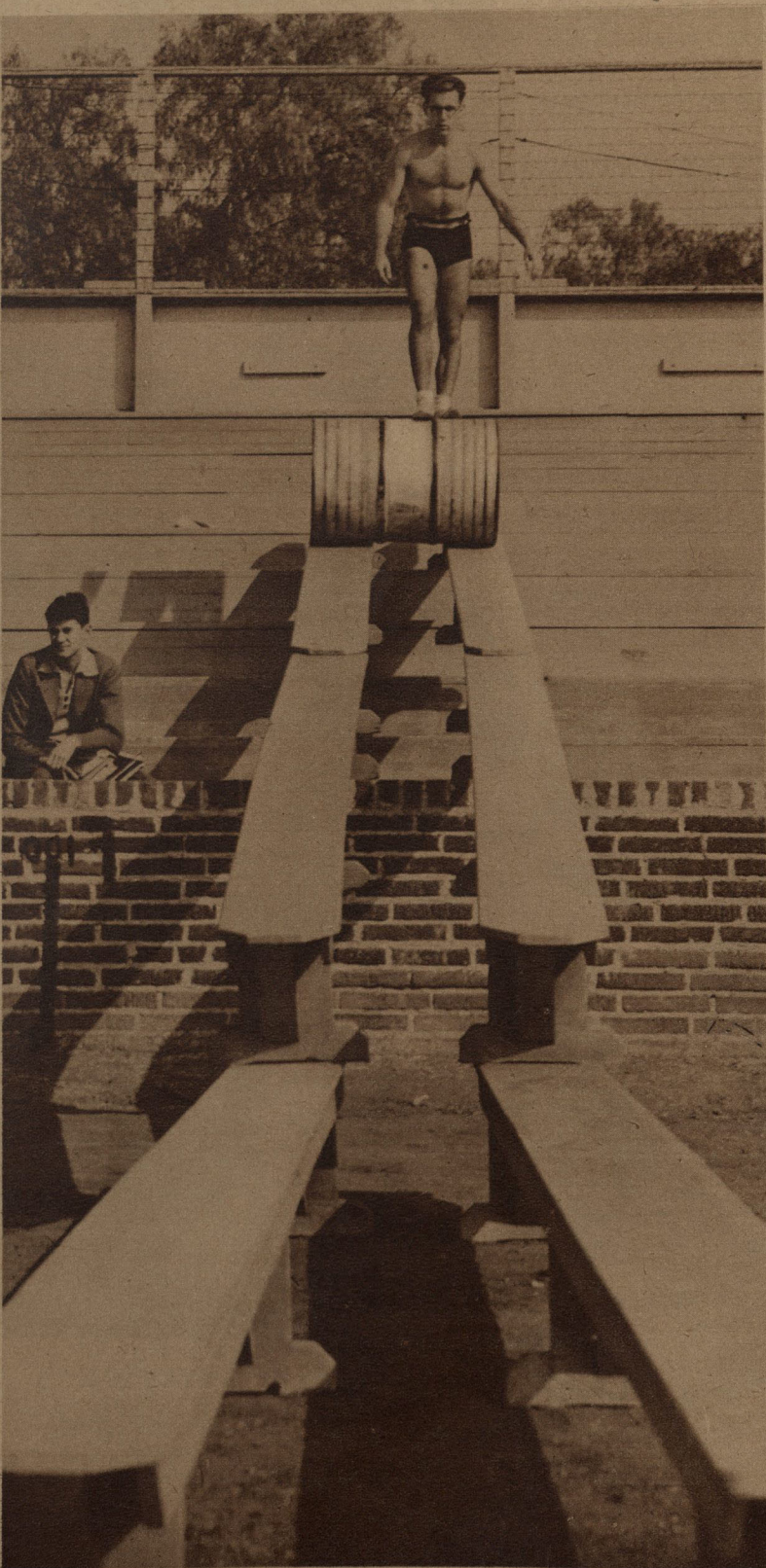
Aviation's greatest flying laboratory and its pilot

Air Lab Amelia Earhart (center) is shown with Barbara Sweeney and Louise Schickler, Purdue University students, just after she had taken them on a tour of inspection of her new flying laboratory. Purdue is the "home base" for Miss Earhart's experimental work.

Allen Photo



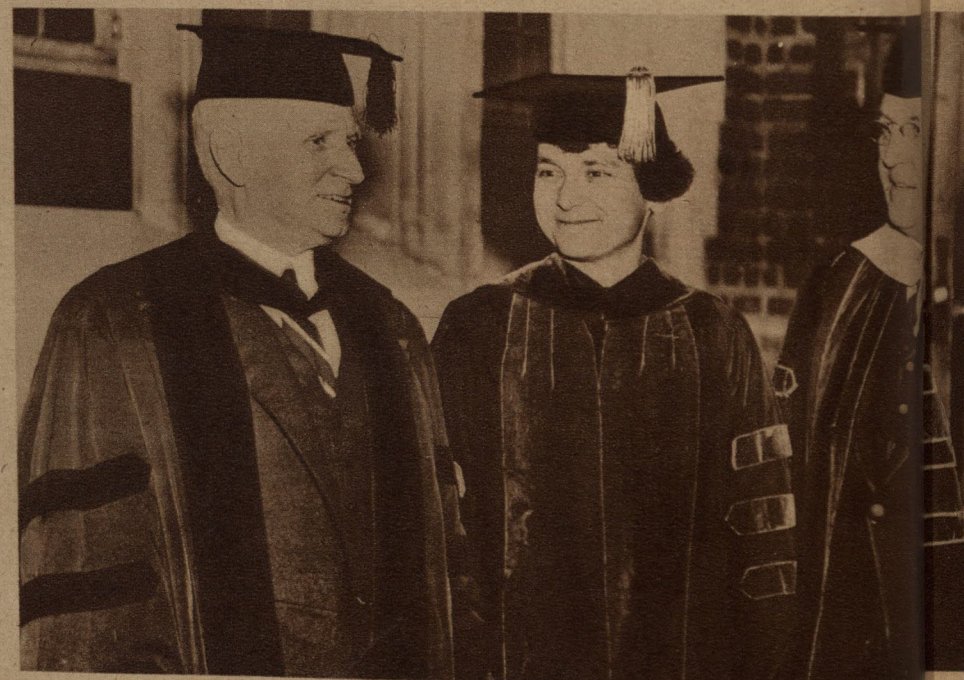
Tackle A novel football hugging session
Sollie Sherman, hard hitting Chicago back, is brought to earth by two determined Purdue tacklers in the third quarter of the game which the Boilmakers won, 35 to 7.



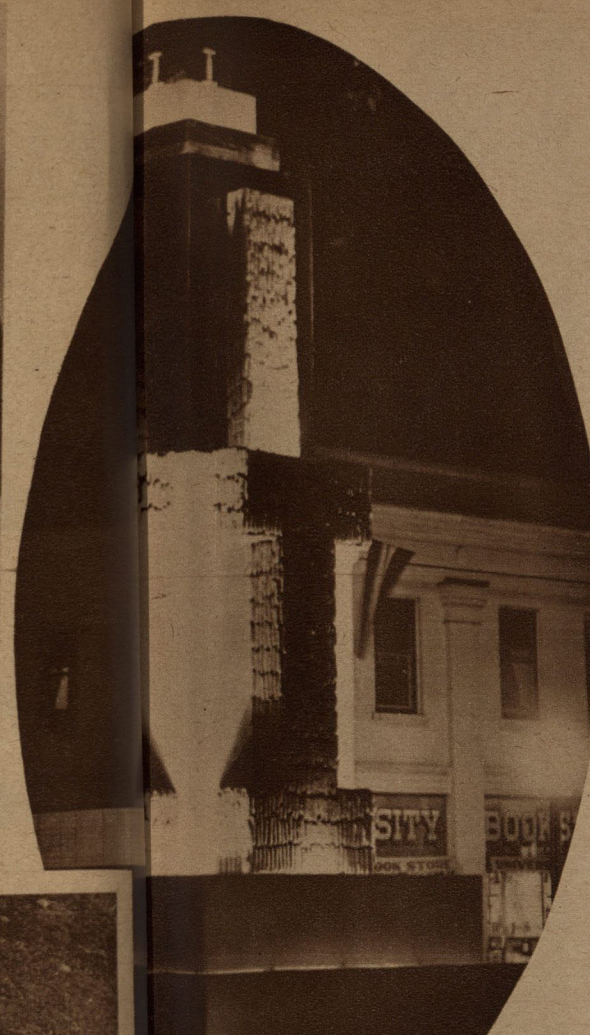
Stunt He'll roll this barrel to fame
Allan Shorthill practices a novel stunt that he hopes will win the prize and applause at the annual circus staged by Los Angeles Junior College students.



Champs They'll fight for another undefeated season
With two undefeated seasons behind them, Beaver College's hard-playing hockey team is this year practicing diligently to maintain its championship standing.



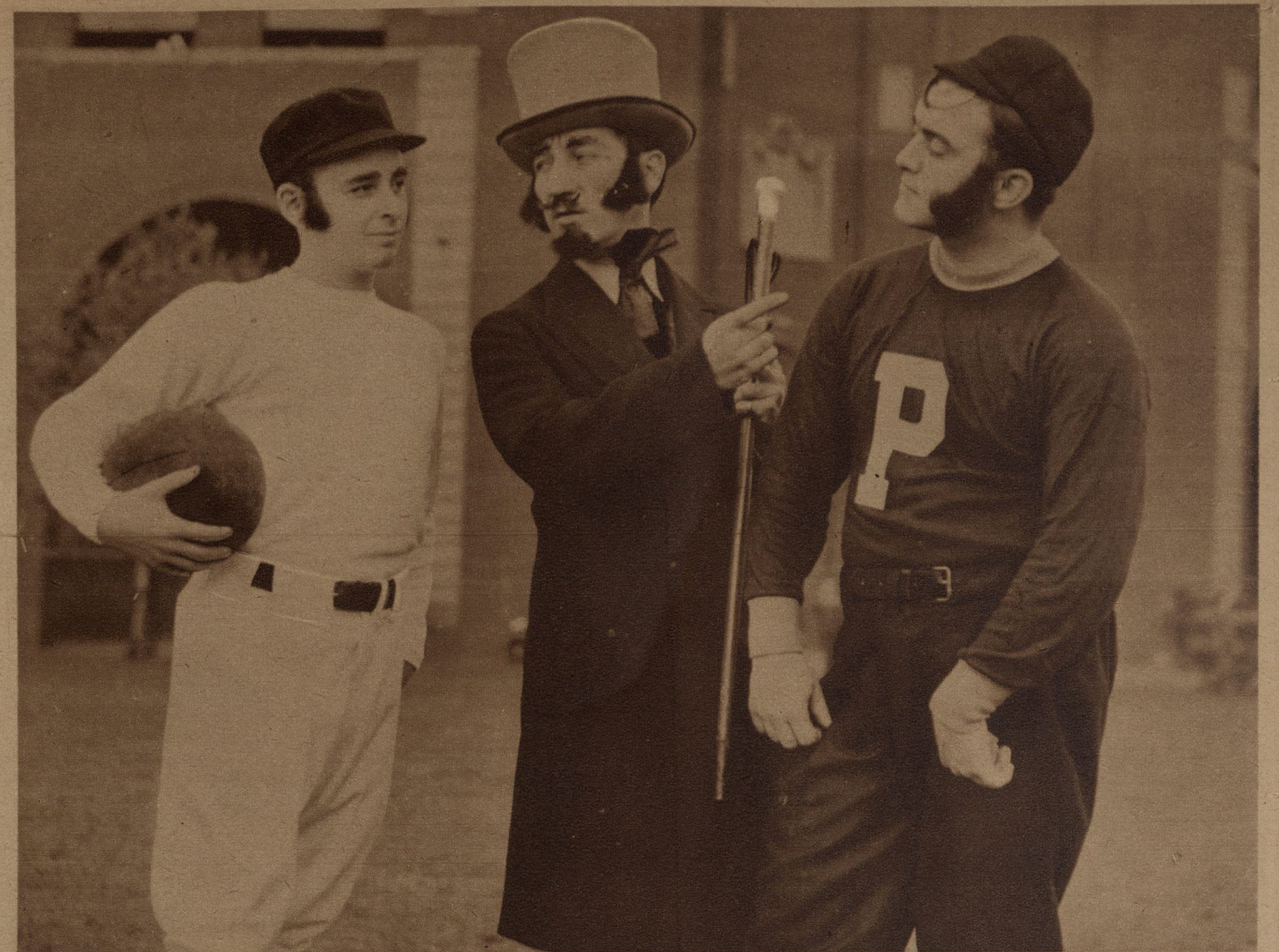
Inauguration She's Wellesley's seventh president
Mildred H. McAfee (center) became one of the youngest United States last month when she was inducted into the College. She's shown with her father and Vassar's President Henry N. MacCrack.



Corn University of Iowa's silver homecoming anniversary will center around this corn replica of the Empire State building.



ns scholarship
Al Smith presents a four-ship to Manhattan College York's outstanding amateur class.



Old In bygone days . . .
Football dress of fifty years ago is exhibited in this picture taken at a recent University of Pennsylvania celebration.



Degree Honor for the father of relativity theory
Dr. Albert Einstein was invested with an honorary doctorate of science at the convocation ceremonies of the University of the State of New York. The photo shows the insignia symbolic of the honor being placed on the doctor's shoulders.



Round 'n Round That's the way the music went when the Holy Cross College band marched in circles between halves of the Dartmouth-Holy Cross game.



Autograph seekers swarmed, interviewers buzzed

Star After Richard Bonelli, Metropolitan Opera star, had ceased giving encores at his first appearance at Oberlin College, he was surrounded by students who sought his autographs and opinions. He's shown with Mary Lou Bradley.



A truly international freshman class

Welcome The Rev. F. L. Meade, C. M., Niagara University dean, talks with Raul Anselmi of Puerto Rico and John J. Hubbard, Lima, Peru, upon their arrival at the New York college where they will register as freshmen.



Man in the iron mask

Protection Andy Roddenberry, first string University of Georgia quarterback, poses nicely so the cameraman can get a good photo of the special head and face protector he wears to protect his broken nose.

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A Galloping Gael floats through the air

. . . trying to knock down a pass by Byrne of Loyola University (Los Angeles) in the game during which 60,000 spectators saw St. Mary's defeat the Lions, 19 to 7.

Acme



And here's another floating through the air act

But this time it's a University of Illinois backfield man who was thrown into the air in keeping Dunn of Southern California (on ground) from blocking a punt by Henry.

Acme



"Oops," said Mr. Conner of Virginia

. . . as Navy's Bill Ingram leaped into the air and avoided being tackled.

Pictures, Inc.



These Villanova tacklers believe in doing a job right

. . . as they prove here in a photo which shows them piling up on Farkas of the University of Detroit. Villanova won, 13 to 6.

Wide World

Improvements Planned For Campus

Floors Of Buildings Will Get New Finish; Reception Room Will Be Made

Several improvements have been planned for the college buildings and campus by the administration, it was announced this week.

First is the refinishing and treatment of all hardwood floors in the Armstrong Building so that they will be preserved and will remain in their original shining beauty in spite of the hard wear given them by the students. If present plans are carried out, the floors in the library and in President Lowe's office will receive first consideration; and then all floors in the classrooms of the Armstrong Building and those in the new Auditorium will be scraped, cleaned, packed, and covered with a new transparent "gymnasium" finish that is guaranteed to protect them indefinitely.

Next on the list of worth-while improvements is the conversion of the stately, marble-floored entrance hall of the Armstrong Building into a comfortable and attractive reception room. It is the desire of President Lowe to equip this hall, as soon as possible, with a huge plush rug and comfortable easy chairs for the use of both students and visitors.

Students who are worrying about the present rusted condition of the fence surrounding our "domain" will be pleased to learn that the College Commission has also noticed its state of deterioration and authorized Mayor Gamble to submit to the WPA a project for its repair and repainting in the spring. The spring will also bring about the beautification of the grounds surrounding the new auditorium and the Lane Building. According to President Lowe, Mr. William H. Robinson, Chairman of the Park and Tree Commission, has already given his promise to plant shrubbery around these buildings in order to make them more attractive.

As for the expansion of the physical property of the college, Mr. Lowe has no plans for the immediate future. He declared that instead of spending money on new additions, he wants to develop further the things we already have—he hopes to enlarge the biology and the science laboratories and make them more complete in every way; and he wants to fully equip our new stage.

Average Student Raads Twelve Books

Since the opening of school on September 22, the Average Student at Armstrong has read approximately 12 3-5 books. Of these, eight books were on the Social Sciences, three on Biology, and one on the Fine Arts (used by the girls taking the Home Furnishings course). Such widely varied subjects as the Cultural Sciences (this includes Humanities and Play Production), Philosophy, Religion, Language, and Biography made up the remaining 7-8 book for the Average Student.

Apparently the Average Student has not been doing very much reading. However, this can probably be explained by the fact that adult students taking the courses offered in the night school have much less time for reading than the average day student. Therefore, if one has read his quota of 12½ books, he is rather below the average for day students, although above that for adult students in night classes.

There are a few more interesting facts that can be learned from the library records about the reading habits of the student body. Evidently on Monday the Average Student starts building up for an awful let-down. Reading on this day is moderately good. By Wednesday it has built up to a peak; that is the day on which most of the Average Student's learning is gained. Thursday starts

(Continued on page 3)

New Sororities Are Formed

Cowart, Cargill Head Delta Chi and Alpha Tau Beta; Rules For Membership Outlined

In accordance with rules laid down by the Faculty Committee on Student Activities, two more sororities have been organized. These are Delta Chi and Alpha Tau Beta. Both of these organizations, as well as Phi Delta Mu, mentioned in an earlier edition of the *Inkwell*, are now writing charter and framing by-laws so that they can proceed to take in new members and otherwise become active early next quarter.

The officers of Delta Chi are: President, Dolores Cowart; Vice President, Marguerite Morrow; Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret Wright.

The officers of Alpha Tau Beta are: President, Pauline Cargill; Vice President, Margaret Egloff; Secretary-Treasurer, Anna Weeks.

The faculty Committee on Student Activities announced that students may be pledged to social clubs after the first three weeks of their first quarter at Armstrong. The invitations to membership should be written and should be accepted or declined within three days of the time they are received, through the Chairman of the Faculty Committee on Student Activities, Miss Fortson. No student can become a full-fledged member of a social club unless he or she has earned four honor points during the preceding quarter, but any student may become a pledge after three weeks residence at Armstrong.

Home Ec. Meets; Members Enjoy Trip To Milledgeville

At the meeting of the Home Economics Club on December 3, there was a candlelight service for the installation of officers. Nelle Laughlin spoke on Consumer Education and Geraldine Monsees told of her trip to Chicago which she won in a 4-H Club contest.

The girls in the Home Furnishing Class left Savannah about 6:45 a. m. November 21, for Milledgeville and were accompanied by Miss Fortson, Mrs. Hawes, Raiford Wood, and Hugh Stevens. It seemed to them that in Milledgeville there was no end of colonial homes, and beautiful, and in many cases historic, antique furniture. Some of the outstanding places they visited in addition to the homes were: the room in which Sidney Lanier stayed in Oglethorpe Sanitarium, then Oglethorpe University, the Home Economics building of G. S. C. W., and the main building of the Sanitarium. Marion Ennis, Miss Ennis's brother, was an invaluable guide at all of these places. Mrs. Wells, Dr. Wells' wife, gave them a luncheon at the old Governor's Mansion, and Miss Ennis's mother served them a delicious buffet supper in their lovely colonial home. They left Milledgeville at about 7:30 p. m., and the four girls with Miss Fortson reached Savannah at about 11:30 p. m., but the rest did not return until considerably later. Mrs. Hawes had the ill luck to have four bearings burn out in her car and had to leave it in Swainsboro, so eleven of the party packed into a five-passenger car and rode back ninety miles this way (with Margaret Egloff on the floor, and somebody in everybody's lap). They finally reached Savannah at 2:00 a. m.

Will Survey Nearby Indstrie

After Christmas, Mr. Hawes' Chemistry class plans to visit various industrial plants of the city. These plants will probably include the Southern Cotton Oil Company, the Sugar Refinery, Dr. Herty's laboratory, and similar places which are of particular interest to those engaged in scientific studies.

A Christmas Message To The Students

I sincerely hope that the Christmas season will bring to our happy family—the student body and faculty—the joy and good cheer which you so richly deserve. I am deeply sensitive to your loyalty and thankful for the spiritual values which our student body represents. I am especially grateful at this time for the spirit of helpfulness which has been displayed on so many occasions this fall by freshmen and sophomores alike. It seems to me that this institution has been most fortunate in its selection of students. I can say with truth that not one of you has disappointed me when responsibility was placed in your hands.

It is proper for me to mention the splendid services of the several student organizations and boards and the fine success which the student body as a whole has made of our social occasions. Individuals have so many times tendered their services to the College and its program of development that I am reluctant to mention the number of instances which at once come to my mind.

I wish you God's richest blessings during this Christmas season and hope that I shall see each of you early in the new year.

Ernest A. Lowe,
President of the College.

No Poetry News, So Reporter Makes Some

The editor sent me out to get an interview with Miss Fortson on the subject of "Poetry Class and Oral Reports." Miss Fortson seemed reluctant to say anything beyond the remark that it was very nice to sit back and let the pupils teach the class. When asked whether they did so creditably, she replied that they did very well, were quite original, and that the whole idea had worked out nicely. This last was a little muffled, coming as it did from the depths of a typewriter. It seems that the key B on her machine had gone a little temperamental. She was endeavoring to find out what was the matter.

"Ah!" she cried suddenly. "Here, hold this," giving me a hairpin. She was fishing delicately under the "d-d thing," trying to get the key up through the key shafts. It was a ticklish business. She couldn't push it up from under and pick it through at the same time. Vainly I tried to help. I stuck my head down in the middle of the hole, cutting off all the light. I poked my finger at the offending key, causing her to drop it right in the middle of an almost successful maneuver. Then I gleefully grabbed at the shafts that were in the way, making the B key stiff and immovable.

"I think that if you let go, I can get it up," she said gently. Reluctantly relinquishing my grip, I stepped back. With a sudden desperate lunge and quick balancing with the hairpin, she got it through. We all sighed gratefully.

I found that at last I could be helpful.

"Hold these up now, while I fasten it in," said the lady I was interviewing. "What was it you wanted?"

Mentally tearing my hair, I asked her if she was going to tell me anything about the oral reports in the poetry class.

"Oh, yes," she said. "They are fine."

That is absolutely all I could extract from the master machinist, now very proud of her accomplishments as a first rate machine fixer.

Quartette Gives Fine Program

On December 5, the quartette sang at the 50th Anniversary of the Winthrop Daughters at which the President Emeritus, Dr. Kynard, was present. They were well received and stayed to lunch.

Basket Season Opens Tonight; Samsons Versus Teachers

"Professor" McNeill Grants Interview

Mr. McNeill, one of our very newest "professors" (he dislikes being called professor) from the "Buckeye State," who has been the indirect cause of floods of sighs and ohs and ahs from the fair sex at Armstrong, teaches a course called Commerce.

Your inquiring inquistior, wondering what it's all about, called on Professor McNeill for an explanation.

It seems that Commerce is a sequence of work in the business field. The course begins with Business Management and requires three years for completion. Included in the course are Accounting, Money and Banking, Corporation Finance, Study of Investments, Statistics, Insurance, and Marketing, which, incidentally, doesn't mean the kind your mother does every morning. This course will enable one to enter the field of business much more qualified from an executive standpoint.

Mr. McNeill has hopes of offering several courses later on not offered in the University System, such as: Factory and Office Management, and Personal Procedure.

In our chat we could hardly escape mentioning the night class, and I can't say that we really wanted to because, after all, it is composed of some of the city's most promising young bankers. The professor says he is of the opinion that the night students, from the necessity of a more complete education, take their work more seriously than do the day students. Well, time will tell about that.

Mr. McNeill is co-operating with the American Bankers' Association in teaching courses offered by the American Banking Institution. This is outside of the college credit work, but is helping train the bankers for their field.

The professor expressed his views on the muchly cussed and discussed question of fraternities and sororities. He favors fraternal organizations, but he thinks that the Junior College has no need for fraternities and sororities as the objectives of such organizations are already in existence at Armstrong.

He gives the age old advice, "Work hard when you are working, because it is much easier to form the work habit now, and play hard while you play because you are only the college age once."

Student Opinion On Movie Idols

Dolores Cowart's acme in the way of a good actor is Spencer Haeg—she thinks he has a certain straightforwardness that is very appealing and to her he always seems so earnest and sincere. She says that his ability as an actor is unsurpassed and that even though he isn't good-looking, he represents those qualities which might well be emulated by the American man.

Miss Cowart places none other than Clark Gable on the very lowest strata of actors. To her, he is very self-conscious, artificial and conceited. She thinks he always portrays a shallow character and does not represent qualities which are beneficial.

John Tyre's favorite actress is Katherine Hepburn. He says that she is everything an actress should be, and he likes her especially because she is not typed but is equally capable in every part she plays, no matter how different it may be from the last. John says that our girls should observe her intelligence and refinement.

An example of the type actress that John does not like at all is Patricia Ellis. "In the first place," John says, "she is in no way an actress." He thinks that she gives

(Continued on page 3)

McLaughlin, Dupont, Cranman, Lanier, Karnibad To Start; Strong Reserves Are Pre- pared To Back These Men

By Arthur Jeffords

Tonight at the Municipal Auditorium Armstrong Junior College opens its basketball season against the strong quintet from South Georgia Teachers College at Statesboro. The game will start promptly at 8:30 and will break the lid on the basketball season in Savannah.

The Teachers are coming here with the reputation of having always had excellent basketball teams and it is reported that this present team will be up to that standard. The Teachers' coach is "Crook" Smith, who is well known for his ability to put out "cracker-jack" teams.

The game tonight will be the first intercollegiate contest for Armstrong under the coaching of "Chick" Shiver, a former all-American football player. Coach Shiver has been putting the boys through their paces for two weeks and he says that he is ready to shoot the works tonight so that Armstrong can start her season off with a win. Last year Armstrong played the Freshmen from S. G. T. C., but this year our Junior College is taking on the varsity, so it would be a great start for the season if our team can take these boys from the inland city.

Coach "Crook" Smith is bringing an experienced bunch of players here with him. Regulars returning from last year include Jeff Golden, Paul Robertson, Ned Warren, George Abelson, a Savannah boy; Jeff Stewart, and George Carter. Also on the squad this year are Miller, Sowell, and Thigpen up from the Freshmen squad of last year and Riggsby and Thompson, two experienced players now in school. The remaining members of the team are Bagley and Stephens, two freshmen, who, according to Coach Smith, are the two most promising freshmen to come to the college in some time and are good enough to make the varsity squad their first year there.

Jeff Golden was one of the leading scorers for the Teachers last year and is expected to star this season but according to reports he may not be able to see much action in this first game due to an injury received in football.

Armstrong will be able to put a strong team out on the floor this evening due to the fact that several experienced men have come from the freshmen class to bolster the sophomores who remain from last year. The squad this year is composed of sixteen players and all will be on hand for this night's game. The lettermen returning from last year are Robert Lanier, "All-City" guard last year; Nathan Karnibad, a wise-cracking and clowning guard; George Leon, a bundle of energy and arguments; and Coleman Mopper, a quiet fellow but a steady, dependable player. The experienced players from the freshmen class are Jack McLaughlin, Arthur Cranman, and John Dupont. Ed. Morgan, an experienced player and sophomore who last year broke his arm at the first practice and was out all season, has been looking well in practice. Other members of the squad include: Stockton Dreese, Tom Carr, Douglas Richards, Woodrow Breland, Herbert Leigh, Robert Miller, Reuben Kronstadt, and Edward Dufour.

A large crowd is expected for tonight's game as this is one of the few times during the year that a college team appears in Savannah. Also it is hoped that all the students of the college will be on hand to support their team when they take the floor this evening. A cheering section will be set aside for the students of the college and it is hoped that the students will sit together so that they can cheer their team on.

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THE INKWELL

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Pictures in this issue of *The Inkwell* are used through the courtesy of *The Savannah Evening Press*.

At a recent meeting of a downtown civic club, Mr. Boyd was introducing Dr. Dyer. "Gentlemen, I promised to bring a big man up to talk to you today, so let me introduce" . . .

Christmas '36

In the social readjustment which the world has recently entered, a decided emphasis has been placed on the rights of the individual. There has emerged also a consciousness of the individual's responsibility to his fellows. These are facts and cannot be overlooked; they are apparent in industry, in social life, and in legislation.

Reality cannot be escaped. It sweeps into a selfish enclosure like a gust of wind into a hollow tooth, painig, causing remorse. Those who would hide from it cause themselves to be pointed out, sneered at, ostracized.

No longer can we ignore poverty and its disciples, for they are in our midst. No longer can we pass by the penniless man in the streets; he may be our brother; no longer can we forget the hungry and helpless children; they may be our kin.

As intelligent citizens of our community, men and women with educational advantages, we must assert ourselves in the described situation. We bear a greater responsibility for our college training. Too long have capable and honest men refused positions of service; and even those who have deigned to commit themselves have not been supported by their own group. Such a condition is deplorable. We know how to lead: let us lead.

Christmas in 1936 must be a real Christmas. Real in the sense that we have done away with falseness and false values. And when we assign true value to truth itself, we shall find that, after all, the commonplace is the glorious.

The student body is urged, then, to subscribe to the spirit of Christmas Day by advocating peace and good will to mankind.

The Game

Tonight when the Armstrong warriors take the floor at the auditorium for their first game of the season, let there be cheering and singing, and let the players feel that they are beginning the season at home supported by the home rooters.

Let us all turn out for the game and help in the cheering section. It does mean something to the team and to the spirit of the college to root for Armstrong.

Steady dribbling and well placed shots deserve recognition from the gallery, and in time of despair nothing encourages more than support from the student body.

We are fortunate in having so able a coach and so excellent a team; let us go out and give them a hand. After all, they are playing for the college.

Hasty Exits

The thoughtlessness of students' preparing to exit before a classroom lecture is over has been brought to our attention. It appears that in certain classes students begin to leave just as the instructor is getting wound up, or just as he (or she) launches out on the concluding paragraph.

It has been said that students close their books, put on their hats, and even spur their horses at the sound of the bell, even though the professor is still talking.

As we write this, there comes to our mahogany desk (where we keep our feet and important papers) a letter from an old and cherished friend, Lord Chesterfield. Ches hasn't written to anybody since his son died, and so we deem it a distinct privilege to present the following dispatch from his lordship

Dear Mr. Editor Inkwell:

I wish to comment on those ill-mannered, savage, brutal, abnormal students who leap up like mountain goats at the end of periods before the teacher can finish his lecture.

Let no such people be trusted: for they are a plague, a scab, a fly-in-the-ointment, an itch, irritation, nuisance; they are discourteous, low-minded, rumbubious set of Cucurachas.

Against their backward natures, I suggest that they remain seated and quiet until the professor indicates that the lecture is finished, by word or gesture.

If they don't, then I will move that they be called to hand by an outraged student opinion. If they are ill-mannered, then let them hide it, and give the semblance of intelligent Armstrong students.

It will become them like rosy cheeks and honesty, and will prevent them from appearing to be clods.

Very truly yours, Lord Chesterfield.

We don't know how Ches came to write such a letter, but it is quite timely. He seems to think that maybe students should wait until they are dismissed from class to begin carousing, and he is known to be a man of sound judgment and (as you can see) candid expression. Perhaps we should ponder his statement.

We Reprimand

We take this opportunity to request students please not to misuse the information desk in the lobby of the Armstrong building. Congregating there is no help to the student in charge and interferes greatly with efficient use of the desk. Students who leave messages there to give to other students and conduct trivial business via the information desk are also no boon to the administration of official business.

Students are asked not to use the college telephone in the office. It is for college business only.

More On Horses

After all that was said in our last issue, we are still on the subject of riding breeches. We have never refused any opportunity to engage in student controversy, especially this one, which has been our delight. And if we had not received this letter below we should have thought the students were about to forget our ranting and tearing our hair over horses. (It all dates back to that time we were kicked in the head and have not been the same since.)

Well, anyway, the letter (for there was only one) came in on the pony express only last week. Now, dear reader (s?), we present our all-esteemed letter:

To the Editor:

What do you think about the girls' wearing jodphurs to class? It seems to me that they look a little informal. Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer says that on the streets of Paris a pretty girl in outlandish riding togs remains just another pretty girl. Of course, we ought to be able to match the casual attitude of Paris. However, I venture to say that on the streets of Paris that pretty girl had on grand-looking riding clothes. If we could persuade the young and oh so fair equestriennes to put on ties and to wear brown tweed coats, tan breeches, and brown calf jodphur shoes instead of going coatless and sporting such flaming colors as Rima wears, then we would feel that they added distinctive atmosphere to our classes.

—Ann Gibson.



Mrs. George M. Miller

Issue Dedicated To Mrs. Miller

Mrs. George M. Miller, who established the now flourishing library at Armstrong Junior College, was born at Elkshart, Indiana, but was adopted by the South from her first school days.

Her first memory of this part of the country was a cold drizzling winter day when her family descended on a Texas farm to raise oranges and figs. Here she spent her early childhood, where she found books a main enjoyment, her favorite ones being fairy tales.

After graduating from high school she attended the University of Oklahoma, but transferred to Oglethorpe University in her sophomore year, when her family moved to Atlanta.

It was at this time that she made the momentous choice of a vocation. She decided to be a librarian because she liked to read, liked people, and liked to know a little about a lot of things.

Mrs. Miller's hobby is collecting children's books, and she is particularly fond of the ones illustrated by Arthur Bracham. She enjoys collecting poetry books, and among her favorite authors are Emily Dickinson and Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Asked what she liked to do best, she laughingly replied, "trim Christmas trees, look at the ocean and read and eat—"

Upon getting her B. L. S. degree from Emory University, Mrs. Miller was offered a job in Savannah, which she accepted because of the attractiveness of the position. After working in the children's department of the public library, and in the capacity of visiting librarian, where she applied her knowledge of fairy tales to the delighted children, she was given a pioneer job of establishing the now well equipped Savannah High School Library.

In 1935, no sooner had she finished laying the foundation of one library that she became librarian at the newly born Armstrong Junior College which place she now holds.

One of Mrs. Miller's main characteristics is her peculiar, but delightful accent due to three English grandparents and contact with inhabitants of eleven of the forty-eight states. Her favorite expressions around school are "break it up," and "take it outside."

She is noted for her usual cheerfulness and her willingness and efficient manner in obliging students.

Her pet aversion is talking in the library, and chief offenders have been known to find themselves "out in the cold" for a few days when her wrath descended on them.

Mrs. Miller has taken an active part in the community since coming to Savannah, belonging to the Pan-Tellenic Group, and the Poetry Society.

The most outstanding event of her already eventful life was her marriage to Mr. George M. Miller in 1933, and perhaps of all her positions she is fondest of and holds this one the best of them all.

Helen of Troy was the first woman to get her gowns from Paris.

Joe: Some score. 53-0.
The sweet young thing: What's par for this stadium?

Exchange

Grace Bounds, Editor

Dr. Ellwood P. Cabberley, Professor Emeritus of Education at Leland Stanford Jr. University and former president of Vincennes University, recently presented Stanford with a new half million dollar is engaged in collecting books for the departmental library.

The Trail Blazer—
Vincennes University.

Consolation to the baldheaded—
Heads are made for knowledge and not for loafing hairs.

The High Hat—
Norfolk Division of College of William and Mary.

The Bay Window, the Muskegon Junior College's Newspaper, is proud to announce the co-sponsorship of a new project, "Linking the Motion Picture and the Classroom." The purpose is to correlate the movies and the studies pursued by the students and in this way engender in pupils a keener appreciation of the cultural worth-while dramas.

With the aid of a local theatre owner, a column of movie reviews will appear in every issue of the *Bay Window*!

The Bay Window—
Muskegon Jr. College.

A college student is like a kerosene lamp.

Not very bright,
Smokes,
Often goes out at night,
And usually gets turned down.
The Flat Hat—
College of William and Mary.

The Stephens-Oglethorpe Literary Society of the South Georgia Teachers College at Collegeboro Georgia may within the near future debate with nearby colleges. Invitations were sent out to Armstrong Junior College and Middle Georgia College, by the Literary Society to debate with them. Both colleges replied that they would be glad to debate the Stephens-Oglethorpe Society if they could plan it in their program. Invitations were sent out to other colleges that might be able to debate.

The George-Anne—
South Georgia Teachers College

As the Little Rock Junior College points out, their freshmen ought to realize how lucky they are in escaping the many penalties that would be inflicted upon them were they to attend some four year college. They give an example of the University of Arkansas. The following rules are inflicted on poor and rich freshman alike:

1. No freshman may walk on the senior walk.
2. No freshman may enter the main entrance of University Hall.
3. No freshman may have dates for football games.
4. Freshman boys must wear green caps, black ties, and black cotton socks at all times. Freshman girls must wear arm bands and no make-up on Monday.
5. Freshmen must sit on the east side of the football field.
6. Freshmen must learn the Alma Mater.
7. All freshmen must come to attention when asked to by upper classmen.
8. Upper classmen have the privilege to "even" the bottom of freshmen's ties.
9. No freshman may have a mustache or wear a pocket handkerchief in his coat.
10. No high school insignia may be worn by freshmen.
11. Freshmen must not loiter in front of the library, in the basement of the main building or in the cafeteria.
12. Freshmen having dates at sorority houses must wait at the door until properly admitted.
13. Freshmen may not drive automobiles on any of the campus drives.

In conclusion the article entitled "Bow Down, Freshmen," states that any violation of the rules will be subject to serious penalty.

If all the letters written to college boys to girls back home were laid out together they would form a line—an awful line.

Marriage is a mutual partnership, with the husband as the mut-

Students and Stoooges

Seasonal Thought: Winter brings Xmas and Final Exams.

Every blue sky must have its clouds.

Our student of the month is William Bond.

Only studies those subjects of which he is fond.

Our hero of the month is George Stanley.

He says a fellow can sing and still be manly.

Our gentleman of the month is Bob McCuen.

He takes out a girl and refuses to spoon.

Our lady of the month is Jeanne Victor.

She was polite to her horse until he kicked her.

Our philosopher of the month is John Hodge.

The greatest of problems he refuses to dodge.

Our vamp of the month is Rachel Keever.

She holds the boys so they just can't leave her.

A guy we like is Hoyt Ware.

He refuses to be frightened by the red scare.

The winner of our beauty contest is Miss Caroline Oliver.

It is easy to see why all the boys follow her.

A girl we like is Miss Fannie Oast.

All she orders is coffee and toast.

This month we send our orchids to Miss Gumble.

She does her home-work and doesn't grumble.

A lady of determination is Miss Louise Oppen.

When she makes up her mind no one can stop her.

Meanie of the faculty is Mrs. Dorothy H. Miller.

Refuses to buy us detective stories 'cause they don't thrill her.

Prof. Gignilliat has surely missed his calling.

He should have been a "preacher" because of his bawling.

Orator of the month with votes to spare.

Is Senor Edward Seig and His Hot Air.

We are real proud of President Lowe.

He never jumps on us with "I told you so."

A satisfied customer this month is Hinckley Murphy.

He didn't say a word 'cause he had plenty of TURKEY.

STOOGE of the month is Robert Lanier.

His puns aren't even half way "fair."

The Christmas Gift Craze

—Article—

Christmas-gifts are those peculiar, awful expressions of love and tenderness which none of us can escape; every year come the cravats not the right color, with soul-shaking dots and dashes, and women are hounded by pocketbooks too loud, and hose too dark.

But worst of all, is the great Electric-train outrage. Parents always pretend to buy toy trains for the benefit of their youngsters, but anybody can see that they get more pleasure from them than the children do.

The day before Christmas, they "test" the train for hours and hours just to make sure it will run. Once I saw a business man in one of the downtown offices set out his son's electric train on the floor, and in five minutes the whole floor population was on the floor watching. They "tested" it for five hours, until the train was nearly worn out! By actual count there were seven stenographers, one accountant, one architect, three lawyers, an elevator-man, and three salesmen, all on their knees.

A relative of mine saw a Lionel Train advertisement, and he said he was sorry we did not have a child in the house so we could have an excuse to buy a toy train! Christmas spirit? Bah!

He drank the nectar from her lips
As by the kitchen fire they sat,
And wondered if any other guy
Had ever drunk from a mug like that.

Fashion note: There will be little change in men's pockets this year.

Diogenes' Lamp

Editor's Note.—The opinions expressed in this column are entirely those of Mr. Diogenes, and have no connection with the editorial policy of this paper.

I note that Editor Ware is getting horse about not being responsible for what I write herein. I said to him the other day, You got a nerve, etc., etc.

Matter of fact, I receive many beautiful, perfumed letters saying how fine this column is. A lady writes from Elmira (blonde, 5 feet, eleven inches, 278 lbs.) and says: "Your prose has a gleaming, coruscating iridescence which sparkles like the eyes of a cow. By the way, please send me a subscription for the foreign missions."

Then there was a letter from a friend. "Your prose has the dignity of a goat, the grace of a pelican. By the way, please pay me that money you owe me."

Of course there were other letters not so favorable, but there is no more space to print them. One of them opened with, "Why don't you go somewhere else?"

Henry Thoreau, noted for downrightiness, once refused to pay taxes to a government which permitted slavery. When Emerson visited him in jail, he said: "Thoreau, why are you in jail?" Thoreau replied: "Emerson, why aren't you in jail?"

What do I think. The meaning of an act, or an idea. I wrestle with it. I think about children, what are they for?

A boy studies his lesson, a girl shyly gazes at a man she loves; a man writes a book, a child selling newspapers pauses to press his nose against a windowful of toys, a thief runs out of a store after shooting a man! Dark red blood drips from the man's body onto the floor.

What is the crazy pattern about? I eat, sleep, go to a movie. The panorama of life moving swiftly, latefully. Why does a cynic bother to live? Why does a cynic laugh at a filthy joke?

Children, new, awkward, stumbling into life. The loving eyes of parents follow its life, and what will happen when the cradle is left, when the house is left, when school is behind?

I weep to think that if the child is stupid or dull it will slip and fall, it will cry and be laughed at, it will be swindled, denied happiness, it will be cruelly exploited.

If the child learns to think, will it learn to see the hidden forces of life, the disorder, the morality of reality, the unseen forces which control our happiness more than our own wills?

What are squirming, lusty children intended for? Will there come a time when parents can stop worrying, when children will no longer be swept into a cruel torrent of war, poverty, brutality?

What do you think?

"I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views when they appear to be true views."

—Abraham Lincoln.

Freshmen, fool your friends: Buy Indian Joe Snake Oil, guaranteed to make you look human. Simply rub it in your head at night and you will know your lessons in the morning. No study necessary. Diogenes' exhausting 900 page Vol., The Human Body and So What, says: "Snake oil transforms the most backward Freshman, so they resemble other people. Snake oil may someday eradicate the Freshman as we know him today. This would be a great blessing." Buy Snake Oil, Freshmen, make your family proud of you, look like happy, normal Sophomores.

—Diogenes.

Wearing of athletic letters of other schools is extremely bad taste and poor college spirit.

The tombstone of a genial host bears his name and the simple epitaph: "This is on me."—Chaparral.

Reporter: "Here's a story that just came in anonymously."

Editor Ware: "Who wrote it?"

Armstrong Fashions Are Noted

By Mac

Did you happen to notice Tom Carr's sporty checked jacket? Green sweater and socks combination on no less than five of our better known headlights (or is it lighthouses?)? Murphy's navy blue outfit for the office? Frank Henry's gloss, no matter what the hour or the deed? The Dean's brown, beige, and orange outfit, mostly pinchecks? That natty white silk tie with blue dots worn by the new class president in chapel the other day?

Army-strong regulations: Matching tie and socks; checked pants and a bright sweater; thick crepe rubber soles on bucko shoes.

Faculty Fashions: A Phi Beta Kappa key to twirl on the vest-chains—one double-breasted suit to button up when cracking down on the poor Sophomore—also a single-breasted one to open up when expanding at length—shoe shines—jokes—a desk to sit on—and windows to open and shut—and disconcerting curiosity—O yes! new automobiles.

Positively co-educational: A suit, a plaid skirt, a bright sweater, bucko shoes; scarf knotted in front, or else pearls; bows in the hair; class dates.

Did you see on the campus—all the gray shoes? McIntire's white silk shirts? The brogues and the ghillies? Coats' weskits over her convict blouse? Miss Fortson's "crusades" redingote? These hand-made sweaters: Jo Logan's white, Gracie's bright red, Mary Garrard's yellow brooks, Janis' cherry jumper of bunny hair? and Miss Spenser's watermelon pink bunny socks for bicycling? Eleanor Murphy in a lovely blue silk dress which accentuated that famous "Madonna" look? Short curls on 90 per cent of the freshmen and long straight hair on most of the sophomores? Miss Ennis' green postillion hat from Paris? And our assistant editor working in a gray business suit?

I vote for low heels, lipstick; short swing skirts, sheer stockings; chocolate bars, Camels.

(Continued from page 1)

the impression of being sarcastic and of having a mean disposition. Her usefulness on the screen is for nothing more than a clothes-horse, as he sees it.

On The Library

—Article—

To me, the library is the most enjoyable feature of college life. It diffuses an atmosphere which breeds quiet thoughts and worthy purposes. The personalities of men like Dante, Wordsworth, Keats, Porter, Lewis, and others are unconsciously felt as one walks among their works. The rows of books upon the shelves lend an air of quiet dignity and give a feeling of security. A well kept library is the acme of order and it inspires logical thoughts.

The smiling librarian, the beautifully arranged covers, and the mute companionship of class-mates are features to be appreciated and enjoyed. Even the diffused odor of ink, paper, and leather act as a quieting stimulus; it makes one eager to explore what Keats called "the realm of gold."

The silence and serenity of the rooms and the lofty aims of the people who work therein, make it almost a sanctuary. To me, there is something unexplainably lovely and decidedly noble about our own library.

—Celia Wall.

You made hay

While the sun was bright;
I sowed wild oats
By the moon at night.
Your hay is stacked in bundles neat,
But the lingering taste of oats is sweet.

—Texas Ranger.

And then there's the sad case of the Scotchman who sprained his ankle squeezing a tube of tooth-paste.

NEWS OF THE MONTH

Condensed from the Local Daily Newspapers

Alliance Francaise At the meeting of the Alliance Francaise on November 11, several students from Armstrong, under the direction of Mr. Holland, presented a playlet.

Dedication On November 13, the College Commission met in President Lowe's office. It was decided at this time that the formal dedication of the two new buildings would be postponed for some time. Bronze tablets will be purchased for the buildings. It was also announced that stage and scene shop equipment for the auditorium will be ordered during the coming week.

Geraldine Monsees Miss Geraldine Monsees, freshman at Armstrong, won a statewide 4-H Club meat identification contest, and won a free trip to Chicago to attend the National 4-H Club Congress. She is the first Chatham County representative to win the annual contest. She went to Atlanta on November 28, from where the Georgia delegation left for Chicago.

College Commission It was indicated on November 17 that preparation of an amendment to the city charter designed to reduce membership on the Armstrong Junior College Commission will be undertaken.

Straight On Council George Straight was elected to membership on the Student Council on November 18, and he will represent the Intramural Athletic Association. On this same day the weekly tea dance was held. The occasion marked the first public appearance of the college orchestra which has just been formed. The members are Bill Bond, Harry Truchelut, Dolores Cowart, Arthur Phillips and David Robinson. The dances are held under the sponsorship of various groups in the school.

Talk On Poetry November 19, Miss Isabel Fisk-Connant, a well-known poet, made an informal talk to the English 4 class. She spoke concerning poetry and how it should be written. She also read some of her own poetry. Miss Fisk-Connant is a member of the faculty of Coker College and has addressed the Poetry Society of Savannah on a previous visit.

Thanksgiving Article An article by Dean Askew, expressing appreciation for the support that the public in general had given Armstrong appeared in the Savannah Press on November 19.

Dr. Guy H. Wells Dr. Guy H. Wells, President of G. S. C. W. in Milledgeville, spoke at the chapel exercises Friday, November 20. Dr. Wells chose "Beauty" as his subject, and stated that it was an essential element for a successful life. In reference to beauty in religion, he declared the new idea was that "one can approach divinity through beauty," and that beauty was necessary to one's well-being.

Average Student

(Continued from page 1)

him on the downward path, and by Friday he is completely depraved and hardened to the demands of conscience. This conscienceless state of mind exists until Saturday afternoon at closing time, when our personification of the Armstrong student decides that he really must get some studying done over the week-end, so he checks out a book which he probably takes home and forgets till Monday morning, when he finds he must rush to get it in by 8:30 to avoid the overtime fine.

"This match won't light."
"Whasha madda with it?"
"I dunno—it lit all right a minute ago."

3-Cornered Moon "Three - Cornered Moon" was selected as the first play to be produced by the Savannah Playhouse of Armstrong Junior College. The play will be presented in the auditorium of the college on February 4, 1937.

Chris Murphy, Christopher Murphy, Jr. outstanding artist, spoke to the Humanities class on November 23, concerning Renaissance painting and sculpture. He stated one should enjoy a painting for its own quality, such as color, humanness, dignity or majesty, not merely because it is referred to as a great picture.

Pilgrimage to Milledgeville. The home furnishing class made the first of its scheduled study tours November 21 to Milledgeville. They saw many historical sites, and were entertained at lunch by Mrs. Guy H. Wells, wife of the president of G. S. C. W., and visited Miss Ennis' historic home for dinner. They have planned a trip to St. Augustine later in the year.

Dyer at Exchange Dr. John P. Dyer spoke to the members of the Exchange Club on vocational guidance December 1. He stated that the problems of the schools and colleges today is to help the individual find his proper place in the world. He declared that during the past few years the physical aspects of colleges had grown to tremendous proportions.

Basketball Practice Basketball practice began at the Chatham Artillery Hall, Monday, December 7, under the direction of "Chick" Shiver. The opening game will be played December 18. Several members of last year's team are back for practice and other players who have had experience at High School and B. C. will be on the team.

Talk By Mrs. McIntire At the regular assembly December 4, Mrs. Frank P. McIntire spoke to the student body on "The Adventure of Living," and declared that "most of the tragedy, failure, crime and unhappiness in the world can be traced directly to fear." Youth should accept the challenge of life in order to enjoy the adventure of living.

Also on the program was George Stanley, who rendered several vocal selections accompanied on the piano by Miss Margaret Spencer.

Dr. Stiles Dr. C. W. Stiles, an eminent biologist, addressed the student body at a special assembly on the third of December. He told of the differences between the North and the South from a biological view. In speaking of the negro situation, he stated that in time the South would be all white or all black.

Up or Down? "Open Door"

The main bone of contention in Mr. Askew's 10:00 Social Science class is whether the windows are to be up or down. It is quite a fascinating subject and every time Mr. Askew throws up the window the front row casts agonizing glances at each other and down the window is pulled—however, as soon as no one is looking, Mr. Askew puts it up again.

He maintains an "open door" policy.

Placements Tests Are Tabulated

Dr. Dyer requests all students who have not called by his office for their percentage ratings on the placement test to do so immediately.

Executioner (to Marie Antoinette): "Pardon, may I cut?"

Merry Christmas

'Twas the night before Finals when all through my mind Ran scen'ry and poems and dates of some kind. Brain Trusters were safely all tucked in their beds, No vision of flunking exams in their heads. The warm open fire cast such a soft glow That I must have gone off to sleep then, I know For what to my wondering eyes should appear But a miniature school house, familiar and dear, With a little old prexy, a lively old cuss, I knew in a moment it must be "Rastus." And into the school house his teachers they came And he smiled as he greeted and called them by name: "Now Margaret! now Arthur! now Dorothy and chick! Come Frances! come Reuben! come John and Kolgie! To the top of the porch! in the door to the hall! Now come on in! school's begun! come on in all!" As old friends who together have seen the time fly When they meet again after the years have gone by, So into the school house the teachers they went To determine the fate of us students all bent. They got out the papers and chuckled in glee "We'll give them a present for their Christmas tree! It will not be candy, nor is it fine toys, But gay little pink slips for bad girls and boys."

—Ann Gibson.

Interpretive Study Of New South Is Reviewed

Benjamin B. Kendrick. The south looks at its past. Alex M. Arnett. University of North Carolina Press. 1935. \$2.50.

—Book Review—

This book gives a thorough and complete picture of the economic, social and political life of the South from the days of the "Old South" until the present time. As the author plainly states "it is not a history of the South, but an interpretative study of those phases of the South's past that seem most pertinent to a fresh orientation in this age of dilemmas."

The first chapter gives a colorful description of the "Old South" as pictured by tradition and as it really was. The cultured planters, the "poor whites" and the negro are all fully discussed. The reader gets a clear insight into the true character and lives of these people, of their relations to one another, and of the conditions that existed in that time.

The next phase discussed is the origin of "The War Between the States;" the economic and political forces which brought about the great conflict and the economic, climatic and geographic differences between the North and the South.

With the War the "Old South" disappeared never to return. The long struggle began to restore order out of the chaos which remained. Political power passed from agricultural to business groups. All groups collapsed, but the ruin of the farmers was most complete. This phase of the havoc wrought as a result of the war is clearly pictured.

The emergence of the "New South" came only after a long, hard struggle. An account of this emergence of the New South, its "striving to follow the national pattern," and the progress made since the War is found in the fourth and final chapter.

This book gives a sincere and comprehensive study of the South that is well worth reading.

—Margaret Rawlings.

The doctor was visiting Rastus' wife to deliver her twelfth offspring. While riding along with Rastus he saw a duck in the road. Doctor: "Whose duck is that?" Rastus: "That aint no duck. That's the stork with his legs wore off."—Punch Bowl.

Holy Night, Silent Night

—Fiction—

Yes the newspapers were right: all over the country it is a cold Christmas, cold and windy. All day it has been gray and chill, and now in the crowded city streets and far back in the country, it is Christmas night.

Many things happen at one time in the world: people running, walking, laughing, fighting, and on this night we think about them, "and how strange are our lives upon the earth!"

At dusk a young man slams the door of the office in which he has been working all day; "I love a youthful charming girl," says he, as he hurries toward the town barbershop. It is funny how men always wait until the last minute to get a haircut and then they look slightly bareheaded with a new haircut.

When the young man got to the barbershop there was someone ahead of him, so he sat upon the bench. Instantly the man in the barber chair sat up and shouted, "Move boy! Move away from my coat. And don't you dare try to pick my pocket!" Then the barber came over, and with a wink, he moved the coat.

Holy night, silent night: the man is a wary old goat, suspicious of everybody. Obviously he must be in the picture of Christmas night, if we are to see it truthfully.

Holy night, silent night: Far over the sea, England lies hidden in its perennial fog. Its people throng the streets in search of excitement; we think of Dickens' poor little children, and Scrooge, and of Priestley's stupid clerk in search of excitement. People trying to be like children again, and the only way to forget is to drink until they can say: "Come on, let's dance, let's laugh, I'm singing inside."

But fearsome rumors cloud the holiday air. Elderly statesmen sunk in cynicism see the inevitable result of their double dealing and insincerity, and they wonder whether a little money invested in munitions might not bring them a neat return. They think about the cloudy situation this time: The war won't stay in the trenches, but will even threaten us at home! Why we won't even be able to make money without having our houses bombed! Meanwhile, Hitler says, "I want the Ukraine." It is the first time imperialism has been so artless, and will the wonder-child get his Ukraine in a sea of blood? All over the world, the young men wait, to be used, and excreted from this earth like so many hogs.

All over the world, expert newspaper men thumb their noses at guards and slip inside iron fences to get the news. There is bad news for sailors of the King's Navy: all leaves are cancelled. Come on back to your ships, sailor boys, come back from your sweetheart. "So long, baby, wear the wristwatch, and I'll see you later."

In the dreadnoughts and destroyers, the fire-rooms roar, the engines click in rhythm. At sea the wind roars above the white foaming waves. If the wind had a voice, what tales it could tell, for it has seen everything from a lazy official in a trading post, to a peasant in Poland walking barefoot through the snow, and it has seen a party in Paris among the hobemians, thumbing their noses at convention.

Great crowds of people throng the movies; they sit in darkness and gape at the newsreel, mickey mouse. Civil war in Spain, fighting in the streets, how frightful that is. In all the great cities troops march, dictators salute and we think, How stupidly we solve our problems, with bullets, instead of brains!

Holy night, silent night, but it is noisy on 57th street in New York. All day long the ambulances race down this street carrying sick and dying people to the hospitals, where the doctors calmly await their delicate work. Five million lives make strange happenings in the city. Argument between taxi drivers. They get out and let their fists fly, they curse and fume, to the immense amusement of the crowd. There are saints and sinners and sirens on the street: Hello, kid, wanna be my little piggy? Watch out for the cops. A young man snuggles up to his lover, and they stare at each other while the taxi drivers argue.

A hundred miles away there is another pageant; call it a folk-song. In the town hall, the children have just performed their awkward program, their parents are pleasantly proud of them; suddenly a man runs into the hall and whispers to the sheriff that a brawl is going on in the saloon down the street; the sheriff hurriedly goes out, and several young men follow to see what's up. Out in the fields, a tiny field-mouse is roused from its hiding place in the grass. It looks around, nervously alert; it hears a tremendous crunching sound, but how can the field mouse know that it is only a young man taking a short cut, hurrying to see his youthful charming Chloe, and that the young man is thinking to himself, "How good it is to be alive and happy." He is pleasantly confused when he thinks of her and looks in her eyes: It is known as love.

Holy night, silent night, and everywhere such strange things are happening; if only you could understand all this hate and love!

Far in the south they sing hymns in churches, "Ye that are heavy burdened come to me, and I will give you rest!" Unfortunately this is a hymn, not a reality: a song for Sunday, not for everyday. Far in the south it is not so cold, but people hurry home with packages, or sit before cheerful fires, or huddle in wretched hovels on tenant farms; meat, meal and molasses their diet. The Salvation Army is busy on street corners, saving sinners, and taking of ferings.

Is the world asleep? It pulsates with tremendous energy. The radio screams static. Mexico, Cuba, Spain, France, Germany alive with the silly voices changed into radio waves. Germany sets static going on the Russian wave-lengths, so that they will not be heard.

In a lonely barn, some holy rollers gather and shout Amen, amen! Their pastor is giving them a financial sermon, for he needs money. "You all goes to parties and you drink, but you don't come near church! The good book don't say drink, nor steal, nor gossip, but it do say come to church! It says, give ye freely to the Lord and He will repay you. (Yes, Lord, screams a woman). You all got to get back to God. Now let us sing, 'Clutch me to thy sweet breast, Lord.'" The service proceeds.

Holy night, silent night, and it is Christmas night, the day of birth, justly celebrated, for the child is lovely, and is our hope for a new, purer, life. Do you remember what the wise man said about mankind? "It was once a child." Yes, the thief, the prostitute, and the wizened old man in the barber-shop so worried about his money; but no matter, tomorrow morning will be glorious with sunlight, and perhaps it will snow even far in the south, to cover the earth in a clean white layer of snow.

Tomorrow is a day of rest, and on the subway a man neglects his newspaper to speak to a man next to him: but the fellow only wants to talk about business, and the man thinks, "this fool cannot see the tremendous beauty of us people on the earth. He would not see our moment of rare happiness! He rubs his slightly bearded chin and reflects, "Happiness is the purpose of life!"

On a farm, five boys have been happy, but during the night, one of them has wet the bed, on which they are sleeping. As James Joyce's kid said, "first it is warm, and then it gets cold." In the morning, the boys will have a great squabble, and will accuse each other; it is very funny.

Crowds in the streets begin to thin, and the cities prepare to sleep, but across the great ocean, the lonely lighthouse-keeper dimly sees the lights of many ships moving in one direction: can it be the fleet on its way out to sea? The ships move in slow stately motion, and silently disappear in the haze. Everything out here is dark, and you feel that it is immense, this world, immense beyond all imagination.

Holy night, silent night, all is calm, all is fair, says the hymn. And on the sea sails the fleet; in cities the crowds have thinned out, the quarrelling taxi-drivers have forgotten their brawl; a policeman

The Lowdown

Robert Herriot, popularly known as public enemy No. 1, uses his winter sox as summer hankies — Margaret thinks that vocal renditions should be Wright—maybe that's why she favors George Stanley—What girl went home in a balmy state late one night and crawled into bed with her grandfather?—'Tis rumored that Tom Carr has dropped from the ranks of the Woman Hater's Club . . . By the by, did you know that Woo-Woo Mann and Woodrow Brelaud were once members of a gigolo club . . . Frances is all in a dither 'cause the lighting system of her soul (could it be Pratt?) is coming home for the holidays . . . more power to you Fannie . . . Who did Mr. McNeill take to the Bankers Dance? . . . and why did Betty have to buy his lunch the next day? . . . Who calls Mr. Hull "Sugar Pie" . . . does he like it—hmmmm!!! . . . Mr. Traub admits that he enjoys using both Miss Victor and Miss Levy for chasers. . . . Hugh, what Dolores does not know will not tie Dolores in knots! (?) . . . Where were you, Carolyn, on the night of Nov. 26? —Howdja feel, Honey? . . . Janet has dusted off the ashes of her shattered romance with Joe and is now seen everywhere with Nairn. . . . What about the insurrection planned against the Play Production test? . . . Electa and Arthur are still seen around together . . . the imps of infatuation have whispered in Augusta's ear and she's all in a dither again . . . Mary Jane Gmann looks forward to the day when a certain young man will graduate from Duke . . . what boy's heart doesn't skip a beat when he sees pretty little Grace Bounds coming toward him on the dance floor? . . . Don't we wish we were all named "Mary," girls — that name seems to appeal to Mr. Keach! . . . Carolyn Oliver and Bertram Cooper walking down Victory Drive barefoot and acting like performing fleas . . . Adele making an exit from the boys' lockers . . . George Stanley, the crooner, sleeping in the library . . . Arthur Phillips and his current heart-throb sitting on the curbing of a lane and letting their souls thaw . . . Miss Otto's heart again beating faster because of some Romeo . . . Boy and girl walking home from Johnny Harris' at 2 a. m. carrying school books . . . Sol Gonchar and John Hodge are close contenders for Callie's affections . . . Rumor of an engagement to be announced at Christmas . . . News does travel!!!

CHAPTER II

Was George sick at heart when he had to leave school recently? . . . What did you do to Cecil, Meat???

What student was that who said, "Aw, come on," in one of Mr. Keach's classes???

We wonder if the boys like these girl-break tea dances . . . at last they're getting a taste of what the girls go through with!!!

All the girls were jealous when they saw Elbert Amos at the pictures with Marietta Cook.

Speaking of slips! We wonder what made Bette Williams fall for Frank Henry at a recent tea dance. . . .

Is it true that Mr. Keach is going to be "an old cow-hand" from Texas???

Bunny can't afford to get serious yet—but—when the mother-in-law steps in—um um—

Did the "Terrible Turk" Carr ever make that phone call???

The co-eds must not be what they're cracked up to be . . . our

drops into a restaurant for a warming cup of coffee, children innocently sleep, and here is your Christmas night, of many moods and colors, and it makes you pause to think, How do we live? By what strange rules. Can all this crazy pattern of love and hate, of beauty and ugliness, can it all be compressed into a simple law?

Yet the mighty universe moves on, and children innocently sleep, and far in the south, the wind quietly stirs the grass above the tiny field mouse, and all is dark and silent.

—H. M.

Season's Greetings

—Fiction—

Scene: Anybody's kitchen just after the evening dishwashing. Knife Ware has settled down before the fire to read his newspaper; and his wife, Fork, is returning after having put the little spoons to bed.

Fork: Knife, put that paper down! I want to talk to you.

Knife: Yes, m'dear. Fork: Don't think I didn't see you flirting with that Tablespoon woman tonight in the dishpan! Oh, I'm not so blind!

Knife: Now listen, dear . . . Fork: Don't you "dear" me, you . . . you cad!

Knife: Not so loud, honey. The children will hear you.

Fork: (Raising voice) Oh, so you don't want the children to hear me, eh? Well, I'm glad you're ashamed of yourself. Imagine you, the father of three children, acting like that just because you thought the dishcloth was over my eyes.

Knife: Acting like what? Now let me ex . . .

Fork: Explain nothing! Listen to me, Knife Ware. Why, if I didn't think it would break Iced Teaspoon's engagement to Cork Screw, I'd go home tonight.

Knife: Well, if you ask me, I'm not so keen on that engagement anyway. That guy is so crooked he'd have to stand behind himself to hide.

Fork: Why, Knife Ware, don't you dare talk like that about your future son-in-law!

Knife: Future pest, I'd say.

Fork: I am going home!

Knife: Well, go on. And when you arrive at Frying Pan Manor, tell that greasy mother of yours, Mrs. Egg Turner, that she still owes me 200 bucks on her new handle. And you can tell that worthless brother of yours . . .

Fork: Why, you Brute! I was never so humiliated in my life! To think that my own husband, the father of my children, would speak to me like that! How can you be so cruel? Boo hoo hoo, I'll take the children, of course. Boo hoo. (Exit.)

Knife: Well, I've done it now. (Stares at fire 2 1/4 minutes. Arises and goes to door.) Sweetheart! (1/4 minute.) Sweetheart! (1/2 minute.) Sweetheart! (3/4 minute.) Sweetheart, what kind of coat was that you wanted for Christmas?

Fork: (voice offstage) Lustre, darling! I saw it at Wm. Rogers & Sons, and it's the darlings thing! You'll love it, Sugar.

—H. N. W.

whole freshman football team was seen at the pictures the other night sans dates!!!

Overheard!! Do the girls go for Mr. McNeill's sarcasm???

We wonder if "Nelson Eddy" Stanley practices his love songs on Elizabeth Cobb???

Did Lukie ever ketch Ketchum!! We wonder if the frog still croaks at Helene!!!

Has the "Blond Menace" stopped menacing Sara? . . . Do Roslyn!!!

A thought for the freshmen: The back door is quite an advantage in rainy weather . . . the sophomores seem to like the idea, too!

What play were Billy and Mary Virginia rehearsing on the balcony at a recent tea dance??? It had all the earmarks of "Romeo and Juliet." (Or were they the earmarks?)

Is Odessa's permanent as permanent as her and Burnett's permanency???

Pat Dodd and Frank Barragan are still seen together quite often.

Recently at a library lecture who pleaded, "Don't go to England yet! Wait a minute!"

Everyone had better keep out of our way during the holidays if he doesn't want to get writ up. . . . Have a good time though, regardless!!!

A La Sandburg

Pile the bodies high in Liberal Arts and Business ad., Shovel them out and let me work, I am the Dean; I flunk all. And pile them high in Forestry. And stack them up in Fine Arts and Home Ec., Shovel them out and let me work!

—Orange Peel.

THE AMEN CORNER

The Innocent Bystander

Call ROMance 851 and ask for Romeo.
The Inkwell knows Darn Good and Well that you can guess each and every one of these starry-eyed puzzlers; therefore, no prizes.
What is it that laughs, talks, wears gray, likes boy's basketball, has red hair, likes rabbits, and likes...

A gent who walks slouchy, is bad-humored when deprived of cigarettes, works in the library.

What is it that is tall, willowy, and had contusions recently, and likes... Lean and lanky, droopy eyes, freq. quarrels, and got glue in his hair once?

Tell us who has two loops in back of her hair, serious, good figger, works on Saturday, and goes for... One who dances well, rides in Chevrolets, and is on stud. coun.?

No. 4 is a future doctor, has stomach trouble, talks slowly, has an Indian nose, and a wunnerful fizeek? and moons around... Tall, blue eyes, accused of being dumb, holds herself straight?

This one is easy: It wears glasses, is jealous of a blond, wears knee-length stockings, acts serious, but shows signs of gayety... And is squired by well-known crooner, recently had a haircut, wears an Esquire collar?

Apple-pie for born Guessers: Future scientist, known to work, indites poetry on the dreamy side, and respects, admires... A gal that likes HIS work, and also ham-

burgers, and has repartee that stings...?
Case 7: Tall, good dancer, has stopped driving fast, good-humored and adores the ground that Short and Sweet, curly hair, rides one horse a a time, Sarcastic as H., rides on. (the ground, not the sarcastic.)

There is only one modest, demure, neat, mimic dancer, sweet, blushes (it's her pose), rolls hair at night, quiet, reserved, skittish, coy, constrained, and is idolized by a... Tall, original, is reputed to get drunk at Pooler, and would Winchell.

This charming youth is tall, big feet, cheerful, curly hair, good disposish, who puts up with... little Tabasco, who runs out of the library every ten minutes.

This Romeo is a baritone, likes cameras, has a sense of humor, and laughs with soprano, who has faith in Unior Bag Co., petite, intelligent.

Big-eyes, slinky dancer, man-maker and distractor, admires... Out-of-town speed-king, fish-monger, dark eyes...

Tall, would appear British, writes passionate and adoring letters to Thomasville, Ga.,

Lives in Thomasville, Ga., looks like Kath. Hepb.

Sits unobtrusively in balconies at tea dances, with... another who sits in balconies at tea dances, black hair, shamrock.

his coaching at the University he produced two All-Americans. During his professional baseball career he has played with the Detroit, Cincinnati, Evansville, Indianapolis, Toronto, and Montreal teams. He is married and has two children. Keach

Stacy Keach, professor in the English Department, is a native of Evanston, Illinois. He received A.B. and M.A. from Northwestern University, in Chicago, where he majored in Drama. He was recommended by the dean of the School of Speech of NW. U. as one of the finest men turned out there.

He has been often on the professional stage while pursuing his college courses, and has produced and participated in over forty shows.

Mr. Keach will develop the college stage in carrying out the "Little Theatre" idea. His playing organization of students will be known as the "Armstrong Players."

Attention, girls, he's unmarried. McNeill

John Wilson McNeill, Professor of Commerce, graduated from Ohio State University, at Columbus, O. There he gained A.B. and M.A. degrees. He majored in Finance and Insurance.

Mr. McNeill has taught courses in money and banking, corporation finance, economics, insurance, and labor problems at Ohio State. He is a native of Kenton, Ohio, and is unmarried.

Mr. McNeill is in charge of the Lane School of Finance, a new addition to Armstrong, housed in the former Cann home, which was donated to the college by Mills B. Lane.

Ohio State is ranked as the sixth largest business school in this country, and had an enrollment of 2,250 last year. Mr. McNeill has had courses in Journalism at Ohio State and has much work in Education. He motored to Savannah from Kenton, Ohio, to take up his duties here.

—Wesley de Valinger.

Santa Claus, North Pole

—Article—

Dear Santa Claus,
Ridiculous as it may appear to you and everyone else I still believe in you. I am 20 years old and a college student, having imbibed all the accompanying smart aleck-iness, sophistication, and modern ideas, but there's still a crazy streak in me—call it prudishness or old fashionedness if you will—that clings to your old robust figure. Yes, I know you're just an illusion. If you're not some imaginative child's daddy then you're a department store clerk padded and puffed up to toddle around shaking hands with the kids or stand on a cold corner and endlessly jingle your bell over the charity pot. With all the obvious cruel and disappointing facts mocking my childish remnants, I none the less—foolishly perhaps—write to you steadfastly believing that you exist and that you will understand me as you have ever done with your cheery wisdom and ruddy kindness. Does that sound wrong to you? It isn't, because to me your wisdom is tinged with cheeriness and your kindness is as ruddy as your rosy cheeks. Santa, when I was a kid I used to write to you and ask for dolls, tea sets, and brightly painted story books. Do you remember? I believe you do, regardless of the millions of duplicate letters you received. That's what made us kids believe in you—certainty that you knew each of us intimately by names and faces, that you were deeply concerned over our impossible wants, that you loved and worried over us all. You were like the old woman in the shoe except that you had a world full of children instead of just a shoe full. Then we grew up: we were grown people, not just children trying to imitate Mom and Dad. We had real big automobiles now rather than toy ones; we discarded our illusions our Indians suits, our dolls, and carriages, and stepped into the real grown-up whirl of living and laughed at our childhood fancies. Mind you now, Santa, I don't regret growing up. I love this business of doing things, learning things, thinking, and using every brain cell you have to keep up with the rush. It's fun wearing stockings, lady's clothes, pert hats and looking like our little dainty dolls. It's fun having opinions, using judgment, making decisions, and accomplishing things. It's all so much fun to be what we so earnestly strived to be when we were

"kerree top." But, Santa, old dear, when Christmas slips around each year, a sort of nostalgia for you gets in my bones and I can't make myself believe that you aren't anymore. On Christmas Eve I can remember how we finally toned down our excitement enough to get in bed, but not to sleep. For hours we would lie awake listening for you, imagining you riding over the housetops with Winkie, Blinkie, and Nod, and squeezing yourself down narrow chimney tops. You were like an invisible spirit who moved among us dishing out your treasure but never actually seen. Finally came the day when we learned that you were just a myth, a nonentity, a wild illusion. It became our job to help create you for those after us but this was a rather forced duty which wasn't nearly so enjoyable nor will be.

Now, Santa, I have returned to you with a child's belief but with a grown-up's request. Santa! bring me this Christmas, the ability to believe with a child's faith in thee.

—Louise Oppen.

A Harvard youth wanted a spree. To a waterfront dive dashed he. And vehemently spat, "Hey, waiter, you rat! Bring me a stiff cup of tea."

—Voo Doo.

Gentleman: "Going around with women a lot keeps you young." Second Ditto: "How come?"

Gentleman: "I started going around with them four years ago when I was a freshman, and I'm still a freshman."



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On Bull

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SPORT CHATTER

Football has come and gone but it leaves "sore" remembrances in regards to bruises. . . . The last game of the series was as muddy a game as any could have possibly been. It was nothing unusual to see somebody slip down and slide into a puddle of water two or three inches deep. . . . Tommy Stokes must be complimented on his fine punting considering the wet and muddy ball. In the other games his punting was the outstanding feature as his quick kicks averaged close to sixty yards per punt. . . . The freshmen can well be proud of their two sterling ends, Cranman and Waite, as they have proven to be the backbone of the defense. . . . The last game of the series got so exciting that little "Stinky" Miller actually thought that he recovered a blocked punt when in reality Verdery Roberts was lying on top of the ball. Miller afterwards realized that he had not recovered the ball. . . . Can Nairn Ross run or can Nairn Ross run? When Ross intercepted that pass in the last game and ran for a touchdown, he looked like a scared rabbit running. . . . Ask Dufour how it is that he can stand to have mercurchrome put on blisters on his feet and how he came to have a cigarette in his pocket after Coach Shiver had instituted training rules. . . . Coach Shiver sure knows his business about fixing boys' feet after a basketball practice. He works with the carefulness of an expert. . . . Now that cold weather has come, Armstrong letters and jackets are becoming quite prevalent. They look quite the "stuff," don't you think? This year quite a few letters will be given to the varsity of the various teams in the school. . . . Robbie Thomson certainly should make a swell boxing coach for our team as no other man in Savannah has had as much experience in coaching boxing teams as Robbie. You can expect a creditable team to represent Armstrong.

This year Coach Chick Shiver has instituted the custom of playing only Junior Colleges and college freshmen basketball teams. He has definitely decided not to include any high school teams on his schedule. This means that Armstrong will not play Savannah High and Benedictine but Coach Shiver wants to stay within the limits of college teams. Some of the schools that have been contacted in regards to playing them are: South Georgia Teachers College, Belmont Abbey of North Carolina, Georgia Military College, College of Charleston, University of Georgia freshmen, Middle Georgia College, Brewton-Parker Institute, South Georgia State College at Douglas.

Something new in the way of preliminaries for basketball games will probably be introduced this year at some of our basketball games. As soon as the boxing team gets under way, it is being planned to have a few of the boys put on several bouts before each game. Also it has been proposed to have one or two fencing matches between the halves of the games to provide entertainment for the audience.

This year Coach Shiver has laid down strict training rules for the boys out for basketball. There is to be no smoking and any violation of this rule will mean dismissal from the squad. Also there is to be no drinking and each boy is required to get eight hours sleep each night. However, during the Christmas holidays, while practice is suspended, these rules will not be enforced, but it is expected that the boys will be careful not to overdo any one of these rules. Coach Shiver said that the most important thing, in his estimation, in any sport is condition, and that he expects every boy to be in condition and stay in condition during the basketball season.

During a license exam, the cop rode out with a beautiful and otherwise girl. He asked, "What is the white center line for?" She thought awhile and then answered: "For bicycles, of course."

—Punch Bowl.

SPORTS

Arthur Jeffords, Editor

Walton Purse, Assistant

Bull Session—Coeds On The Pan

By Walton Purse.

It had been so rainy for the past three or four days that the horses had not been able to go out so the BRAT, the King of the stables, decided to have a bull session and find out what all the horses thought about the college girls who ride and this is the conversation that went on:

Pony (Running from stall to stall): "King Brat calls a bull session this afternoon."

(Session begins.)

Billy: "King, if you don't stop making eyes at Jo Traub, I am going to kick you out of the club."

Goodness Gracious: "It does seem to me that Egloff could hold her toes in by now. If she could only remember that one little point, she would surely be a nice rider because she has such nice form."

Funny Face: "Some women will never learn. The other day we were all going along so nicely when my escortess, Virginia Bryan, decided that it was time for her to go back to the stables, so she said, 'turn around, Funny darling, and let's go back,' but not on your life. I wanted to stay with the rest of the crowd."

Brat: "Well, there is one question that has to be decided and that is who gets Victor now that Beau is gone."

Flopsy: "I want Victor, I want VICTOR."

Harriet: "Pipe down squerp. I am going to have VICTOR."

Hazel: "You all can fight about her, but as long as I have Libby Levy I don't care. No matter how fast I go, she just doesn't fall off."

Billy: "Selma Solms surely must have a better boy friend than me because when she comes to ride me at 8 in the morning her hair is still rolled up. Looks good though."

Good News: "I surely do like Pat Dodd. She has the best form of any beginner that I have had in a long time."

Midnight: "Betty Williams should certainly go in the circus with her riding. She can do 72 on the home stretch. Sometimes I think I am TOP ROW or DISCOVERY."

Brat: "I have just heard from Lady and she declares she is gaining weight rapidly since she is not under such a nervous strain. You know poor Lady had to witness a near bloody battle between Pierce and McRae every time they came out to the club. Pierce declared that there was no canter like Lady's. McRae said even so that she didn't have to be so greedy with him."

Christie: "The other day Rosalyn Kravitch said that she would like to stop and get that pretty butterfly so I like a gentleman, stopped, knelt down for her to get off and what does she do but slide down my neck and over my head. Thank goodness she didn't get hurt. It only ripped her pants in the seam, but the way Jo Traub came to see if I was hurt surely made my heart beat fast. She's not so bad looking."

Good News: "If I don't want to hold my ears up I don't see why I have to. After all, they are my ears and not Jane Chapman's, but I shouldn't fuss because she is a nice rider."

Harriet: "When I came down the road the other day without Georgia Anna Hill, a man stopped me and said, 'where's the circus. Was I mortified!'"

Midnight: "The way Rachel Keever turned me around the other day you would have thought she was driving that cute little 2 by 2 Chev'y around on a gold dollar, although Prof. Askew claimed there was no such thing."

Goodness Gracious: "You know that little Fannie Oast sure has got nice hands."

Brat: "Tell us more. I think she has a cute figure, too."

Billy: "I don't see why Virginia White doesn't like to ride me. I only tried to sit in a muddy pond with her once."

Brat: "I would like to have a word. I think it is terrible the way Virginia jumps over logs and turns corners on Good News. She



"Chick" Shiver, Coach

Basket Season

(Continued from page 1)

The probable line-up for the game tonight is:

Armstrong.	S. G. T. C.
McLaughlin, f.	Bagley, f.
Dupont, f.	Golden or Stewart, f.
	Stephens or
Cranman, c.	Abelson, c.
Lanier, g.	Warren, g.
Karnibad, g.	Carter, g.
Referees: Bob White and J. D. Purvis.	

Boxing Practice Will Begin

On January 5, boxing practice will begin on the third floor of the Armstrong building under the direction of Robbie Thomson, an outstanding boxing coach. This sport is a new activity in the extra-curricular activities of the school and is expected to prove very popular with the boys.

General practices will be held for several weeks in order that the boys may get into good condition and then a tournament will be held to determine the better fighters in each weight in the school. This group will constitute the varsity who will practice at different times from the remainder of the boys. The remaining boys will fight as the class teams and will participate among themselves. They will practice in the afternoon at their regular P. E. periods while the varsity will practice at night.

There are several boys in the school who have had experience in fighting. Among these are Miller, Cranman, Tyre and Mopper.

Matches are being sought with South Georgia Teachers College, Georgia Freshmen, and Georgia Military College. Three matches will be fought at home and three out of town.

goes so fast sometimes that she almost gets out of breath."

G. G.: "Whatcha say we have a club for all those who have bitten the dust."

Little Bit: "That is a good idea but there won't be many. Why, only eight have been off. Those who are eligible are: Virginia Quinan, Rachel Keever, Virginia Bryan, Bette Williams, Georgia Anna Hill, Rosalyn Kravitch, Adele Ketchum, and Virginia White."

Billy: "This woman, Sara Henderson, expects me to stop every fifteen minutes so that she can put on lipstick and powder. But she does look good, doesn't she?"

Good News: "The other day I saw a big bush in the road so I jumped out of the way of it, and Jo Logan went so high in the air that you could have studied astronomy with little trouble."

Brat: "Did anyone hear what those things were called that Victor had on the other day when it was cold. I am not talking about her woolen socks, either."

Well, it is time to eat our oats, so until another day, say good-bye and we hope you all will have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

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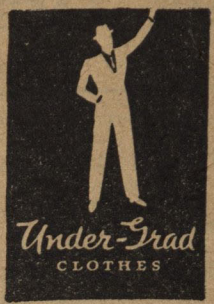
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Collegiate Digest

• NATIONAL COLLEGE NEWS IN PICTURE AND PARAGRAPH •

Issue 11



Queen

Gail Vance, a University of Illinois Chi Omega, is one of the leading contenders in that university's popularity contest.

Paul Stone-Raymor Photo



Nation's No. 1 pickle experts

Tasters For two years Dr. F. W. Fabian (right) and his assistants have been tasting thousands of pickles (they're called organoleptic tests) in their search for a new cucumber preservative made from agricultural by-products. They're leaders in the new chemistry movement to harmonize industry with agriculture.



It's Cowboy Marx this time—and in a sorority house!

Marxtime Chico Marx, member of that mad troupe of screen comedians, had to go through all of his tricks when he visited the Alpha Chi Omega house at the University of Arizona. He's about to perform the famous shooting-the-keys trick that made movie-goers roar.



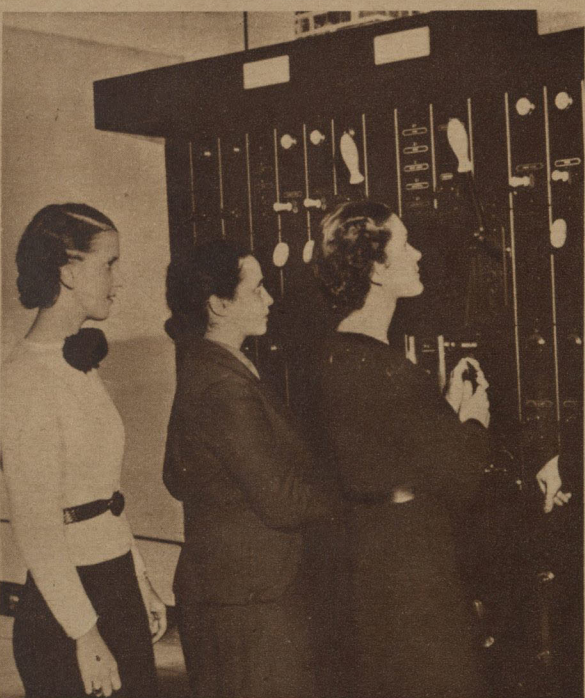
First husband and wife to receive honorary degrees together

Honor Vice-President John N. Garner, with Baylor University's Pres. Pat M. Neff, leads the academic procession that preceded the ceremony at which he and Mrs. Garner were given honorary Doctor of Laws degrees. Mrs. Garner is behind the vice-president.

Acme

Beauty

Co-eds represent ten Washington University (St. Louis) priorities as they vie for high honors in the institution's annualularity contest. The winner will be crowned by students voting in the contest sponsored by the campus magazine. Contestants are (l to r) Lois Parman, Peggy Sally Alexander, tense Mueller, Ed Stevens, Ethel Lois Grundman, Thomson, Nellie and Betty Budke.



Best Southwest's finest lighting control board
University of Wichita drama students inspect the new lighting control board installed in their new \$200,000 auditorium, which was opened this month.



Current events speakers are always
bombarded with questions

Interest

Speakers in most U. S. colleges and universities are finding the serious student bodies increasing despite the depression pinch. Here's Sen. Gerald P. Carey's answers to the important queries of university students.

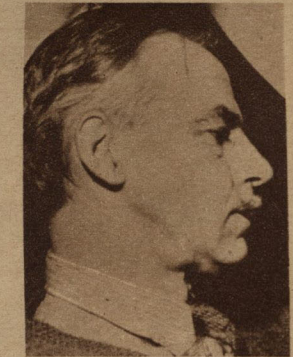


Pinish Lake

SPOTLIGHT

He Shies From His Own Stage Plays

EUGENE GLADSTONE O'NEILL, who received the Nobel prize for literature, lives on an island off the coast of Georgia. Subjected to increased attention and public blandishment since his death by *Christie* in 1922, he tells few people how he feels about it, even when he wins such meritorious attention as the Nobel.



He rarely sees his on the stage, seemed to little attention to the that *Ah Wilderness!* sober-minded and frivo to chuckling, that *Without End*, the fol ing year, failed. Son actor whose name was known 48 years ago attended Princeton in 7. Wanderlust caused to leave college. He


South America, spent two years at sea, is supposed to have been a beach-comber for a time before he returned to America.

He married first in 1909, was divorced, and been married twice since. He has three children, studied one year at Harvard, acted in vaudeville in his father's greatest hit, "Count of Monte Cristo," reported on a Connecticut newspaper. Finally in 1914, a year before he left Harvard, he turned to play writing. His first plays were of the sea, the others have dealt with both countryside and swarming all grim, sharp pieces except for *Ah Wilderness*, which did not lack sharpness. His themes and technique admit no confines.



MORE than 25 years ago Homer Rhodehamel, a student at Ohio Wesleyan, discovered that he had all the talents that make an evangelist's home. He could shout, sing, play the trombone, and possessed the physical vitality that made him a good college baseball player. He was Ohio Wesleyan's cheer leader, sang in the glee club and learned persuasion by debating on the university debate

Today Mr. Rhodeheaver's career is measured in statistics. For 25 years he traveled with Billy Sunday, the evangelist. He covered 713,000 miles of the sawdust trail, performed in 450 different localities, led 100,000,000 people in song. He knows over 500 songs. Showing no signs of tiring, he is now heard over a radio network community sing program. Through radio, he believes he has added another 112,000,000 people to the ranks of those who have lifted their voices in song under his warm arms and exhortation.



Dance Students of Southwest State Texas Teachers College assembled for an impromptu dance when their train stopped during an all-student trip. Pedagog Photo



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*{Above} Full pound of Prince Albert,
in a real glass humidor that keeps
the tobacco in perfect condition.*



She's season's first snow queen

Sport Priscilla Parmenter is the new winter sports queen of Lasell Junior College in Auburndale, Mass., and she's pictured here taking advantage of the first snowfall of the season. She's planning and directing the winter sports activities of her classmates. International



She's a leader in many sports, too

Winner Marie Fearing, brunette University of Arkansas beauty has been elected queen of the Razorback campus in a contest conducted by the university yearbook, *The Razorback*. She's a member of Chi Omega, and an expert swimmer, equestrienne and dancer.



The West Pointers found this songbird as charming as her songs

Center of Attraction Radiostar Jessica Dragonette won the approval of the U. S. Military Academy's students when she sang for them at the military ball held in a New York hotel as a benefit for West Point's Holy Trinity Chapel. Here she's receiving their many congratulations after her personal appearance before their group of uniformed dancers. International



They're after something snappy to match their music
Strike The University of Louisville's student parade band is conducting a real campaign these days to obtain new uniforms so they'll look as peppy as their music sounds. They're shown here on a recent marching strike.



Autograph him waste a minute
Writer was snapped in a characteristic moment at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina when he appeared there to lecture. He was who demanded autographs for their copies of after his address in the college library.



He's doing a little make-up work
Creator New faces are created by Joe Fretwell, Duke University senior and instructor in a special class in make-up, for members of the *Petrified Forest* cast. He's working on Terry Harris.

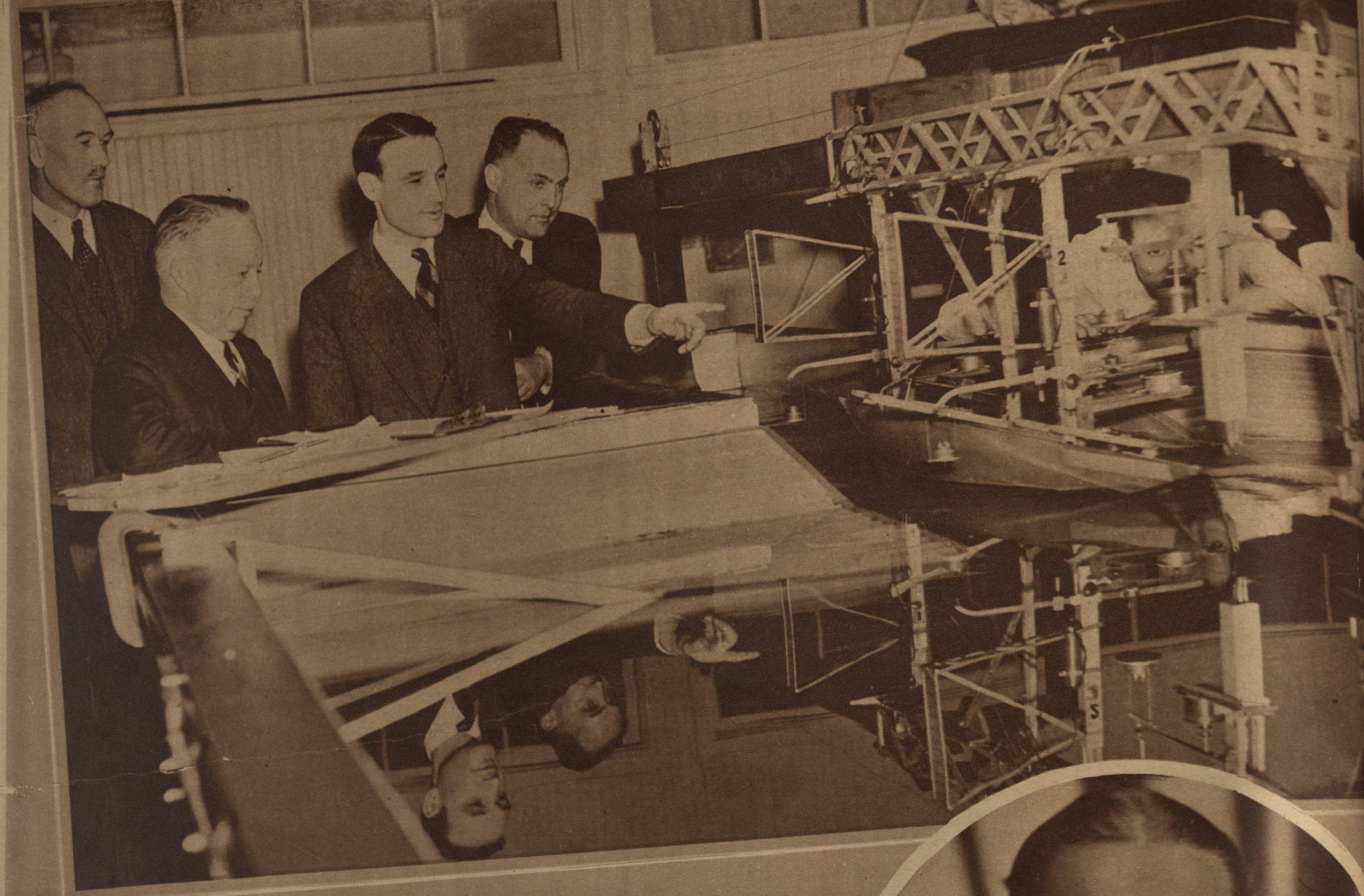


"Hello"
University of Hayworth is science of be shown instruct rect way to



800 pairs of eyes followed her every step
Coronation Hazel Horowitz was crowned queen of the College of the city of New York carnival dance by Artist Russell Patterson. She's pictured here marching up to the throne from which she ruled her classmates for an evening.

Cup Defender Test Pictured here is the model of the yacht that will be used by Harold S. Vanderbilt in defending the America's cup as it was tested by Prof. Davidson (right) of the Stevens Institute of Technology. A start has already been made at laying down the boat in Bath, Me.



Grant Wood Directs Student Muralists

ART, formerly considered one of the most individualistic of enterprises, is being made a cooperative one by a government plan being directed by Grant Wood, famed Iowa artist, and carried out by University of Iowa NYA and WPA student workers. The three panels of the Iowa State College mural project will be 11 feet high and 41 feet long. Every effort is being made to have the murals historically correct in every detail.

COLLEGIATE DIGEST Photos by Tom Twitty



Artists must be mechanics, too
Richard Gates works on the portable platform that will be used for large-scale painting.



Smallest detail is important
Grant Wood (standing) discusses a preliminary sketch with Frances McCray, supervisor of student artists.



Proof that art can be cooperative as well as individualistic
Here are the eight students who are working on the now-famous mural project being directed by artist Grant Wood.



She's Colgate's All-American girl Winner
Olga Schwind was selected by Colgate University students in a contest as their "American Girl". She was queen over all fall house party activities.



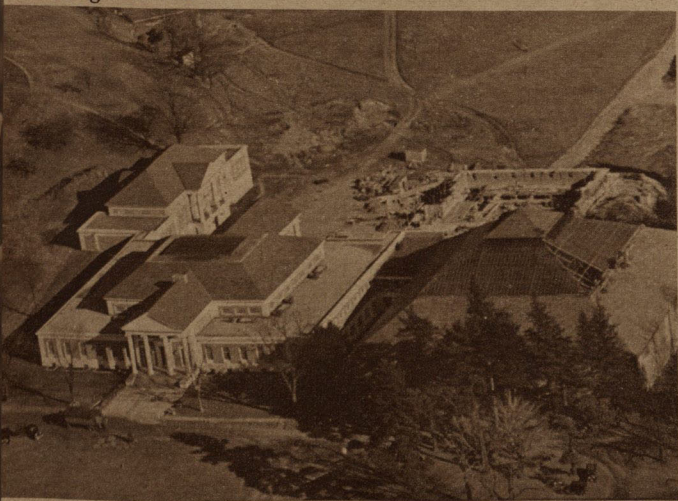
Only seniors can remain unshaven Tradition
Seniors at the Missouri School of Mines guard their privilege of being the only unshaven students on their campus. Here several of them are shown giving a junior a free shave—with dull razors and no lather.



They're learning business methods Storekeepers
D. E. Kinnett is conducting a Los Angeles Junior College course that is training students for odd jobs they will fill during the Christmas vacation. This class is called "Store Skills."



He saved footsteps Ingenious
Franklin D. Hayes is this year's winner of Worcester Tech's Yankee Ingenuity Scholarship. He built a gadget to record and transmit changes in temperature in his father's greenhouse.



\$750,000 athletic unit at Amherst Gymnasium
Most recent aerial view of Amherst College's famed Alumni Gymnasium unit, which includes special buildings for baseball, squash courts, swimming



They're dangerous only when excited Proof
Prof. George C. Huff of Drake University proves his contention that the deadly tarantula is dangerous only when excited by allowing the spider to crawl on his hand. The interested spectator is Harriet Nourse.



They're headed for Pembroke's new sports field Hockey
Members of Pembroke College's varsity hockey squad leave their field house for their new sports field, which was dedicated this fall.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

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PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



Another musical Burns from Arkansas

Hot Burns Bennett, Louisiana State's nimble-fingered and quick-stepping drum major, adds another name to the long list of famed musicians from the Razorback state. He leads the 200-piece L.S.U. band in all major marching events.



This foraging party met with success
Raid University of Minnesota Tri Deltas clean out the ice box just about every night, especially after bull-sessions that have lasted far on into the morning.



Confab Eleanor Jarrett, Olympic swim star, tells Cotsworth of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute she's going to fight for statement when she demonstrated her prowess in pool of the Troy, N. Y. lege.



She's a leading candidate in Sig Chi contest

Venus Sigma Chi Derby Day at the University of Georgia finds Kathleen Brannen being measured in the contest to determine the modern Venus among university sorority women. Law Dean J. Alton Hosch is the judge.



Here's a new sport for Notre Dame's grid huskies
Pool Notre Dame's stellar halfback, Bob Wilkie, poses for a hard line drive in a friendly game of pool. He's shown with Ed Longhi, Mario T... and Joe O'Neill.

"Three-Cornered Moon," Is Comedy of Family Life

Set Designed By Ernestine
Cole; Louise Oppen Is
Assistant Director; Callie
Morris, Stage Manager

The grand opening of the Savannah Playhouse, the college theater, will be held Thursday and Friday evenings, February 4 and 5, with the presentation of the modern three-act comedy, "Three-Cornered Moon," in the college auditorium. According to present plans, the premiere will be a gala occasion with both local and out-of-town notables in attendance.

The play has now been in rehearsal for over a month under the direction of Stacy Keach, professor in dramatics and director of the Savannah Playhouse. Mr. Keach has had wide experience in the theater, and the cast is rapidly developing under his capable leadership.

"Three-Cornered Moon" deals with the life of the Rimplegars, a rather extraordinary family of Brooklyn, whose antics are, to say the least, rather peculiar and are decidedly funny. However, the characters are all every-day people with whose counterparts we are all familiar, and in this lies the humor of the play. The play enjoyed a long, successful run on Broadway and has been made into an equally successful motion picture. The plot revolves around the lost family fortune, and the way in which the various members react when they become poor after a long period of moderate wealth. Many of the situations are laughable to the extreme, and clever lines are found throughout.

The cast is one which as a whole has had considerable experience on the local stage. It is composed entirely, with the exception of two persons, of students at the college. Mrs. Rimplegar, mother of the family and one of its most extraordinary members, is portrayed by Elaine Monroe, who has appeared in many of the Town Theatre productions. The part of Elizabeth, her daughter who can't quite make up her mind as to which man she loves, is played by Carolyn Oliver, who is well known for her numerous performances with the Savannah High School Dramatic Club. William Blythe-wood, who assumes the role of Dr. Stevens, the only practical person connected with the Rimplegars, has also had considerable experience in acting and directing. Other members of the cast include, "Kenneth," Bertram Cooper; "Ed," Robert McCuen; "Donald," Robert Hull; "Douglas," Hugh Taylor; "Kitty," Celia Stevens; "Jenny," Mrs. Ann Goldberg.

"Three-Cornered Moon" is the first of a series of four plays which will be presented by the Savannah Playhouse during the present scholastic year. Dates and names of the other shows will be announced shortly. The college theater is the first amateur theater operating for the good of the community since the disbanding of the old Town Theatre, and the enthusiastic support of the entire city is expected by those in charge of the productions. Students of the college, who will benefit more than any other group from the founding of an active college theater, should co-operate to the fullest in making it the greatest possible success, declares the college administration.

Scenery for the play is being constructed in the scene shop by groups of students under the direction of Mr. Keach and James McCreery, Savannah Playhouse technician. Part of the work is being done by students in the Play Production classes.

A play making use of only one set was chosen for the first production because much of the stage equipment has not yet arrived. In the future, shows requiring more than one set and embodying fea-

(Continued on page 3)

Lanier Captains Basket Squad

Jack McLaughlin Is Assistant;
Both Have Fine Records
Among City's Best Basket-
eers; Starred In Opener

Robert "Bunny" Lanier was recently elected captain of the Armstrong Junior College basketball team and Jack McLaughlin was chosen as alternate captain. This is the first time that any intercollegiate sport has had a captain as last year no captain was chosen for the basketball team.

Both boys are fine "fellers" and players. At the present "Bunny" is the ace guard of the team while Jack is one of the boys who packs a scoring punch at forward.

Bunny should make a fine captain and leader for the boys as he is a very capable person and should be able to get the boys to working together. During his career at Savannah High School Robert was on the basketball squad, but it was not until after he graduated from there in 1934 that he began to show his outstanding ability which has made him one of the most feared and respected players in the city in this sport. In '35 and '36 Bunny played with the Medical Detachment, champions of the City League, and was chosen "all-city league" guard. Last year he played with Armstrong's basketball representatives and was the mainstay and guiding spirit of the team. At the end of the season he was selected on the "all-city" team composed of players of high school, Benedictine and the Junior College. This year Bunny showed that he had lost none of the outstanding ability during the year by turning in a sparkling performance in our first game of the season against South Georgia Teachers College of Statesboro, and it is expected that he will enjoy his best season of his career.

Jack McLaughlin has already proven by his brilliant performance in our first game that his selection as alternate captain of the team was justified. Jack is an experienced player, having played for two years on the basketball team at Benedictine from which he graduated last spring. Jack is not very large but he makes up for his lack of height by his remarkable ability to get around the court and in handling the ball. In our first game he was high point man and it can be relied upon that in every other game that Jack's name will be mentioned in the scoring.

With these two boys to lead our team this year, the outlook for the future is very bright and if the leadership that these two boys display has anything to do with putting out a fine team it can be said now that we are going to have a "swell" ball club before the season is over.

Who's Who On The Team

For the students' information and interest will be found below a short description of each of our basketball players and their uniform numbers so that in the future you people who do not know the players will be able to know the players' names.

No.	Name	Pos.	Ht.	Squad	Yrs. on Jersey
1	Edward Morgan	C	6.1½	1	
2	Edward Dufour	G	5.10	1	
3	Nathan Karnibad	G	5.10	*2	
4	John Dupont	F	6.1	1	
5	Robert Miller	F	5.6	1	
6	Tom Carr	C	6.1	2	
7	Woodrow Breland	G	6.1	1	

(Continued on page 3)

Editor Stalked In Native Lair

Shrewd Reporter Arms Himself With Peanut Butter -
Cracker On Approaching
News Den; Will Get Raise

Having absolutely nothing else to do, I turned my footprints toward *The Inkwell* Office, Lane building, third floor rear.

The editor saw me first and grew red in the face. "Where are all those articles you're supposed to turn in?"

They are home, I lied, home in the typewriter.

"Well, when are you going to get them in, next year?" I threw a book at him and sat down, full of sympathy for his hard life.

Then I got an idea. "Why don't you raise my salary from two pats on the back to four? Then I would put my whole heart into my work."

"Yeah," he replied, shamelessly, "aorta do that!" Then his jaw set and he continued: "By the way, what about that article and that story and that book-review?"

Sure, sure, said I, and subtly drew some peanut-butter crackers from my pocket. He rose with dignity and snatched some of them and then a quieter air pervaded *The Inkwell* office.

After some more pleasant chat, a good idea, or well, an idea, came to me. "Editor, suppose I interview you? You are so famous and you have so fooled people into thinking you have a brain, that at least five people would read the blame thing."

"How do you figure such a high average?"

"Well, our family ought to read it, if we insist on it. 'OK then,' he said gracefully, 'shoot me the questions.'"

I stared at the ceiling for a spell, then the Editor said: "You are supposed to ask me questions, like, Do you like blondes or brunettes?"

Me: Do you like blondes or brunettes?

Editor: Sure.

Me: Do you like blondes or brunettes?

Editor: Yes, uh, no no! You must ask me other questions. Don't stay on one subject all the time! You got to have variety.

What about study then?

Editor (trembling): I . . . I, don't know.

What about love?

Editor: Love is a worry and a bother.

Do you like newspaper work?

Editor: No!

What do you plan to do when you finish college?

Editor: Newspaper work.

What about the younger generation?

Editor: They need more sunshine and security.

Do you think country boys are better off?

Editor: Yeah, they have more time to reflect.

Ha-ha.

Editor (turning red): What do you mean, SIR!

Have you got any opinions?

Editor: No, Nietzsche said convictions are prisons.

Is Nietzsche editor of a school-paper?

Editor: No, of course not, you dummy. He works on the Ladies' Garment Trade Journal.

What about success?

Editor: Preparation is ever the seed of success.

Listen, you creature, don't hand me no platitudes!

Editor (putting his feet on the wall): The ladder of life is full of splinters.

Your head is also full of splinters.

Editor (throwing book at me): I work and slave on this paper, and look what I get! Just for your insolence, you got to hand in 6,000 articles, 3,500 dramas, and 1 poem by next week!

Me: In quarto?

Editor: No, pronto!

Comprehensive View of Past Year Is Reminiscent

Cash Prize To Be Given For Best Name

Hinckly Murphy, Alva Lines
To Publish Modern, At-
tractive Annual At The End
Of Next Quarter

A prize of one dollar will be awarded to the student who selects the most appropriate name for the yearbook, it is announced by Hinckly Murphy, editor of the annual. The student body will sit in judgment of the names submitted, and will choose, by voting, the name which seems most appropriate.

A box will be set up in the lobby of the Armstrong building near the bulletin board, and students will be expected to drop suggestions in for naming the annual.

Several names will be selected from those submitted and presented to a student assembly to be voted on at one of the regular Friday sessions.

Mr. Murphy informs *The Inkwell* the main emphasis of the book will be put on this year's graduating class, with lesser accent on last year, night school, and other activities of school life, both scholastic and extra-curricular.

Several themes are being considered for use as a basic form of the book, and it will be divided into appropriate sections dealing with various subjects of permanent interest to students, to be useful as a compact memory of their stay at Armstrong.

Arrangements are being made to have individual photographs of students by a professional photographer. A reasonable fee will be charged each student for his picture.

The annual will be predominantly pictorial in its approach, and will be large enough to include all aspects of campus life.

Alva Lines is business manager of the book, and it is expected others will be appointed to staff membership right away.

Smith, Dreese Court At Pooler; Make Big News

Two sturdy Armstrong Romeos, Sidney Smith and Stockton Dreese, have been cavorting with Cupid out at Pooler lately, *The Inkwell* is informed by its operative in that metropolis.

It seems that a large crowd had gathered at a local railway station to greet a young lady on her arrival home from school for the holidays, when Sidney and Stockton conceived the bright idea of driving out to Pooler and heading her off. They planned to motor back to Savannah accompanied by their fair friend, thus putting one over on the expectant group waiting at the station.

Our informant says when the train pulled into Pooler, Sid climbed aboard to rescue the maid from the fiery dragon; but the conductor, who was evidently an unromantic fellow, thought Sid was just another passenger and waved the train on to Savannah. You, dear reader, can imagine the amazement of the welcoming committee on seeing Sidney, who had so recently been a member, step from the train when it stopped at the Savannah station.

Stockton meanwhile, also amazed at the turn of events, had to drive all the way back to Savannah alone and unwelcomed. Reliable sources allege he appeared to be mad as heck.

Remember The Dedication, The Plays, The Building, Romances, Tests, Games, And Then The Freshmen?

By Ann Gibson,
Staff Writer

Gone With the Wind is just about the best epitaph for 1936. While Talmadge, and Landon, and King Edward were all doing it, here's what happened at Armstrong.

Early in January Mrs. Moltz dedicated the school. Remember the baby pulling the cord to unveil the portrait; and how many people jammed the stately, palm-decorated hall; and the pride with which we sang the school song; and how many times Mr. Jacobson's "music went round and round"? January brought our first public sport participation. We lost a thrilling game to Savannah High. That was when we led all game until they tied us at the whistle and then won the play-off. Remember how inspiredly Battle and Billy and Bunny played? how many sore throats we had the next day? and how grand the dance was afterwards? and Mr. Boyd's advice to the lovelorn? The workmen were tearing down the quaint old stable and digging up the back yard then—coming events casting their shadows.

In February Mr. Lane donated the Cann house to the city for the Finance and Commerce College. Gosh, but we were excited about it, that day *The Inkwell* announced the gift. We eyed the house speculatively over the wall.

Construction on the auditorium had begun in March and we realized at the beginning of the third quarter that the serenity of the past two quarters had vanished into limbo for us. Fencing time came around, and we got to school at eight every morning for Mr. Gignilliat. The azaleas in Forsyth were so plentiful and interesting that you could find anyone window gazing, even the profs. Remember how many romances blossomed forth also, in April? *The Inkwell* published an editorial on how to study! And the scandal column was longer than ever.

Oxford has a custom of celebrating the coming of the May with a traditional service at Magdalen Tower, all the students gathering at the foot to catcall and jeer at the singing choir boys on the top. We did that every day in May, catcalling or such at that red-faced man who used to ride the top rail on the steel frame of the auditorium. May is the month of feverish activity on the campus. Everyone seems to be making the most of the little time left in the school year. Do you remember how black Summey was in "Boy Chillun"? and all the fun we had at the mock trial; getting our picture took; voting with Australian ballots for the *Annual* editor? Will you ever forget that incessant noise, a peculiar rasping screeching repeated at intervals all day? Or the warm May sun filling the hall? The inspiring sight of our faculty capped and gowned? Or Dr. Paty's wonderful address at commencement exercises? Or the strange feeling an empty school gave when you came in on a hot summer day, to find the auditorium bulking, shadowing the hall and the staircase?

With September came the first quarter of the second year, enrollment in the new night classes, and four new profs. Hearty complaints were raised at the physical examinations, and sororities, and freshmen rules. Still noise for the first two weeks, then we began to enjoy our actual auditorium. Strange sight it was to see Freshmen caps and stranger to feel class consciousness, as we sat, not in our old rooms, but the new. We found a Play Production Group had arisen along with Finances and Objective tests. The whole outlook had

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THE INKWELL

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Armstrong Junior College
of Savannah, Georgia

Published Monthly

Member Georgia Collegiate Press Association

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VOL. II JANUARY 15, 1937 No. 4

Pictures in this issue of *The Inkwell* are used through the courtesy of *The Savannah Evening Press*.

Congratulations are due Bob McCuen, who made such a splendid scholastic record during the past quarter. Bob is an alumnus of *The Inkwell* staff, having been editor last year.

Samsons

It was quite surprising that the student body didn't turn out en masse for the opening game of the basket ball season. Nathan Karnibad's performance alone was worth the normal price of admission; but as the game was free to students, we just can't comprehend the reasoning of the majority which stayed away.

Besides the interesting individuals who strove for Armstrong, the excitement of the game warranted full attendance. Point by point the contest was doggedly carried up and down the court, and thrills aplenty were experienced.

When Reuben Kronstadt shot a perfect foul with the whole auditorium quietly tense, the subsequent emotional breakdown was really classic as a piece of drama. Robert Lanier turned in his usual stellar game, always in the lead when the teams swept down the court toward the opposition's basket. Coleman Mopper, in his cool manner, was a mainstay in the Armstrong clan, working hardest when the going was toughest.

Arthur Cranman and Jack McLaughlin, late prep schoolers, gave the team that punch that put it ahead each time the visitors scored. It was this inevitable recovery that brought victory.

The need for organized cheering was evidenced at the game. The small crowd which turned out was quieter than when in the classroom, until the Samsons worked up point by point to battle furiously during the last few minutes of play.

In the fast moments, the gallery showed spirit and excitement; and that was the time for well practiced yells. Augusta Oelschig and Frank Sanders, two willing cheer leaders, made an excellent showing, despite the lack of organization.

The suggestion to hold regular pep meetings at assembly is, we think, a great idea. As timely as the proposal is, it is even more desirable for its psychological effect. You know, molding the old school spirit, etc.

New Term

Now is the time for all good men to make resolutions for the new year and for the new term. It so happens that under our system, the second quarter of school work is coincidental with the beginning of a new year, making resolutions on our part doubly apropos.

The late quarter has been one of progressive development. It has seen and sanctioned the advent of new elements into the faculty, the student body, and the institution proper. It has noted the blending and adjusting of the elements in preparation for the term now incumbent. It has witnessed a good start.

In passing, it might be well to say that student organizations and organized student activities haven't developed as far as they might have. Besides social fraternities, student clubs in such special fields as music, social science, literature, debate, dramatics, and athletics have not become active. It is hoped that these or similar clubs will be formed among the students. Somehow student clubs seem to tie the knot of allegiance more securely to one's alma mater.

Last quarter, like the first quarter of school last year, was a crucial time for the college. Last year the college met the strongest test in firmly withstanding all obstacles it encountered in establishing itself. This year it has demanded additional respect by doubling itself and carrying on in the high scholastic vein in which it was conceived and fostered. It has taken its place as the center of Savannah's cultural activity, developer of its youth, balancer of its mental budget.

Yearbook

Naming the yearbook is, of course, a rather serious problem. It is necessary that the student body become fully conscious of its actions as precedents for future classes. In years to come, what students are doing will be news, and what we have done will be history. We must be especially careful, then, in establishing those things which will be carried on in tradition, and under which future students may proudly work.

In this day of modernism and changing styles, we are consciously or unconsciously reverting to older styles. Simplicity in dress, in household objects, in printing, and scores of other things once held sway because they were raw and undeveloped. Then it became the style for fanciness and for dressing up. Millions daily searched for something new or different; and so confusing and uninteresting have patterns grown, that simplicity is now in vogue again.

It is funny to look back on styles of ten years ago. They were gaudy and unnatural. Yet, older, plainer things are now more pleasing. Simple and dignified themes last through periods of change and changing styles.

It is with the idea of simplicity, dignity, in mind that we suggest *The Armstrong Annual* as a name for the yearbook. In making the suggestion, we realize that many will disagree: it is to be expected, and even desired. With clashings of opinion, we shall be certain to have a tested name, one that will stand the gaff.

Our suggestion is only made as a lead for the student body to follow up, giving more suggestions and criticizing those already submitted.



Miss Margaret Spencer

Issue Dedicated To Margaret Spencer

Miss Margaret Spencer, executive treasurer and assistant professor at Armstrong Junior College, is a product of the home town, having been born in Savannah.

As a little girl, she claims she was quite horrible, usually getting into a great deal of mischief and being a tom boy. Her main enjoyment was reading books and practicing piano; the latter she has done since she was ten years old. Incidentally, Miss Spencer says she has not been able to find time to practice in the last three years.

After graduating from Savannah High School, she attended Converse College, where she received a B. Mus. degree. While at Converse, her favorite pastime was collecting pictures of ships, which she hung on her side of the room, because she had a roommate whose hobby was collecting baby pictures, which were draped on the other side. Miss Spencer declared the two contrasts made a lovely sight.

She then spent two years at the University of Georgia, obtaining an A. B. degree. Her decision to become a teacher came after being offered a job teaching French at Savannah High Summer School. Miss Spencer found the work so interesting that she decided to give up her first love, music, and become a mentor.

Thus far, Miss Spencer has spent an eventful life, due to her many occupations and activities. Having played the piano in a number of recitals in Savannah, Spartanburg and Athens, she declared the most outstanding performance she ever gave was in Savannah when she played the Concerto in A Minor by Grieg at the Municipal Auditorium, presented by Savannah Symphony and Choral Society, and received a great ovation and a headline in the morning paper the next day. At this point, Miss Spencer became very excited, because she declared this event was the most thrilling of her career and the only thing of importance that she ever did in Savannah.

Her first job was obtained when she completed her junior year in college. Mr. Dunning, Customs Collector, took her to Atlanta to act as his secretary while the legislature was in session during the summer.

Miss Spencer is quite an unusual person, and is actually much pleased with what she is doing, considering teaching the most fascinating profession possible and has an ambition to be a professor of very high standing. She likes to read books, particularly good English and French literature, and of course music plays a great part in her life.

Asked what she did in her spare time, Miss Spencer replied that she had none; but if she did, she would read.

Bridge is her pet aversion, as is any occupation which is neither constructive nor highly enjoyable to her.

Miss Spencer is an active participant in social organizations, belonging to the Zodiac, which consists of ten junior girls at the University of Georgia, who made the highest averages in their sopho-

Exchange

Grace Bounds, Editor

North Georgia College is making a drive for a football team. The school paper is sponsoring a poll to determine the interest of the students concerning this phase of sport activity.

The Cadet Bugler—
North Georgia College.

In eight years the *College Chatter* has developed from a job sheet into a ranking Arkansas college newspaper, known in college circles over the United States. The *Chatter* has received high rating in the state college journalism circles for the past five years.

College Chatter—
Little Rock Junior College.

Social tact is making your company feel at home when you wish they were.

Germans name their battleships after jokes so the English won't see them.

A "sugar daddy" is a form of crystalized sap.

Who said it first?

"Come up and see me sometime!" —Cleopatra to Anthony.

"Be yourself." —Priscilla to John.

"You nasty man." —Caesar to Brutus.

"Step on it." —Walter Raleigh to Elizabeth.

"I hope you choke." —Jonah.

The Students Prints—
Middlesex Junior College.

The Bucknell Beacon has an interesting feature each issue. The paper presents two well known students, a girl and a boy. These are clever pen portraits drawn of the persons presented and a sketch of their life before and at college.

The Bucknell Beacon—
Bucknell University Junior College.

Her mind is like a railroad timetable: subject to change without notice.

Some people cause happiness wherever they go; others, wherever they go.

A woman's best asset is a man's imagination.

The Princeton cheering section rose as one raccoon.

The West Georgian—
West Georgia College.

Blue eyes gaze at mine—venom.

Soft hand clasped mine—palpitation.

Fair hair brushing mine—expectation.

Red lips close to mine—temptation.

Footsteps—damnation!!!

The West Georgian—
West Georgia College.

We Who Watch Death

We who watch Death, abstract and cold,
And in calm fingers weigh all that hold

The naked scalpel swift to slay,
The cryptic forceps, taut to fray,
Life's last bewildering thread now old,

We know Death's presence, casual, bold;
The straining pause as clock ticks fold,

We guide his touch, observe his way,
We who watch Death.

To Death, our comrade, we have told
The idle hopes blind friends have sold,

But we who kill, quench life each day,
To what strange God for mercy pray,

To what faith could we cling, cold and soled?
We who watch Death.

—Cecil Reid Reinstein.

more year. She is also a member of the Kappa Delta Sorority and the A. A. U. W.

A popular member of the faculty, Miss Spencer leads the Glee Club and is interested in many student affairs and activities.

We Who Are About To Die

—An Idea for a Play—

The stage is set as an ordinary living-room of a middle class family. In it, there is a piano, two upholstered chairs, and other undistinguished furniture. The room is vulgarized by several ugly pictures.

A sound as of machine-guns is heard. Sonny, Johnny, Billy (small boys) swagger on stage, one by one, carrying toy guns, etc.

Sonny: Boy, that was a swell movie!

Johnny: How 'bout when the hero was wounded and his pal crawled out and rescued him, under fire.

Bill: That saved his life! Gee, that was brave.

Sonny: And then they were able to beat the enemy.

Johnny: Yeah, that was good, but it was real scary when the submarine kept torpedoing the convoy.

Sonny (contemptuously): You wouldn't be much of a soldier if you get scared all the time.

Johnny: If it was real, I wouldn't be scared.

Bill (acts tough): And besides, them submarines ain't nothing compared to this baby. (He aims his toy machine-gun. Sonny and Johnny run and hide behind chairs, and they pretend a big battle. The machine gunner hides behind the street door, and sweeps the room with his gun). Sonny jumps up suddenly and, as if wounded, staggers, dramatically clutching his chest. The machine-gun stops, and Johnny creeps from behind his chair, and pretends he is rescuing his pal, like in the movie. Then the machine-gun starts again, and they both are wounded again. Sonny rises and pretends to go "wild" and then falls dead beside his pal. The machine-gun stops.

They all lie still a moment, then a voice is heard, backstage:

Mother (backstage): Sonny, did you get those groceries?

The two lying down raise themselves on their hands, sheepishly.

Mother: Sonny? (Looks in at right door).

Sonny: I was just going for it, mama. (Gets up, sheepishly).

Mother: What on earth are you doing?

Sonny: Oh, nothing.

Mother: Well, hurry; supper is waiting. (Goes out).

Sonny: Come go to the store with me?

Bill: Nah. You never go with me when I ask you.

Mother's voice: Hurry with the groceries, Sonny.

Sonny: Well, I'll see you (sings) "when the moon comes over the mountain."

Johnny (imitates): Moo . . . !

Bill: Last lick! (hits Sonny and they run out).

About one hour later: Virgy, a young, but rather mature girl, enters the living room, and tidies up the room, folding the newspapers, etc. Then she goes to the piano and practices a five-finger exercise. Her mother comes in.

Virgy (impatiently): O, Mother, over tonight.

Mother: His parents are coming, too. Try not to make too much noise; you know Mrs. Brown is so nervous.

Virgy (impatiently): O, Mother, you talk as if I were a child.

Sonny enters room, eating a piece of bread.

Mother: Now, Sonny, you must study early tonight, and don't go out!

Sonny: Aw, I haven't hardly any more lessons.

Virgy (shouts): Have hardly, not haven't hardly!

Sonny: I'll ask Bill what the history lesson is for tomorrow.

Mother (reading newspaper): Telephone him.

Sonny: Please mama, I won't take long.

Mother (firmly): Go study, Son.

Sonny: Please?

Mother (raises voice): No!

Sonny: Aw shucks, I can't ever hardly do anything around here.

Virgy: And why don't you make him wash his face; he never looks halfway decent.

Sonny (thumbs nose): Blaah! (Goes out, kicking chair).

Mother goes out also, reading newspaper. Virgy returns to her practice.

Hero Worship

Long ago I had a friend,
Who was a hero in my sight.
Whatever he did, so did I;
I mocked his walk,
And took on his expressions.

Then I met such another.
He, too, left his mark on me.
Whenever he spoke, I listened;
And what he said I pondered over,
For he was wise (he said so).

Years later we three met.
Number One was awkward, vulgar;
And Number Two spoke in idioms,
Which, translated, meant nothing.
They said, How you have grown!
—H. N. W.

Sonny tries to creep across living room without being seen. Halfway across, Virgy plays more softly, and speaks: "All right, big boy."

Sonny: Aw come on, Virgy! I'll come right back.

Virgy: You can't kid me! You better come back quick.

Sonny (runs whooping): Oh, I love my hiss hiss, history! (Runs out).

Virgy (laughs): You little devil! (Resumes playing).

A knock is heard. Virgy answers the door.

Virgy: John!

John: Hello, Virgy. How's everything?

Virgy (joyfully): Better! Everything's better when you—

John: Golly I'm glad to be back, too. They nearly worked us to death up at school.

Virgy takes his coat, and they sit on the sofa, cosily.

Virgy: Gee, you look well!

John: You aren't so bad yourself!

Virgy (menacingly): Who said I was bad! (They laugh).

John: I'm going to like this vacation.

Virgy: I wonder why? (Coily).

John: Oh, I'm going to read the Rover Boys, silli! What does the paper say about the war-scare?

Virgy: Do you think it's serious?

John: Yeah. I guess I'll soon be cannon-fodder.

Virgy: Why do people fight, anyway?

John: From ambition, anger, and to make enormous profits. A great war is different from a private fight. War is organized, cold-blooded.

Virgy (seriously): John, they can't have you.

John (laughs): Oh, they'll have me!

A knock is heard. Virgy goes and opens the door.

Virgy: Why good evening. Come in!

Mr. and Mrs. Brown (John's parents): Good evening, Virginia!

Mrs. Brown: We just saw Sonny playing outside. (Laughs).

Virgy (takes their wraps): Yes, he is studying history. (All laugh).

Mother will be down in just a minute. (Goes out).

John (to his parents): Hello.

Mrs. Brown (not unkindly): John, we hardly see you at home any more.

Mr. Brown (sarcastically): We'll have to invite Virginia over to see us, so you will stay home.

Mrs. Brown: Oh, we understand, John. It's alright. (Smiles).

Virgy enters with mother, and at the same time, a knock is heard at the street door. John answers it.

John: Why, hello, Huckleberry. I haven't seen you in a coon's age!

Huckleberry: Oh, everything's been fine, John. Good evening, everybody.

Virgy: Let me take your coat, Huck.

Mrs. Brown (to mother): Mary, I've just been telling John we never see him except over here, lately.

Mother: Isn't it so? But don't you mind, John. I hear you've made a wonderful record at school.

John: Oh, it's nothing to brag about.

Mr. Brown: Yes, what about that D in Chemistry? (Grins).

Virgy: Well, he is so interested in history, he has no time for the other studies.

John (embarrassed): Oh, let's change the subject. (Awkwardly).

"Three-Cornered Moon"

(Continued from page 1)

tures of the experimental theater will be produced. The set for "Three-Cornered Moon" was designed by Ernestine Cole.

The stage equipment of the auditorium is somewhat limited as yet, but will beentirely adequate for the successful production of a realistic play of the nature of "Three-Cornered Moon." It will be built up as time goes on, and it is planned that the Savannah Playhouse will eventually possess equipment which will equal or surpass that of any amateur group in this area. According to Mr. Keach, special attention will be paid to the lighting factor in the theater, and electrical equipment will be of the finest type so the Savannah Playhouse might present to the Savannah audiences productions of a nature never seen here before, but which are coming into increasing prominence on the professional stage of this and other countries.

Work on the technical and production phases of "Three-Cornered Moon" is being handled by crews of students in the Play Production Class of Mr. Keach. The crew assignments are as follows: Stage Crew: James McCreery, Technician; Ernestine Cole, Nairn Ross, Margaret Mustin, Zenobia Heins, Walton Purse, and Verdry Roberts; Property Crew: Gene Bur-

Huckleberry: Well, what about the war-scare, Mr. Brown?

Mrs. Brown: Isn't it dreadful?

Mr. Brown: It surely looks serious.

Huckleberry: I can't understand how we got into that trouble over there.

John: Why, it's imperialism.

Mrs. Brown (a little puzzled): I just don't understand it all.

John: Sure, imperialism. Extend our markets, fight to protect our foreign investments.

Mr. Brown: Why . . . (a loud knock is heard, then Uncle Ned bursts into the room, waving a newspaper).

Uncle Ned: Say! War is coming!

Everybody remains silent for a moment, and Uncle Ned reads on, a typical inflammatory propagandist article.

Uncle Ned: Our troops have landed, and will protect our interests. Our consul reported tortured by bandits.

John: I haven't any interests in China.

Virgy: Well?

John: Imperialism! Isn't that clear?

Uncle Ned (stupidly): Why, the article don't mention imperialism.

John: Of course not.

Mother: Oh, I hope we won't have another dreadful war.

Mrs. Brown: I can't believe they will be so foolish.

John: They? Who is they?

Mrs. Brown (confused): They? Why—whoever it is that, why, the war department, of course.

Huckleberry: We young men don't get anything out of war.

Mrs. Brown: Oh, it's all so complex.

Uncle Ned rattles the newspaper; acts annoyed.

Mother: Virgy, suppose you get out the card table; we can have a nice little game of bridge. (Virgy and John get the table). Hasn't it been cold lately? (Virgy and John set up the table).

Mr. Brown (carrying on the argument): You young men are a bit idealistic.

Uncle Ned: What's all the argument about, anyhow? We got to protect ourselves from them dirty bandits.

John (fiercely): Protect ourselves? Five thousand miles from home? That doesn't make sense. I'm willing to protect our shores, but why should I stretch my guts on barbed-wire over there?

Mrs. Brown (shocked): John! Such language!

Mr. Brown: Be more moderate, John.

John (keeps on, excitedly): You know it is true!

Virgy: But do you have to go, John?

John (ironically): That's the idea.

Virgy: Why?

John: To protect some investment, that's why.

Mr. Brown: This is not philosophy, John, it's reality.

Evening

As a breath from a censor,
twilight rose
Into an ethereal lake
Of saffron scented waters,
Drifting to sea.

Abstractions

I
(Philosophy)
Beneath the waters I can see your glow
As you lie in my azure bowl,
Strange—
That I cannot touch you
Lost little star.

II
(Beauty)
I do not know why Jasmine petals fall
Or where their life has gone,
Yet I
Their star—wide fragrance drink,
Need I know more?

CECIL REID REINSTEIN

roughs, Property Mistress; Emily Clarke, Margaret Wright, Nelta Beckett; Make-Up Crew: Mary Eyler, Head of Crew; Louis Opper; Publicity Crew: Robert McCuen, Chief of Staff; Victoria Jenkins, Elsie McIver, Robert Lanier; Costume Crew: Janet Rushing, Chief Costumer; Celia Wall, Cathryn Byers; Lighting Crew: Wendell Hardwick, Chief Electrician; Wray Potter, and Mary Farr.

Callie Morris is stage manager for the show, and Louise Opper is assistant to the director.

John: Reality, or a stupid custom? Why not protect our own shores, and let the rest go?

Mrs. Brown: Don't be impertinent, John. You forget yourself.

John: I'm sorry.

Mr. Brown: You'll go alright.

Uncle Ned: You want to live forever?

John (angry at the stupid fatalism): No! I want to die. I want to wallow in a mudhole. I want the glory of lice and filthy diseases! (Fiercely) Can't you see?

Can't you?

Uncle Ned (after a pause): Well, I fought in the Spanish war.

Mr. Brown: Yes, son. I think I'm beginning to see.

Uncle Ned (shrugs shoulders): Besides, you might not even get hurt.

John: Somebody will.

Uncle Ned: Don't be crazy, worrying about other people.

John: Is our final law to be hate?

Mrs. Brown: Oh, it's all so complex.

Virgy: But why should you go and be killed?

John: Don't make me laugh. You can't change it by wishes. You have to blot out the causes.

Uncle Ned: That's impossible.

John: Not if people act together. The trouble is, you've never really thought about what lies beneath all this propaganda.

Mrs. Brown: John, don't be so impertinent.

John: Oh, I'm not blaming, mother. But how can you worry about the world after you have worked all day? (Changes manner). But we must think, and act, too.

Mr. Brown (slowly): Yes, we must try to see through their mean tricks.

A cry is heard backstage, at first soft, then louder.

War! War! Extra! All about de war. Extra!

John jumps up.

Uncle Ned: Here, let me get a paper. (Runs to door). Here, boy! (Returns, shouting): Enemy reported entering American concession. Great property damage. War expected hourly.

Virgy: We don't want war.

Uncle Ned: See? I told you so. John (decisively, impudently): I told you!

Mr. Brown: Maybe it won't last long.

Uncle Ned: Yeah, and besides it will help business.

Virgy: And ruin lives?

Uncle Ned (loudly): Citizens brutally murdered!

John: How do you know that is true?

Uncle Ned: There it is in black and white. All I know is what I read.

Winter Fashions Are In Full Swing, Says Connoisseur

By Mac

Did Santa bring Grace Bounds that swanky porkpie hat? all the new scarfs the girls are sporting? Louis Givens that blue-striped tie? Augusta Oelschig her cherry vest and grey shirt? Eleanor Murphy her black suit? Selma Saminsky the svelte bangs and grey fur coat? Miss Ennis the perky green knit cap? Nelta Beckett her spaniel? Janet Rushing's Springish plaid skirt? Cecelia Travis the bright red sweater? to Pete Cargill her rainbow gauntlets? Billy Mann's striped socks?

Dancing divinely the first tea dance of the new year were Sara Henderson in a two-piece navy wool suit dressed up with a gold kid belt. Coats in green taffeta full skirted and great shouldered. Augusta Oelschig in lovely Eleanor blue velvet with rhinestone buttons and Irish lace for a military neckline and a cap of three twists of the velvet over a net skull; more velvet for Mary Virginia Blackwell's tiniest of full peplums on a black one with lace collar and cuffs, and for Miss Ennis brilliant orange with a swing skirt, very full.

Cavorting on the campus: Nellie McIntire in bright green wool with brown laces up the front; Libby Gnan in the first print; Jeanne Hipson in a startling and immaculate white tunic; Felie Park with a ring, a sweater, and the buttons on her fur coat all a lovely shade of peacock blue; Dolores Cowart looking like the visiting Prima Donna in a black fur coat and two high waves in her hair. Mann again with a large bouquet in his buttonhole.

Huckleberry: And that ain't too much, Uncle Ned.

John: Up at school I knew a fellow from that very country we will fight. He could not understand why we must hate each other at a command. He knows that the people of his town are a lot like us, they have to worry and struggle every day, paying bills, earning their bread! He cannot understand why. Just think! I may actually pour out liquid fire, to sear the flesh off his body!

Uncle Ned: Yeah. That's one case. But there are people over there who want war, don't forget that.

Virgy: Why can't we find them out, here and over there, too, and fight them; they are our real enemies. The beasts; they don't care about us!

John: In a few months I may fire a rifle at his head . . . I, a civilized,

Mr. Brown: It is hard to believe!

Mother: It is terrible.

John: I who have laughed and talked with him!

Outside the house (backstage), Sonny and the boys begin to make noises imitating machine-gun fire, rat-a-tat . . . Inside, everybody remains tensely quiet. Mr. Brown rises, unsteadily bracing himself on the sofa. Mother rises distracted.

Mother: Virgy, tell Sonny to stop that noise and come inside . . .

Mr. Brown: I can't bear that noise, it is so cruel! (Goes to window and shouts): Sonny, stop that noise, Sonny! Stop! (Noise flares up, and then stops suddenly). Mr. Brown leans wearily against the window.

John rises and gives an excited nervous laugh.

John: Look at me. I am free. Free! (Laughs crazily). To die! Cannon-fodder.

Mother: John!

John: Let me kiss you, mother, before I forget the meaning of love. (Laughs). Let's dance; this is our last chance! Ha-ha. We who are about to die!

(Curtain)

—Hinckly Murphy.

Do you want concentrated adventure?

Across the storm-swept plain

The rider urges on his horses,

In squalls of wind and rain.

Kiokusui.

The Story Of San Michele

—Book Review—

"The Story of San Michele" by Axel Munthe is a remarkable of his own life vividly portrays his character. Dr. Munthe wrote his story while in great mental agony. He was on the verge of blindness and helplessness. However, in writing he seems to have gained some measure of relief and even a great deal of pleasure.

Dr. Munthe relates the events in his rapid rise in the medical profession. Everything he undertook seems to have been successful. He attributes his success to luck—the goddess of fortune smiled on him, autobiography. It is the story of he said. It seems, however, that a great man whose simple account there was some greater force that guided him in his work. He must have been a man of high intellect with a sympathetic and understanding nature. His keen insight into human nature is amazing.

The patience and steadfastness of Axel Munthe are best demonstrated by his years of toil in the construction of his home, San Michele, which he designed and built with his own hands on the site of the ancient Villa of Tibertius in Anacapri. This beautiful house was constructed of marble fragments, priceless treasures unearthed in the location of San Michele. It is said that those who know the history of San Michele of today have never been able to understand how such a magnificent structure could have been built without the aid of an architect, without proper drawings or plans, and without any exact measurements ever having been taken.

Dr. Munthe in his autobiography displays a wealth of knowledge of numerous subjects. He wrote equally well of art and psychology, of folk-lore and of medicine. In fact, his knowledge, gained through experience and keen observation, is amazingly widespread. There are pages of his book that could be set apart as essays on certain subjects which are interesting from a standpoint of literary value as well as sources of information. There are some pages that the reader should read slowly in order to appreciate the real beauty and significance of his thought and ideas.

In the unique and dramatic conclusion of the book, the writer tells of his own death and his trial by the saints before gaining entrance to heaven and how when his case looked most hopeless he is saved by the intervention of St. Francis of Assisi who appears in his usual tattered clothing followed by his ever-attendant flock of birds.

Dr. Munthe, who is known in Europe as the "Modern St. Francis of Assisi," used the royalties of "The Story of San Michele" to found a bird sanctuary in his native country, Sweden.

—Margaret Wright.

Autumn Scene

The wind is a lover, dashing, gay
(As down the path alone I go).
He teases autumn leaves that sway.
The wind is a lover, dashing, gay.
Twisting crimson, yellow, grey.
In Arabesques of endless flow.
The wind is a lover, dashing, gay,
(As down the path alone I go).

—Louise Oppen.

Eve Plucked The Fruit

Eve plucked the fruit
And the world grew wise;
As the Devil's Recruit,
Eve plucked the fruit.
She stood quite mute
As she opened her eyes.
Eve plucked the fruit
And the world grew wise.

—Edith Beery.

Mistress: "It's pretty cold tonight, Sara; you had better put an iron in your bed to warm it up."

Mistress (next morning): "How did you sleep last night, Sara?"
Sara: "Pretty good, ma'am, I had the iron almost warm by morning."

A man is like an egg; he can be kept in cold storage—but just a little intensive warmth and he is spoiled in a week.

Penthouse, A Story

—Fiction—

Inside a pert little bungalow a young man is talking to his wife. He is telling her of the oddities of his fellow workers in a brokerage firm. She listens patiently, although she has heard the stories before.

"Now you take old Smith," the young man says, "he wears a wig, and every morning when he comes down to work he has to smooth his hair down before he takes off his hat, or his hair will fall off."

The young man talked on, telling of his business day; and his wife went about preparing the evening meal, all the while remaining attentive to his narration. These two were average people, but not trite; they had some independent thoughts, spoke sometimes in more than platitudes. They were of what has been called Upper Middle Class, and Young Married Set Which Does Things.

In appearance they were somewhat better off than the average person. In fact the wife was quite remarkable: she had never tormented her hair with the curlers, and she used the paint with discretion. She was small of stature, with fine features; fair, with a nice smile. Her husband was of medium height, more slender, darker than she.

Marjorie and Gilbert were very happy in their little home, concerned mainly with two things: Marjorie's health and the prospect of some day living in a penthouse. Marjorie's health was their more serious problem. She didn't look frail, but she was never hardy. Gilbert often had to turn down invitations because Marjorie was ill. The penthouse, on the other hand, was their ideal, their dream. Marjorie had always wanted one; and Gilbert, more than once, had promised it to her. They had figured it up and the results told them they might, in a year of frugality, move into the smartest penthouse in town.

It was the mention of a penthouse now that brought Marjorie to full attentiveness of her husband's remarks on the way he had spent his day. She stopped scraping a celery stalk, brushed her hair from her forehead with the back of her hand and actually looked at Gilbert. On his part, the subject had been reserved as a climax, a surprise. He had planned to be talking along and casually mention "penthouse," just to watch her reaction. That she ceased scraping celery to listen to him was pure flattery and he was justly proud. However, he was as anxious to get to the point as a newspaper reporter, but he clothed each detail in chit chat like a space paid correspondent. Thus he managed to go several paragraphs before telling his wife he had floor plans of a new penthouse, shortly to be put up for sale.

"Oh, Gilbert, let's look at them before we eat, shall we?"

"Well, if you're so impatient as that . . ."

And so things went.

Then, like a bombshell, there exploded in the midst of their petty joys and worries, tragic news, which so often takes one unaware, unprepared.

One evening Gilbert came in sadly and took Marjorie's chin in both his hands. "My dear little wife," he began, "I must tell you that we have lost everything. This morning we received word that the company is going under and we're all losing our jobs."

It was so sudden and so inconceivable that Marjorie was unable to speak. He had lost his job, they had lost everything: what was left but emptiness? Then she saw the light of defeat in her husband's eyes, and she (rare creature that she was!) did the unexpected. She smiled.

ii.

They took a modest apartment in a not-too-fashionable section and began all over again. It was hard at first, but they accepted reality and settled down to make the best of an unfortunate situation. They were real people, willing to wage a real battle.

It wasn't so very hard for Gilbert to get a job selling automobiles on commission; the agency

Calling All Males

Do you like to see the beauties
With the honey-golden hair?
And perhaps the lovely auburn locks,
Adorning foreheads fair?

Oh, of course! there are the blondies
With those eyes of dreamy blue,
And the curls so black and shiny
That will thrill you through and through.

So you say that you enjoy to sit
And watch their limber feet
As they dance to rhythmic measures
In a fashion very neat?

If you want to see the cuties
With attractive forms so trim,
Better cross the sea to gay Paree;
Don't peek in the college gym.
—Ardelle Waldhour.

Comprehensive View of

(Continued from page 1)

changed to include many things impossible for the smaller college of the early days. Had come tea dances, tours, and touch football, along with bull sessions, biology labs, and again basket ball grown strictly collegiate. The cycle was complete.

Here, with best intentions, with rosemary and rue, with love and affection, with fondest memories of an earlier day already our Past, and with deep regret at its going—we bury nineteen thirty-six. The year is dead. LONG LIVE THE YEAR!

was glad to get a man with so many connections (and one who needn't be paid a salary). The new work was not particularly appealing, you had to force yourself on prospective customers in rivalry with other high pressure salesmen who had also memorized the instruction book. You had to dog each prospect until he either told you to go to hell in so many words; or, in desperation, bought your car. To one who had so long dealt with abstract goods, represented only by figures in a cash book, this sort of employment was utterly distasteful. But what could one do, starve?

Marjorie elaborated the small duplex as best she could with what they could afford. A practical person, she substituted cotton for silk, margarine for butter, and executed other short cuts known only to discriminating housewives. Never once did she mention the old entertainments or the pretentious restaurants; she became absorbed in newer and simpler accomplishments, such as ironing shirts and darning socks. Her new neighbors soon realized her worth (as neighbors will) and were eager to help initiate her into the intricacies of the trade. They were amused at her first efforts, but they came to respect her for her bravery and to love her for her cheerfulness. She was a symbol of renewed hope for the discouraged, a model for the ignorant.

In between official domestic duties, she kept Gilbert from being downcast. She invited him to wipe the dishes at night, to paint furniture, to take walks, anything to ward off despair. Once, on his birthday, she blindfolded him when he came in after work and led him to their small dining table on which blazed a tiny home-made cake, resplendent with miniature candles. They would celebrate a big sale with a special feast and a movie.

Life was looking bright again; then the automobile agency, recognizing complaints from the salesmen that there wasn't enough business to go around, cut its force and let Gilbert go, as he was the youngest man.

iii.

"Need a man? I've had experience in . . . you don't? Thank you, good day."

Again they retrenched, this time into one room in a definitely unfashionable district. And again they adapted themselves wonderfully. Marjorie once more began to furnish her new home. She draped the rough windows with green chintz, more to hide their homely scars than to decorate them. As she tacked up the cur-

Trip To Chicago Was Enjoyed

—Article—

I spent a glorious week attending the Fifteenth National 4-H Club Congress in Chicago. There were 1,600 girls, boys and leaders from 44 states and four dominions in Canada. Only winners of state trips are eligible to attend and all expenses are paid. I won a meat identification contest sponsored by Swift and Company.

Upon registering at the National 4-H Club Headquarters, we were given knitted tams in the 4-H Club colors, green and white, bearing the national emblem, a four-leaf clover with 4-H's representing Head, Heart, Hands and Health. Each state wore an emblem. The 23 Georgia delegates wore red ribbons on which "Georgia Cracker" was printed in black.

Sunday afternoon we took a fifty mile tour of the city, stopping at the University of Chicago to view the beautiful chapel. Famous Maxwell Street interested us, also the parks and frozen lakes. Special church services were held in the evening in which 4-H Club delegates took part and the sermon was on our motto, "To Make the Best Better."

Monday — International Live Stock Show Day—the morning was spent viewing exhibits of stock, poultry, meats, foods, clothing and home furnishings. Sears-Roebuck Company were hosts at luncheon at the Stevens Hotel, largest hotel in the world. In the afternoon we were guests of Wilson and Company at a party and supper. This is an annual event honoring Mr. Thos. E. Wilson who started the 4-H Club Congress.

Tuesday — Science and Industry Day—we visited the Field Museum of Natural History and Adler Planetarium and were guests of Montgomery Ward and Co. for lunch in the Marine Dining Room of the Edgewater Beach Hotel, followed by a tour of their plant. The outstanding social event was Annual Banquet at Stevens Hotel.

tain rods, she muttered to herself, "The irony of beauty, hiding uncountness with bright colors; many things are like that: many things are not what they seem." Her gaze wandered out the window and fell on another tenement across a narrow alley. A dirty, bedraggled woman was making coffee, she could see through a window. There were no bright shades on that window. Was green chintz the only difference between her and the woman who was making coffee? Then she wondered at herself, she was becoming philosophical. Was she growing old? Oh no, she was merely getting an education.

After numerous difficulties, including the hardship of overcoming timidity at approaching old friends for employment, Gilbert succeeded in lining up enough small jobs to keep them going. He clerked in a shoe store on Saturdays and worked three other days a week as timekeeper on a federal works project, fearful every day local officials of the alphabetical enterprise might discover his Saturday employment and cut him off the relief roll. He began also to have a feeling in the night, in the dark, that he was a failure, that his case was hopeless. He would watch Marjorie as she slept, untroubled and trusting, and wonder how he could ever, ever be worthy of one who was so brave, so noble, so fine. Once he cried like a baby.

They were fairly adjusted to their new way of life when Marjorie became ill, seriously. Doctors came, frowned professionally, and exchanged glances with each other. They talked with Gilbert only outside in the hall and not at all with Marjorie.

One morning after a visit of the several doctors, Gilbert rushed in to Marjorie's bedside waving a telegram in his hand. "Guess what, my darling!"

"The old firm is reorganizing under a new name, and they want me as district manager, district manager!"

Marjorie was very weak, but it seemed to Gilbert that she smiled all over.

"Now," he continued, "we can take the best old penthouse in town!"

A Ballad

Oh, Patty, dear, and did you know
That Cupid was going around
So watch your step, and don't
here,
Or soon you'll be altar-bound.

But, Patty dear, if you are
When Cupid lets his arrows
Don't run away and hide your
But, pray that soon you'll
bride.

—Josephine Logan.

In Love With You

Oh, when I was in love with
Then I was a fool in truth,
And miles around everyone
How blind I was in youth.

And now the spell is broken,
Bewitch me again, if you
Advice is my gift bespoken;
All that glitters is not a
—Louise Oppen.

Night

Night is a fairy in black
gown.
Her face is dreamy, her hair is
down.
Her sweet, clean breath is the
evening breeze,
Her voice is the murmur
in the trees.
Her bosom my pillow, she holds
till dawn.
When the sun shines again,
My night fairy is gone.
—Marguerite Morro.

Wednesday — Manufacture Day—included trips through International Harvester Company, McCormick Twine Mills and Leon. At night the National Review was held.

Thursday — Educational Day—there were educational addresses by prominent agriculturists and Chicago Mail Order Co., hosts at breakfast and Swift Co. tendered their winners a luncheon at their plant. Final session of the Congress in the evening followed by dinner dance.

The Georgia delegation left Chicago Friday and were guests of the railroad for a side trip via Louis, Mo., where we visited world's largest stock yards, a person Museum, which contains Lindbergh trophies, and points of interest.

—Geraldine Monse.

He was for moving right away because he knew it was what he wanted more than anything else so they made the change immediately. Marjorie was moved in ambulance, handled by star attendants, to her new abode which was indeed the best house in town. It was furnished in the latest mode from book to carpets.

Gilbert, thought Marjorie, have done a great deal of preparation. There he was, in his suit, beaming, and pointing out her approval the newest furnishings, the most recent electrical appliances; and explaining each describing when and where might use various articles. laughed inwardly because looked like a frenzied merchant trying to detain a hesitant tomer.

Marjorie was happy again. she had to do was to get well, never doubted but that she would get well; for in her mind she on the thought of recovery cautiously, as a stout vine clinging an upright support. But three later she died—of internal cause.

She was not buried expensively, no, not even moderately so. was given a pauper's burial, out even a pauper's ceremony was just a simple coffin lowered into bare earth.

It was perhaps too simple flected Gilbert, as he walked jectedly away from the cemetery on his way home. Home, not the penthouse, but back to his home; the one-room flat where Marjorie had hung the bright shades.

—Hoyt W.

A chiropractor is a man gets paid for what any other would get slapped for.

—Pel M.

Diogenes' Lamp

Editor's Note.—The opinions expressed in this column are entirely those of Mr. Diogenes, and have no connection with the editorial policy of this paper.

It was another murder trial. A short, ratty-faced man was testifying: "And when I started out the door, he reached into his pocket for his gun, and I . . ."

Judge Meldrim leaned forward and almost shouted the words: "Will you never stop cutting and shooting each other?" The court room was jolted out of its routine, the lawyers, the people in the balcony stared in surprise.

The naked logical question stirred them. They saw through the whole meaning of law: the restraint of man's selfish impulses, for the common good. When the words were printed in the afternoon newspapers, the public also was a little awed by the intense logic of the words; we had all forgotten to hope for something better than the drab Monday morning of the court room.

A few weeks ago, a noted criminologist said: "You must cure crime in its infancy of poverty and ignorance! America must learn to control crime, or it will be shot through with lawlessness!" This is simple and clear: worth thinking about. Poverty and Ignorance.

Santayana: "A theory is not an unemotional thing. If music can be full of passion, merely by giving form to a single sense, how much more beauty or terror may not a vision be pregnant with, which brings order and method into everything we know?"

John Dewey: "Scholastic culture makes for snobbishness. Education should be conceived as a continuous growth of the mind and an illumination of life, rather than merely stopping at maturity. Schools in one sense can only give us the tools of mental growth, the rest depends on our absorption and interpretation of experience."

Diogenes is pleased to announce some important research on the Greek classic dance. For the last three weeks he has been digging in Greece (wherever they would let him) and he has discovered the exact form of the ceremonial dance to Dionysus. Some authorities say the dance was a combination of steps but he now has positive evidence, certified by the Athens chamber of commerce, that the dance was carried on in this manner: 1. Music of flutes and saxophone. 2. Satyrs jump forward on both feet. 3. Catch balance. 4. Song to Dionysus. 5. Music of flutes and washtub.

James Rorty happens to be a thinking man. He made his living in the advertising business until one day when his boss told him to take a walk: "Mr. Rorty, you are a good man, but you have too many outside interests; you don't keep your mind on business!"

And that's that. But James Rorty also happens to have some very efficient brain-cells, so he writes good books and articles. In the New Republic Anthology, he quotes Thoreau quotably. The whole point of his article is summed up in his quotation of Thoreau:

"I went to the woods (Walden Pond) because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and to learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I wanted to live deep, and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like, as to drive life into a corner and reduce it to its lowest terms, and if it proved mean, why then to publish it to the whole world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it."

Hm. That guy Rorty and that crank Thoreau must be crazy, acting like they own the earth and have a right to live like giants. Well, maybe they are giants.

—Diogenes.

NEWS OF THE MONTH

Condensed from the Local Daily Newspapers

Chinese Poetry Mrs. Gerald Chan Sieg spoke on Chinese poetry to the English 4 class on December 8th. She developed her topic by saying that Chinese poetry is characterized by economy of words and said the music of expression, pictures, and emotion, is given in remarkably few words and phrases, and is great among all efforts.

7-7 At the conclusion of the Tie touch-football season, the Freshman and Sophomore teams were tied 7-7, which was their second tie-game in succession. This predicament left the championship undecided, since neither team won the necessary three games to make a win.

Assembly On December 11, 1936, the program for the last assembly of the quarter was presented under the direction of the Student Council, and was accorded much praise. The students made up the program, exclusively.

Enjoyed were Harry Truchet, Arthur Phillips and Will Bond, who played several encores trios, and George Stanley and Hugh Taylor, who sang, accompanied by Delores Cowart. Frank Henry presided.

Fencing Team The Fencing Team is making rapid progress under the capable direction of Frank Henry, and Nairn Ross, veterans of last year, and will begin matches with other Georgia teams this spring.

The team holds two workouts daily; one in the morning and another in the afternoon, in the college buildings. Bob McCuen is manager for the group.

Holidays Christmas Holidays were held from December 18 to January 4, inclusive.

Cheer Leaders A committee composed of Nairn Ross, Elizabeth Pierce, and Bob McCuen, selected Pauline Cargill and Frank Sanders as cheer leaders. It was also decided that each member of the student body would receive a free ticket to the basket ball game which was played December 18.

Tea Dance December 15 was the date of the last Tea Dance for the fall quarter. A large crowd attended, and music was furnished by the college orchestra. Christmas decorations added much to the personality of the occasion, and a brilliantly lighted Christmas tree was set up by the girls of the Sophomore class, who were sponsors of the dance.

Odd Science Facts

—Article—

Great winds blow in the atmospheres of the distant stars with which the hurricanes of the earth's atmosphere are mere zephyrs.

The stroboscope camera, operating without any shutter, can take a picture in one one-hundred-thousandth of a second.

Sodium-vapor lamps are being used on highways in Europe. One watt of electricity will produce the intensity of light that requires two and one-half watts in an ordinary tungsten filament incandescent lamp.

A gene, the unit of heredity, has a maximum volume of a cubic centimeter, according to measurements taken by scientists in Rockefeller Institute.

A recent discovery is that some cases diagnosed as true epilepsy are actually cases of infestation with tapeworm larvae.

—Sol Sutker.

You scoff at a minnor
For being mere bait.
But how did you feel
When after your date
There you were danglin'
To wait and to pine,
Left on the hook of
A very strong line?

New Frats Announcement was made of the formation of five new Sororities during the first quarter. The Delta Chi elected Delores Cowart as its president, and the Alpha Tau Beta sorority elected Pauline Cargill as its head.

First Game At the first basketball game of the season, Armstrong took the Teachers' College quint in an exciting, close game, 33-29. The game was full of thrills and laughs. Biggest laugh for the Samsons was the ruse of Nathan Karnibad, who playfully and craftily sneaked away the basket ball while simply running down the field with an opponent.

Registration Registration for the winter quarter began Monday morning, January 4, under the direction of Dean Askew. Long lines formed in the halls, and 212 students registered amid conversation and banter. Mr. Boyd, Mr. Shiver, Mr. Gigniliat, and Miss Spencer assisted Mr. Askew in straightening out students on graduation and entrance requirements.

Dean's List The Dean's list for the quarter was announced during the holidays. On the honor list were 12 freshmen, 22 sophomores. Topping the list for honors for this quarter was Bob McCuen, with the rare 3 A's. Noticeable is the increase of sophomores who made the list, and also the dominance of sophomores over freshmen.

Several students received A plus's, for special excellence in scholarship. The Dean's list includes, Freshmen: Helen Brennan, Christine Crawford, Wesley de Valinger, Samuel H. Freeman, Mary Garrard, Adeline Gumble, Nedra Householder, Georgia Anna Hill, Gere Jenkins, Josephine Traub, Sybill Orr, Edward Sieg. Sophomores: Grace Bounds, Nelta Beckett, Edith Beery, Sin Fa Chan, Elizabeth Cobb, Elizabeth Gmann, Helene Herndon, Marilouise Lockwood, Robert McCuen, Carol Mayhew, Augusta Oelschig, Odessa Poythress, Cecil Reinstein, Electa Robertson, David Robinson, Janet Rushing, Sidney Smith, Celia Stevens, Harold Sutker, Solomon Sutker, Herbert Traub, Harry Truchet.

"I'm trying to forget a beautiful, shapely blonde, but I'm afraid that only one thing will help me to forget."

"What's that, whiskey?"
"No, a date with a beautiful, shapely brunette like yourself."

Irish Emigrant (watching a group of gulls flying over the New York harbor): "But that's a fine flock of pigeons."

Sailor: "Say, buddy, that's gulls."

Irishman: "Wot of it? Gulls or boys, they're a fine flock of pigeons."

He: "I suppose you dance?"
She: "Oh, yes, I love to."
He: "Great, that's better than dancing."

—Humbug.

Epidemic

Mrs. Eskimo: "Well, where have you been for the past six months?"
Mr. Eskimo: "My dear, I've just been sitting up with a sick friend."

—Log.

Teacher: "Conjugate the verb 'to swim'."

Pupil: "Swim, swam, swum."

Teacher: "Now conjugate the verb 'to dim'."

Pupil: "Dim,—say, are you trying to kid me?"

Bridegroom: "I thee endow with all my worldly goods."

His Father: "There goes his bicycle."

Wife: "What's the idea of poking the broom in the baby's face this morning?"

Hubby: "I just wanted him to get used to kissing his grandfather."

—Echo.

Amen Corner

Who was that bold creature we saw from Armstrong, in a big red Mae West hat, New Year's eve?

And what is Louis Givens coming to? Out with Peggy in a fur coat. And Reinstein going high-brow taking scientific Dora Lee to the Poetry Society Meeting? That ought to bring forth some sonnets!

* * *

Are Jeanne and Frank moon-gazing again? From all we hear, the railroads are burning up the tracks, carrying Elizabeth Wallace to C'lina, and also Martha Lee to Albany, Ga., but the shoo-fly did not burn the tracks carrying Romeo Ware into Savannah to see his lady love (?)

* * *

Shucks. Is nothing enduring, and permanent, and all that sort of thing? We have it straight that Ruthie is showering glamour, and do bunnies purr when she's around? My, my: mama, there's that triangle at the door again!

* * *

And we don't think that George and Betsy were inspecting the beach erosion at Tybee. We nominate for the hall of infame: Coats, with 1 date, 2 dates, 3 dates New Year's eve, and couldn't make up her mind!

* * *

Is it strictly necessary for Sol Sutker to walk home in the stimulating company of Fannie?

* * *

Can Mr. D. Robinson explain his presence in the hot dog joint? Gossip says Margaret Egloff doesn't think a certain tall and dark and handsome Jimmie is so bad and vice-versa or whatever it is.

* * *

Bert Cooper defeated the AAA by sending Phelie a China Pig!

MEET, EAT AND CHIN

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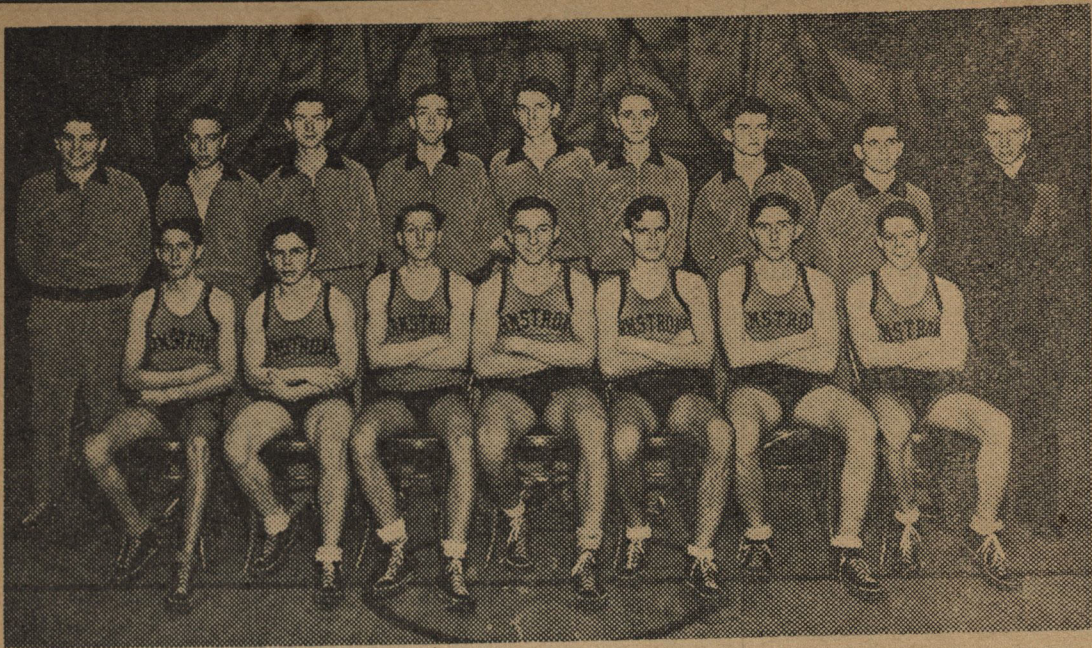
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LAUNDRY



"Samsons" Who Took S. G. T. C. 33 - 29

SPORT CHATTER

For the next two or three months our attentions will be devoted to basket ball and boxing primarily, with a little fencing thrown in. . . . Chick Shiver says that he sure wishes that there was as much interest in the boys' basket ball team as there is in the girls' team. All the boys on the boys' team have been asking Shiver if he didn't need an assistant or if they couldn't help in some way. . . . But the boys come back with the reply that at the first practice of the girls' team Coach was on time for the first time this year. . . . Ask Dreese who it was that thought he was such an "adorable" boy. That's what one of the Pape School girls said about him one day on the way to practice. . . . For the most comical and amusing player on the team it has been agreed upon that Nathan Karni-bad takes the cake. With his "flowing" hair and basket ball trunks that are too large for him, he is a very scream on the practice floor. . . . If you notice any of our boys running around the park, just pass it off because they are just getting their exercise for boxing. . . . Verdery Roberts and Paul Innecken were the first casualties of the boxing squad. The first day in wrestling one split his knee open and the other split his elbow. . . . Ask Eddie Dufour what Coach Crook Smith thought about his playing in the first game. The coach got Eddie mixed up with Jack McLaughlin and congratulated Eddie on his fine game.

There is a dire need for a basket ball court which the college could use at all times. This year with so many teams participating in this sport and with so few available and decent floors, something ought to be done about getting ourselves a court. Wouldn't it be swell if next year or maybe even year after next we could have our own big gym which could not only be used for a basketball floor but it could also be at the convenience of the boxers and fencers. Such a place would not be too very expensive and would certainly prove a valuable addition to the college. Right now Coach Shiver is having the hardest time arranging our schedule as every time he arranges a date there is no available hall to play in. So you can see how our own court would come in handy. Coach Shiver has said that his ambition and aim is that some day we will be able to arrange our schedule without having to worry over a floor and with a building that will be able to seat about a thousand people very comfortably.

Eddie Mazo, our basketball coach last year, is now at Benedictine. Eddie last year gave untiringly of his time and efforts in order to put out a creditable team. Faced with a shortage of experienced subs, Eddie went on to put out a team that was a credit to the school. To his efforts at Benedictine, Eddie has all our well-wishes and confidence that he will put out a swell team.

SPORTS

Arthur Jeffords, Editor

Walton Purse, Assistant

Boxing Practice Gets Under Way

On Tuesday, January 5th, boxing practices for the boys of the Junior College were begun under the direction of Robbie Thomson, a well known boxing coach. Practices are being held every day from 5:30 in the afternoon until 7:00 on the third floor of the Armstrong building. These training periods will be continued until the intramural boxing matches and all intercollegiate have been fought.

For the present Coach Thomson is emphasizing condition, and all his efforts are being devoted toward this end and to teaching the boys the rudiments of boxing. Every day each boy must run around Forsyth Park once, shadow box for two minutes, and skip the rope for four minutes. This is the exercise that must be taken outside of the regular training periods. Calisthenics are being given every day in order to strengthen the muscles of the body.

At present the following boys are out for the team: George Patrick, 112; Robert Miller, 118; Lukie Bowyer, 119; Nairn Ross, 124; Paul Innecken, 130; Verdery Roberts, 133; Morton Haas, 131; Bill Norton, 138; Mark Johnson, 140; James McCreery, 150; Jack McLaughlin, 145; Thomas Stokes, 142; Tom Carr, 145; Arthur Phillips, 140; Stockton Dreese, 140; George Stanley, 158; Arthur Cranman, 179; and John Tyre, 183.

The team has some experienced men on it but there is a great lacking of light boxers and very heavy boxers. Most of the boys are centered in about three weights but it is expected that before the team has its first match that there will be more candidates for the squad.

There will be intramural boxing between the two classes and several matches are being arranged with out of town colleges.

For Sale: Good stomach pump. Formerly used by the Dekes. We don't need it any more--no stomachs left.

—Octopus.

The bright young pupil looked long and thoughtfully at the second examination question, which read: "State the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States in any given year." Then his brow cleared and he wrote: "1492--none."

—Humbug.

The English language is a funny thing. Tell her that time stands still when you look into her eyes, and she'll adore you, but just try telling her that her face would stop a clock!

—Exchange.

—Or move over to the Alkali side.

—Pointer.

Girls To Have Basket Team

Basketball practice for girls got under way the first week of the winter quarter on Wednesday, January 6th, under the coaching of Chick Shiver. Practices are being held every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 3:30 to 4:30 in the afternoon at the Chatham Artillery court. At present no definite schedule has been arranged but it is thought that the girls will play South Georgia Teachers College, Richmond Academy, and probably several preliminaries to the boys' games.

No varsity squad has been chosen yet but there are about twenty girls out for the team. These include: Lettermen, Edith Beery, Pauline Cargill, Walton Purse, Mary Carolyn Meadows, Martha Lee, and Janet Rushing. Others are: Louise and Carolyn Mayhew, Elizabeth Pierce, Callie Morris, Elizabeth Wallace, Bette Williams, Electa Robertson, Grace Bounds, Nelle Laughlin, and Helen Breenan.

So far the practices have been devoted to the fundamentals of the game. The girls have been practicing foul shooting, passing, and dribbling. However as soon as the girls get in condition regular scrimmages will be held and plays will be taught them.

Who's Who

(Continued from page 1)

9 Reuben KronstadtG	5.7	2
10 Jack McLaughlin (ac)	F	5.10	1
11 Robert Lanier (c)F	6.0	*2
12 George LeonF	5.5	*2
13 Coleman Mopper	G	5.10	*2
14 Arthur Cranman	C	6.1	1
15 Stockton Dreese	F	5.11	2

(*) Letter men from last year.

Lives there a man with soul so dead

Who to himself hath never said:
"Well, this one is different?"

—Punch Bowl.

I am a little prairie flower,
Growing wilder every hour.
Nobody tries to cultivate me.
I stink.

—Widow.

I sneezed a sneeze into the air;
It fell to ground I knew not where.
But hard and cold were the looks
of those
In whose vicinity I snoze.

—Epitome.

Professor: "I won't begin today's lecture until the room settles down."

Voice from Rear: "Go home and sleep it off, old man."

—Gags and Giggles.

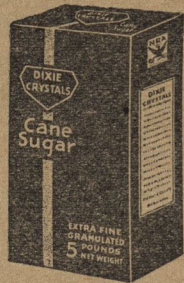
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Savannah Sugar Refinery

To whom it may concern: I do not go with Jeannette Egloff, and will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her. (Signed) Robert Heriot.—Adv.

Shucks, Robert, anybody would pay her debts.—Ed.

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Collegiate Digest

• NATIONAL COLLEGE NEWS IN PICTURE AND PARAGRAPH •

Issue 12



They're all ladies-men

Princeton University Triangle Club members begged the audience to "Take It Away" when they presented their annual musical comedy. Here's a scene from the 1936 production.

Pictures, Inc.



Return

One-time friends, classmates and professors of Arlington Brugh declared a college holiday at Pomona College last month when Hollywood's No. 1 lady's man returned to his alma mater as Robert Taylor of the films. He's shown at the left trying to write in the books of each of the mob that fought to get near him.



They're seeking chapters at other institutions, too

C.L.A.C.A. These are the initials of the "Two Can Live As Cheaply Association" that University of Oregon student married les have formed to promote the interests of their kind. Founders are (l to r) Reinhart Isen, Mrs. Knudsen, Mrs. Howard Kessler and Mr. Kessler.

Digest Photo by Geehan



Battle

When Manhattan College basketballers defeated Brooklyn College, 31 to 22, fast action was featured in almost every minute of play. Here are Capt. Jack McGuirk of Manhattan and Rosenblum of Brooklyn fighting under the Manhattan cage.

International



This is world's first verse-speaking choir

New Art Important among the concert arts developed at U.S. colleges and universities is that of the verse-speaking choir developed at Mundelein College (Chicago) during the three years following first experiments there in 1933. It has gained nation-wide acclaim since that time, and is heard regularly on the airwaves.

LISTEN: At Iowa You Can Cut If You're Near a Radio



Lecture

The lecture goes in here . . .

And students all over the city and state listen to Prof. F. J. Lazell's lectures on the "History and Ethics of Journalism." His is one of five regular courses broadcast by WSUI direct from University of Iowa classrooms.



Bed

And comes out here—for greatest comfort—

Florence Barr, in her room at the Alpha Chi Omega house, has her radio bring her early morning class to her bedside.



Date

Here—for the

Edgar Cochrane and Jean takes notes so both will



Easy Chairs

Here—for easy-chair relaxation

Ethel Grassfield and Margie Fastenow prefer the comfortable chairs of the Iowa Memorial Union to hard classroom seats.



Bullsession

And here—for utmost freedom in making side comments

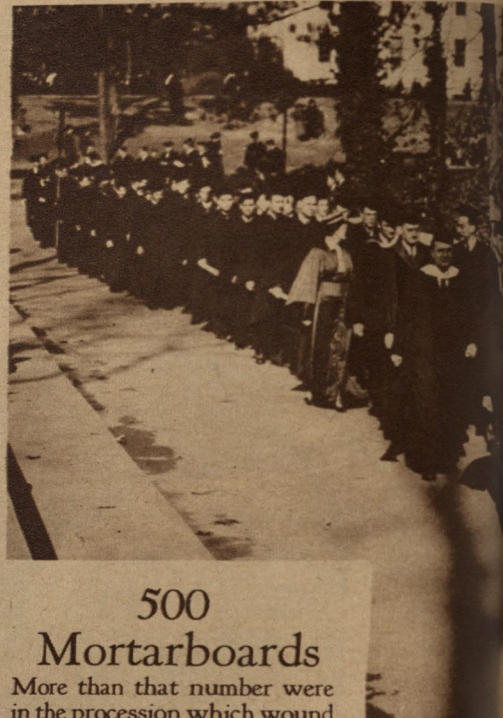
These students relax while their professor stands before a microphone blocks away. Bill McClanahan takes notes for the group, while Harold Manders and Jack Watson take it easy. Their host is the man with the pipe, Harold Benzing.



They're playing for Williams College's Museum of American Music

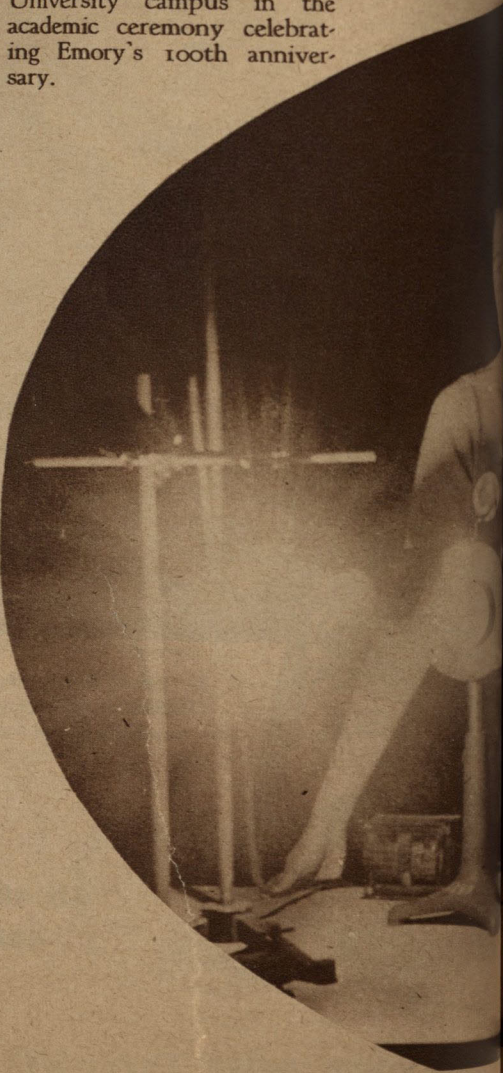
Benefit Paul Whiteman, famed glorifier of American jazz, is shown holding his baton over his own and the Philadelphia Symphony orchestras in a concert that was an artistic mingling of symphonic and classical music. Whiteman's men are in white dress suits, the Symphony's members in black.

International



500 Mortarboards

More than that number were in the procession which wound across the beautiful Emory University campus in the academic ceremony celebrating Emory's 100th anniversary.



Raymeter

Northwestern's Prof. W. S. Huxford and Marian Ferrell test a new meter for measuring intensity of ultra-violet rays. It'll be used to test therapeutic units and intensity of sun.

Acme



Boys Meet Girls

But this time it was on the Drexel Institute field in Philadelphia, where men have invaded a sport that was hitherto reserved only for the co-eds. Notice that they have also adopted the feminine uniforms.

International



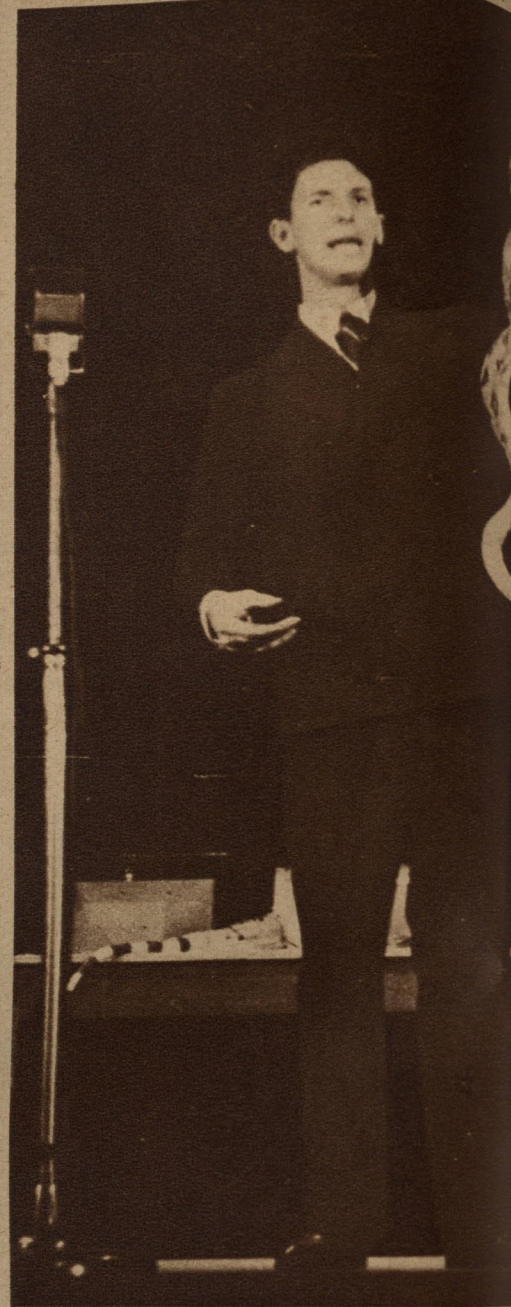
When those northern winds are howling . . .

Cozy Popcorn and an open fire are a popular combination on winter Sunday evenings at Colby College in Waterville, Maine. Here we find Helen Kelly, James Glover, Alice Dignam and William Deans enjoying a quiet evening in a campus home.

COLLEGIATE DIGEST PHOTO BY J. C. SMITH



"Strummin' Sam" That's the new "Slingin' Sam" Baugh, famous forward-passer of Texas Christian University, after they heard strumming away at his guitar after the close of strenuous Horned Frogs' football schedule. The drum majorette is holding the music for him.



Here's a scientific snake act Charmer Jim Dannaldson, University of Southern California reptile expert, gave a baby boa constrictor during the illustrated lecture at Los Angeles Junior College.

COLLEGIATE DIGEST PHOTO BY L.



Battle Rider College and Princeton basketballers fight for the ball in game won by the tigers, 22-15.



Campus theater attraction Original The organologue song novelties that Bob Van Camp improvises for his regular semi-weekly appearances in the Duke University campus theater bring packed houses for every performance. The university junior is shown at the console of the 12-unit organ.

COLLEGIATE DIGEST PHOTO BY B. M. Patrick



Speech When baseball's Dizzy Dean addressed a crowd of University of Florida students Batsman Paul Waner had to close his eyes so he could get the full meaning of this dean's words of wisdom.



Exercise makes beef meat more tender Disproving a popular belief, University of Illinois college of agriculture scientists have proven, after extensive tests, that when cattle are exercised the meat from them is more tender. Above are two of the cattle used in the tests and the treadmill apparatus on which they were forced to exercise.



"No, no, a thousand times no!" says College President Oakie M.C. Because he absorbed a lot of "College Rhythm" when he played in a picture with the same name, Cinemactor Jack Oakie, tough guy and no-man, is the college press on a new college Caravan program aired on CBS on Tuesdays. He will be surrounded by numerous young comedians and two "name" bands.



Only Spanish exchange student in U.S. today Senor Jose Gomez-Ibanez is far from his home in war-torn Spain where his father is a professor of mathematics at the University of Madrid, for he is an exchange student at Oberlin College.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

STEEL TOMAHAWK PIPE

THAT COMBINATION TOMAHAWK AND PIPE THE INDIANS USED MUST HAVE SMOKED HOT

PROBABLY A METAL BOWL IS RATHER PRIMITIVE

AS A MATTER OF FACT, MY PIPE SMOKES HOT AS BLAZES

YOUR PIPE WOULD BE O.K. WITH THE TOBACCO BUILT FOR COOLNESS—PRINCE ALBERT

SOUNDS PRACTICAL, JUDGE

SURE IT IS. P.A. IS SCIENTIFICALLY CRIMP CUT — IT PACKS SNUGLY IN A PIPE — SMOKES MILD AND MELLOW —

WHAT'S MORE — P.A. NEVER BITES THE TONGUE — THERE'S JOY GALORE IN THAT TASTY P.A. FLAVOR

EACH PUFF ADDS VOLUME TO YOUR STORY, JUDGE

PRINCE ALBERT

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PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

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(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
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PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



He doctors trees for an education

Surgeon Jim "Feedo" Bailey, star Westminster College football player, is earning his way through college by curing the sick and ailing trees on the campus of his alma mater, a job at which he is an expert.



They settle controversial organization battles

Peacemakers Temple University has recently organized a committee that settles all disputes concerning controversial organizations in the social, political and economic fields. Sociology Professor J. Stewart Burgess is chairman of the group that is making much headway in peaceably ending all organization disputes on Temple's metropolitan campus. COLLEGIATE DIGEST Photo by Milton J.

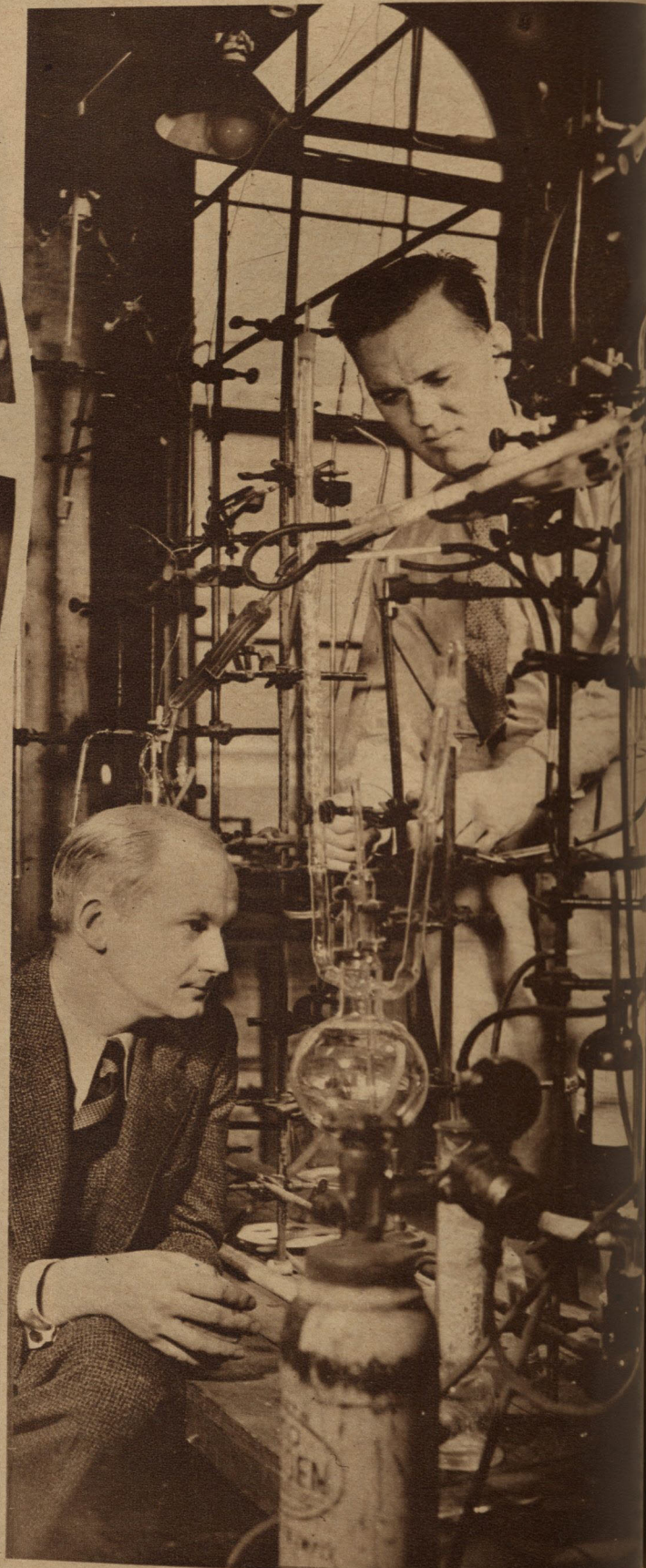


Farce And that's what Cornell University students think of a state legislator's investigation of "communistic" activities on their campus. Here's part of the mock communist group that burned the freshman "bible" that contained the "damaging" evidence.



They're Dartmouth's champion skiers

Lettermen Above are the eleven lettermen that form the backbone of the famous Dartmouth College ski team. (L to r) Tige Chamberlin, Dick Durrance, Jack Durrance, Steve Bradley, Dave Bradley, Howard Chivers, Coach Walter Prager, Ted Hunter, Ed Meservey, Capt. Warren Chivers, Meservey, John Litchfield.



A truly international chemical laboratory

Scientists Great Britain and Germany join hands in chemical research laboratories of Brown University. C. C. Schmelzer of Jena University, Germany, and Ed G. Taylor, of the University College of Swansea, Wales, are working together on electrolytes in solution.

School Heads Praise Big Day

Active Week-end Good for School Spirit Is Consensus of Opinion; Hope Is for Closer Association

Commenting on the "College Day" celebration to be held here over the week-end, principals of the city's preparatory schools unanimously favored the combined social and athletic program, and expressed themselves as hoping for closer association of the schools with the college in the future.

M. M. Phillips, principal of Savannah High School, said he thought it an "excellent thing" for Armstrong to have a big week-end. He seemed to think it fine for the college to invite the seniors to the annual ball.

"Establishing social relations—yes, yes, I think it is a good thing," he said.

Mother Stella Maris of St. Vincent's agreed with him.

"It encourages the girls in good feeling for Armstrong," she declared.

Miss Nina Pape, principal of Pape School, thought the college "shows a friendly spirit. I think it is awfully nice to ask the seniors

(Continued on page 4)

Salvemini Talks With Reporter

Warns Against Suppression of Free Speech and Assembly; Says Bread and Insecurity Stirs to Action

When a friend of mine greeted Gaetano Salvemini in Italian, he was so pleased that he invited us to visit him the next morning.

Our knock upon his hotel door was answered by thick accent . . . Kom-eeen! Would we learn anything of real value?

It is fascinating to probe into a man's mind, and find what you can of his intellectual powers, his personality, his qualities of hope or despair, his courage. . . .

All experience is kin. Dr. Salvemini was an unaffected, witty man off-stage. He seemed to enjoy talking like a man who was recounting travels. He awaited our questions with the alert manner due to the complex subject—man.

All experience is kin, and Dr. Salvemini spoke of our Sicilian climate, of the charm and hospitality of our people, . . . and this encouraged us to talk freely.

Fascism in America? He declared it the main threat to democracy. Its methods? Vigilantes.

(Continued on page 2)

"College Day" Program Will Be Climaxed With Belmont Abbey Cage Game Saturday Night

Literary Society To Reorganize

Plans are being made to reorganize the Armstrong Literary Society, a very active student club of last year. Mention was made last week to one Sidney Smith, vice president of last year's club, that it was high time to reorganize.

The effect was electric. "Unless further notice is posted on the bulletin board, the first meeting will be held Monday, February 15," quoth Mr. Smith.

He went on to say that until now the enlargement of the school had created such a bevy of cross interests that a club based on high class mental recreation could not have found its deserved place.

Program For College Day Is Announced

The program for "College Day" has been announced as follows: (Any change will be posted on the bulletin board)

Friday
Tea dance at five. College auditorium.
Stunt night at eight. College auditorium.
Saturday
Pep meeting at ten. College auditorium.
Tour of city at eleven-thirty. Leave from Armstrong building.
Fencing tournament at three. College auditorium.
Basketball games at seven. Municipal auditorium.
College ball at nine. College auditorium.

Family Life Is Studied

The first few weeks of the "Family Relationships" course has been concerned with looking up the meaning of family life in primitive societies, Greek and Roman times, among the Barbarians, colonial American families, and tracing the marked difference of the civilizations among Eskimos, East Indians, American Indians, and certain savage African tribes.

Probably the most interesting part of the course comes now, as the students learn why one family is stable while another with apparently the same social and economic outlook is always on the verge of collapse.

The students say American women have traveled a long, long way in gaining equality with the men, and that if anybody is unconvinced, he is cordially invited to sit in on Sociology 60 at ten o'clock . . . a rather argumentative hour.

Armstrong Loses

The G. M. C. basketball quint gave Armstrong their first defeat of the year on January 16 in a rough and tumble game, 33-31. McLaughlin and Lanier of Armstrong, Dunn, Rosier, and Searcy of G.M.C. turned in some sterling work.

Fascism Denounced

Gaetano Salvemini, noted Italian lecturer and Harvard College professor, made an address before the Community Forum January 12 in the college auditorium, condemning the dictatorship of Mussolini in a bitter denunciation of Fascism. President Lowe introduced the speaker.

Mayor Hitch Greets Students

As I said in my inaugural address last month, it was gratifying to see an institution of higher learning established in this city of culture; and I am intensely interested in the progress of Armstrong Junior College.

You, as students, are playing an important part in the development of your college, since it will be judged ultimately by what its graduates accomplish.

The city, through the college commission, will be in close touch with the officials and faculty of the college. I hope I may also become acquainted with the students personally, and I am looking forward to attending many of your extra curricula activities. I trust you will consider me a close friend.

Robert M. Hitch,
Mayor of Savannah.

Biology Goes High Hat In New Lab

The raving reporter, having been invited to tea on the terrace of the new biology lab, climbed three flights in the Armstrong building to have a look in at the swells last week.

Time was, he mused, when zo students were regular folks. Why he could even remember when they occupied the basement of the Lane building. But now, amid hardwood floors and windowed walls, they go about their business with an air of superiority.

The r.r. was welcomed by the prof., who was busy soaking specimens.

"What's in that bottle, prof., formaldehyde?"

"Oh, my, no. We don't use that any more: this is oil of winter-green."

"Some class."

"Beg pardon?"

"I was just saying this a fine class."

"Glad you like it. Show the uh . . . uh . . . gentleman around, Mr. Robinson."

"How about putting my picture in the paper," said Robinson.

"Nuts," said the r.r.

In full dress, the dashing young scientists moved about with gusto. Gusto was in full dress too. They tried to explain the difference between veterbrates and inveterbrates to the r.r., but it was too technical. One had a backbone, but you can't expect the r.r. to remember everything.

"How about my picture," said Robinson.

"Nuts," said the r.r.

Then the prof. came over, rapped for order with a toothpick, and surveyed the studious assemblage and the classy equipment. You could of heard a pin drop.

"Gentlemen," he said proudly, "science has at last come into her own."

Plan Approved

The college commission approved on January 15 a plan to change the operation of the college board, reducing the number of members from fourteen to eight, the mayor and President of the County Board of Education becoming ex-officio members and the remaining six to be chosen from the city at large. This is intended to remove any chance of politics affecting the operation of the college in years to come.

North Carolina State Champs Meet Armstrong At Muny Auditorium; Girls Will Open With City Leaguers

On Saturday night at the Municipal Auditorium, the Cagemen of Armstrong Junior College will play the basketball team from Belmont Abbey College of North Carolina at 8:30. This game will mark the peak of the Jr. Colleges season and seems destined to be the biggest basketball event of the year in Savannah.

Belmont Abbey is bringing here a championship ball club, having won eight games this year while losing only two. Last year they were champions of the North Carolina Junior College Conference and they are leading the conference again this year.

A large crowd is expected at this game as there is quite a number of Belmont alumni in Savannah and they are expected to be on hand to cheer their alma mater.

One of the stars for Belmont Abbey is Mahany Ray, a Savannah boy and a graduate of Benedictine. Mahany played for Benedictine last year and was one of their dependable players. Incidentally Mahany will be playing against three of his old teammates when Belmont plays Armstrong as McLaughlin, Cranman, and Dupont all played on Benedictine last year. This year Mahany has been playing good ball and is slated to start at guard for Belmont.

This game is being widely publicized and it is hoped that every Armstrong student will be on hand to cheer their team on. The cheer leaders will be there and quite a bit of pep and enthusiasm promises to be shown.

Belmont is coached by H. A. Wheeler who is on alumnus of Illinois. He has drilled his team in the use of the fast break and such a style of play always appeals to the public. His team is spotted with stars, the foremost one of which is Captain "Buddy" Crump, a forward, who is regarded as the best Junior College forward in North Carolina. Crump has been the guiding spirit of his team all this year and by their record has certainly turned in a creditable job.

Another outstanding player for Belmont is John Meyer, their center. He is not very tall as centers usually are but he makes up for his lack of height by the fact that he has averaged 12 points a game so far this season.

Butch Hudacek, a guard, who is from West Virginia, is considered the best high school cageter ever to come out of the Ohio valley. He has been the very backbone of their defense all this year. The other members of the squad are Couturier, Burger, Ferguson, Rankin, Hamm, and O'Leary.

Opposing this array of talent is our own group of stars who, according to Coach Shiver, are ready and able to take these boys from Belmont. Coach Shiver has been scrimmaging our boys daily and has declared that they are in the best shape and condition of the year. As usual Captain Bunny Lanier and Jack McLaughlin will lead the Armstrong players in this big basketball event.

The preliminary, which will begin at 7:30, will feature the first appearance of the girls basketball team of Armstrong. They are stronger than last year having all the star players again on the team. They will meet the Veterans team, a members of the City League.

The probable lineup for the boys game:

Armstrong	Belmont
McLaughlin 10.f.	Crump-C (22)
Lanier-C (11).f.	Couturier (24)
Cranman (4).c.	Meyer (15)
Karnibad (3).g.	Hudacek (21)
Leon (12).g.	Ray (23)

Phi Delta Mu Will Honor Pledges

Phi Delta Mu, the first of the sororities started this year, has pledged the following: Adele Ketchum, Mary Garrard, Cecelia Travis, Sibyl Orr, and Pat Dodd. They will honor their new sisters at a gala event soon.

Delta Chi Holds Tap Service

Delta Chi had a pledge service at school on Friday evening, January 29. They have pledged the following girls: Christine Crawford, Emily Gould, Georgia Rose Otto, Gere Jenkins, Georgia Anna Hill, Edith Berry, Lillian Cooper, Martha Lee, Evelyn Groot, Lella Cason, Gladys Von Oshen, Carolyn Meadows, Jane Chapman. Their sponsor is not a faculty wife as are the other two, but is a well known club worker of Savannah, Mrs. B. S. Barnes, who brings them a wealth of experience in club activities.

"Three-Cornered Moon" Well Done

College Thespians Impress Brilliant Audience in First Play; Ability and Training Reflected in Gay Performance

Ripples of spontaneous laughter and moments of close attention were the applause of the distinguished audience which filled Armstrong Auditorium last Friday night to see "Three Cornered Moon."

The comedy was an auspicious Opus 1 for the Savannah Players, in acting, in characterization, as well as in details of setting and lighting.

The place of the play was very well timed, and although it suffered a little from over-tenseness of manner, yet the lines and attitudes were natural and effective, and at the climaxes there was noticeable a very flattering attentiveness in the audience. Director Keach deserves much applause for the general smooth finish which showed in many details throughout the performance and which are expected usually only in professional performances.

Best scene was when Mrs. Rimplegar was explaining her mystical dealings in stocks and bonds to the entire family. The gestures, pantomime, balance of

attitudes were very well done, perhaps because the cast so well supported each other.

Remembered incidents: Bertram's awed exit "20,000 words!" . . . Jenny's subtle admiration of the flowers . . . Carolyn Oliver's quick-changing moods in the scene concerning Donald . . . McCuen's smooth, easy naturalness and quick crescendos . . . Miss Monroe's portrayal of naive Mrs. Rimplegar . . . the starway scene between Elizabeth and Dr. Stevens . . . Bertram's anguish upon reading the newspaper (well supported by the rest) . . . and Dr. Steven's really good acting, especially towards the end when his general humor changed.

And obviously, Kitty must not be forgotten, brief though her part was, and she showed up well in details of her performance. . . . Mrs. Rimplegar was swell, and strangely reminded us of Frank McHugh's likable character in "Three Men on a Horse."

The set was first-class Brooklyn, and very good was the smooth way the lights were handled; in fact, there was little which care could do which was not done to make the performance very amusing and effective as a light stage comedy. It put everybody in a good humor.

—Staff Critic.

THE INKWELL

Official Student Organ,
Armstrong Junior College
of Savannah, Georgia

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College Day

It is to be hoped the activity planned for the week-end will reflect genuine college spirit. The occasion will be the first all-college event we have undertaken, and should stir up some real excitement.

It is not at all uncommon for collegiate festivities of this kind to last three or four days, leaving the student body tired and happy. Let us not say then that one and a half days of utter joy, complete freedom, and unexcelled entertainment are too much. This is the stuff memories are made of.

Every activity, from the tea dance Friday afternoon until the last swing of the annual ball Saturday night, should be attended in full. Missing an event will be knocking a hole in the program for yourself.

And remember, we are all to dress for the basketball game as we are to attend the ball; for as hosts, we shall have to rush back to the ballroom to be on hand when our guests arrive. See you there, and there, and there—CUT LOOSE!

Why?

The declaration by Gaetano Salvemini, Italian exile, in his recent lecture here that he expected war to break out before the end of the year is not so startling as it would seem. Certainly the rumblings in the papers concerning militaristic moves on the continent should have forewarned us of his assertion.

Threats of war are treated very strangely. War is glorified as heroic and condemned as horrible at the same time.

But the point of the thing was most neatly brought by William Lyon Phelps in his address at the Savannah Rotary Club. Speaking of poetry, he said the striking thing about Homer's Trojan War was that every soldier on either side knew exactly why he was fighting. The obvious implication (or so we took it) was that in other and later wars most of the participants had no idea why they were slaying each other.

Youth shoots youth with smooth, manufactured bullets from well oiled rifles, equipped with bayonet attachments. Youth cuts youth with sharp knives, stainless, patented, guaranteed to gash with both edges. Why?

Annual

The name, 'Geechee which has been applied to the year-book, seems to be quite appropriate. It certainly is distinctive for a Savannah institution among state names. Short, snappy, it is all in all a very good name for the book.

The announcement by Editor Murphy of *The 'Geechee* telling of the beauty contest for sophomore women sounded ominous. We wonder if he were going to pick the beauties... "A woman scorned"... but the oh so brilliant editor caught himself on the verge and recovered by saying pictures of the beauties, chosen by the student body, would be sent to some Hollywood heart harpioneer to be judged. Shucks.

H 2 O

It has been brought to our attention that the college buildings are lacking in water founts. Looking around, we note there is but one fount to serve all three buildings. And water from this fount has lately been tinged with a gaseous taste.

It would be a fine idea if the two water coolers, which were used last year, were replaced. We suggest one be placed on the first floor of the Armstrong building and one in the Lane building.

They say this actually went on in class: Lanier—"Dr. Dyer, do you think the late King Edward showed strength of mind in giving up his throne for love of Mrs. Simpson?"

That was a sticker, but here's the right answer (quite coy, too): Dr. Dyer—"Well, now, I don't know Mrs. Simpson."



Foreman M. Hawes

Issued Dedicated To F. M. Hawes

From having a small, dumb Chemistry class last Winter, Mr. Hawes has increased his classes to include a large, dumb Chemistry class and a huge brilliant Physical Science class this Winter. Mr. Hawes himself is still just as nice and informal as he was then, though. He still whistles, wears a hat cockeyedly, and gets chalk on his suit every day.

Mr. Hawes is a Georgia man. He received his B. S. from Mercer and his M. A. from Emory and he taught at Emory and Tech before coming here. He decided to study Chemistry after his first class in it, back in 1919. Evidently it was a wise choice because he is very well known as a Chemist and will have a Ph. D. soon, probably. When he came to Savannah he was welcomed by all the outstanding men in his field, people at the Sugar Refinery, the Southern Cotton Oil Co., and the new Union Bay Company. In case, like this reporter, you hadn't found out yet what that field is, Mr. Hawes specializes in Analytic Chemistry.

You can't know much about a successful man unless you know something about his wife, according to Ruth Purdy and maybe Shakespeare. Mrs. Hawes is one of the nicest of the Faculty Wives. She has a delightful sense of humor, is very sensible, quiet, and capable. Red hair distinguishes her in any group and her charming smile has made her popular with the students. She is frequently seen with Mrs. Keach* since they live near each other on Whitaker Street.

That is Mrs. Hawes. Mr. Hawes also has a sense of humor, a very dry wit, and an individual grin. (One co-ed said that it is just like Walter Huston in "Dodsworth"). He is, like Calvin Coolidge, a man of few words. In the laboratory he is another person and when he has the new one in the basement of Armstrong Building, we'll see very little of him, but get a cordial welcome down there, and hear some good jokes.

* Mother of Professor Keach.

Salvemini Talks

(Continued from page 1)

the Black Legion, demagoguery, suppression of free-speech and assembly. How familiar all this is, if only we are sincere about our precious bill of rights, which Jefferson foresaw would be needed.

Would social change here be similar to European experience? No, it would likely be different, but the United States must guard against its special groups which would be self-appointed arbiters of justice. We must stick to the law, and enforce the law, if necessary by civil action against dictators. By force, if necessary against the Black legions, to maintain our traditions of liberalism and fair play.

What should we aim for? Security for all people, old age pensions, and other means to spread purchasing power now inadequate to absorb the effective production of American industry. Dr. Salvemini decried the thought that inequality of wealth creates

On Sophistication And Charm

—Article—

With January, a new term, fresh subjects, and need for refurbishing New Year resolves, the following seemed apropos.

"The self-sophisticated person, having discovered something of the behavior of human nature, loses his ideals and becomes blasé. The thoroughly sophisticated man will learn all he can of his origin, of the origin of his emotions and ideals, and yet will keep the ideals remembering that they too are natural, and the best part of nature at that—

"The attitude of lawlessness, the most widely noted symptom of our sophistication, can be illustrated from the three general fields of the home, education, and of religion. Most of our debates about the modern world have to do with these regions—

"From history, from physiology, from anthropology, any well-read person now knows that much of what was once considered sacred and God-sent had either a casual or a very animal origin. If you interrupt me to say that the origin is unimportant so long as the casual origin has been transfigured by the spirit, I shall agree with you. Your remark shows that you are a properly sophisticated person—"

—John Erskine, *Redbook*.

On that fairly elusive quality, "Charm," an article thus intitled from a *Vogue* comes some definitions.

Elsie de Worfe: "Charm is the most important attribute of the human character, the most indefinable, and the only thing that can not be acquired. Many beautiful women have none. It is unanswerable, undissectible. It is born in people—the only thing that separates them from the rest of the human herd.

"When I was a little girl, my mother used to say, 'Be pretty if you can, be witty if you must, but be agreeable if it kills you.'"

And Frances Robinson-Duff: "Not only does charm consist in having a knowledge of the true art of living, but the true art of living develops charm. In France, the genius of the great actress, Madame Rejane, was described as a kind of finesse, uniting nervous force with wicked ease and mastery of charm.

"If you wish to have charm in order to speak well, you must think well. Expression must always be from within out. Training can do much for you, but it can not do all that is possible unless there is cultivation of the mind and spirit, too. The mind always governs and is revealed through the voice. The more generously, the more courageously, the more sympathetically, the more graciously and intelligently one speaks, the finer the expression will be, and therefore, the greater the charm. A famous writer defined charm by saying, 'If you have charm, nothing else matters, and if you haven't charm, it does not matter what else you have.'"

So make the most of these classes today for these college days will do much in developing your mind and with that, charm will not elude you.

—Eleanor Murphy.

dangerous discontent: only bread and insecurity stir people to action. You remember Rabelais? Empty stomachs have no ears.

One vulnerable position he took: that happiness is not greatly dependent upon material welfare. A man's children turn out badly? He is unhappy. His wife is unfaithful? He is unhappy, although he may have plenty of money. No doubt this is true, but I have never heard anyone write poems about the joy of riches and have to argue to prove it.

Thus by no exact laws did we talk, as in science, yet we thought that much had truth in it. We descend to Bull street and again see the exact case of the general propositions we have been talking about; men and women, hurrying living, worrying.

History, this year and a thousand years ago, inevitably changing, growing, moving. Think back over the history we have ourselves partially comprehended. Remember

Diogenes' Lamp

Editor's Note.—The opinions expressed in this column are entirely those of Mr. Diogenes, and have no connection with the editorial policy of this paper.

Old King Cole

"The king and queen did eat there of,
And noble men besides;
And what they could not eat the night,
The queen next morning fried."

One dark day, during high school days, the water pipe began leaking, during Latin class. Latin was then very dull, so nat., I was ready for fun. It took only a minute to draw up a sign: "Crystal lake boats for hire."

An audible titter went up from the listless boys; what fun! And everything would of been all right if a fathead on the back row had not guffawed, crudely & loudly.

The teacher was about fed up with the general inattention in the class, so he acidly announced that I was then & there elected a charter member of a special "Don't Care" class, which he then & there created. Punishment: Stand outside in the hall until convinced you intend to study.

But it wasn't so bad; I tiptoed down the hall and got books to read, and almost didn't desire to return to class at all. One time I got hold of a book on the middle ages, and I drank in the somber, adventurous color of that age.

How dull life today seemed when compared to that! I regretfully thought that everything was getting a little bit to perfect. The league of nations had cured war law was finished, custom was set. Everything finished?

Then I got out of school and landed plop in the depression. I began to see not the honeyed savior's-book picture, but real people in terrible doubt; I began to read more. I met Clarence Darrow, heard Galileo after his famous trial, I began to learn cum grano salis, with a grain of salt, to examine things more critically & skeptically.

Life dull? Finished?

If only you see clearly, at once you see that this is not so. Perhaps it is a sign of the greatest wisdom to admit humbly that you know nothing. Always probing more deeply into apparently simple things. Galileo was right, the world does move, always and forever. And what a grand conception this is—what confidence it gives you to be at last on firm intellectual ground, where you have only to grow, and not be lost in intellectual matters. Scepticism is the father of the scientific attitude, and it is dangerous only to error & superstition.

Nomination for the world's most inane speech:

"Theirs not to question why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die."
And return their fatuous braint to the worms for the glory of what? Are we mice or men, etc.

John Strachey on the tragic view of life: "At all times in the past man's life has been the subject of tragedy... that point of view which is the one thing which the great writers of all the ages have had in common, is an effort to ameliorate the lot of man, not seeking to conceal or deny the weighty unbearable necessities of man's existence, but by offering the example of ill-fortune faced consciously and stoically by undaunted men."

—Diogenes.

that under the cold facts of statistics lie human hearts, hoping that great pathetic hope for happy manking, singing, working, making love—growing!

And torn ruthlessly from the dream, see also that hope turned to a desperate cry, like the man of Italy fallen on Ethiopian fields with above them the circling vultures, ready for prey.

Above men are vultures, ready for prey, who would pick out their eyes, their knowledge, and their tongues, free speech, and their integrity; Fascism, the worst threat to American democracy.

Tales Of Modern China

—Book Review—

We look upon the middle ages as a time of quaint, unreal beliefs. The future will no doubt look upon us (at least our active side) in the same way. . . . Why! They thought they had conquered superstition! and look. . . .

Books written today are judged largely by the criteria of yesterday and today. Those which will be revered in the future for their truth, may be unnoticed in the rush now.

Even the types of adventure change; Richard Harding Davis, the hard-hitting hero of the newspapers in the naive age, would be a child today, a romantic who saw purple while building profits for the imperialists, and profits are written in black.

Erdberg prefaces his book with the following quotations: "It is not so long ago that China served as an example of a country in a state of age-long stagnation. But now political life is seething in China; the social movement is stirring the country (the following of the great Sun Yat Sen). Hundreds of millions of the down-trodden population (the animals for loading, working) who had become docile in their medieval stagnation, have now awakened to the new life and to the struggle for the elementary rights of man. . . ." Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson?

Shucks, Richard Harding Davis, you don't know nothin' . . . Adventure? "Tales" is not a banal tome. The blurb says "you can't put it down," and that is true. Parts of the book suffer from a little too much purple and mystical fate, but who cares for the defect when the main design is worthy? Mozart said, "He who judges me by my worst works is a knave."

Of Erdberg, the author, I know nothing, nor is anything to be found in who's who. Perhaps he is among the things to come that Wells dreams so hopefully. But one book is not enough to decide on.

When I was fourteen I thought that the world was in danger of complete rest. I did not know enough about science, nor about history, nor about man, to realize that we in a period of the most intense historical change. In the years to come the whole world appears to be adjusting itself to the industrial techniques, or, possibly to a new Spenglerian feudal twilight if war. . . . From this perspective, and from my own perspective, I cannot recognize innate differences in mankind, therefore: "The Civilization of China," by Herbert Giles, seems like a rather useless book to be writing today. Travel books and etiquette books are piffle, not to be read by people with brains. Such books are alright as hobbies for authors but that is all.

Giles makes the mistake of speaking about China as if it were detached from the world, and as if it were a remarkable child, yet China is no child . . . it has seen so much, it has invented so much, and it is doing so much now.

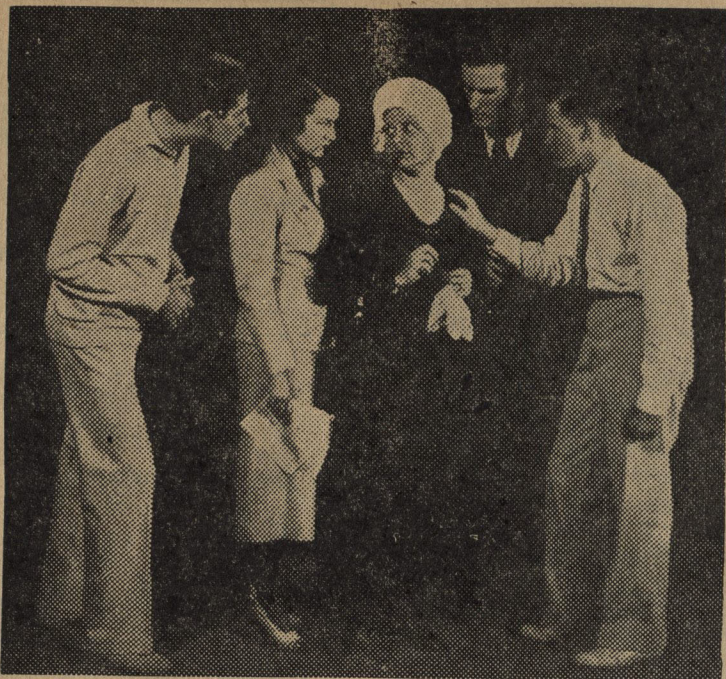
History is going to be absolutely exotic in the next hundred years, because it will have all the essentials of drama: conflict, intense emotion, action, and a titanic plot, bigger than any of the characters, the sell-out Chian Kai-Shek, the sprawling Jajs, the frightened English, the clog-step foreigners who have scattered China like scraps to be chewed, and sold, and ledgered.

Sinologists are a rare breed of people who collect data about China as others collect facts, or butterflies. Therefore, do not read their piffle, because they are doddering old dodecuples, who forget the all-important now! Now!

—H. M.

Correction

Due to a typographical error in a science article last issue, it was stated the gene, unit of heredity, has a maximum volume of a subic centimeter. The fact is, we are informed, a gene has a maximum volume of one-billionth of a cubic centimeter.



Madame Rimplegar And Family

THE AMEN CORNER

The Innocent Bystander

Worth Noticing! Mr. Boyd says that alcohol dries up the system . . . maybe this tip will help some of you boys! What about that gallon of water you drank the other day, DuFour?

Stockton seems to have developed a nice nick-name! How about it, "adorable"?

Ask Turk about that date he had with Mary Virginia! We bet he will blush! Would you blame him, Billy?

What a Sight! You should have seen Cecilia imitating the boxers running around the park!

Keen Rivalry! Stinky and Dupont seem to be having quite a row over Edith Collins! Here's wishing you luck, boys!

We wonder who will get the first promotion Frank or Jack? It looks as tho' Jack is losing out! What about this, Pat?

All the girls are down-hearted after seeing that "red head" at rehearsals with the Prof! Should they give up yet, Mr. Keach?

Is Gregory slipping or is Morton?

Now is time for a dirty remark about George, but we can't think of one, Cecil!

A Little Out of Place! What young lady was seen talking to George, "the crooner," in the men's lounge room in the Lane Building? They're seen together often these days!

Fashions Hit High Peak

By Mac

The Passing Parade: Coleman Mopper rejoining the day school in a new suit that looks very nightish; Mr. Boyd getting in the swing of the spring-like weather with a brand new suit, tie, and socks. And then Mr. Keach's painting uniform plus the rosebud (where'd he get it?). We like Jack Schley's discreet checked shirts with attached stocks.

Campus Comments: We saw a pretty co-ed standing on the front porch one morning in a green and rust plaid skirt with shoes and velveteen shirt of green trimmed in the rust. Why can't we all be that artistic? And then we saw the two Georgia girls looking very stylish in hand knitted suits, one grey and the other green worn with a beautiful handkerchief linen blouse all embroidered and collared in Irish Lace. Is red really as becoming to all of the girls as they think?

Answer: Yes, that's why two or three new ones appear every day.

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GEORGE H. SUMMERELL, Mgr.

Fannie Oast and Mopper were seen studying together lately! It seems that quite a few of the couples use this for an excuse. After all, "a poor excuse is better than none!"

Have Williams and Pierce stopped hitch-hiking these days? What's the matter, who scared you? Lib and Arthur were seen together recently! Is this romance budding again?

"Chick" seems to enjoy coaching the girls' basketball team! We hear that the girls have their way too! What about this, "Chick"?

Dick Horswell seems to throw admirable glances toward that little Alabama girl! Doc's not going to like that, Dick!

Who is the young lady at Florida's State College that Arthur Jeffords is pining for? Does Walton know about this, Arthur?

Hinckly seems to like variety! Is it the girls or does he believe in the saying that "variety is the spice of life"?

Who were the two girls who were fighting over Sol Gonchar and Louis Givens?

Ed Morgan feels romance in the air! What can you do about this, Ophelia? It's up to you!

Dano cares about nothing! Tommy and Turk seem to be concerned about less!

Who is the girl from high school that John Tyre is interested in? Watch your step, everybody.

This Is Jimmy, All Right

Ed Sullivan, columnist on the New York Daily News, writes of a visit to a well known Savannah night spot where James Scarborough tickles the base viol. Members of the orchestra, it must be explained, are clad in bright red hunting habits.

Wrote Sullivan: "The boy playing the bass fiddle was almost as wide across as his instrument, and just how many yards of scarlet cloth were used to envelop his portly figure defies calculation."

Miss Fortson (pointing to edge of picture of ancient Rome): "See this aqueduct coming in here." Morgan (arriving late): "Mam!"

If it's funny enough to tell, it's been told; if it hasn't been told, it's too clean; and if it's dirty enough to interest a freshman, the editor gets kicked out of school. —Kitty Kat.

"Just think. Dan tried to put his arm around me four times last night." "My Gawd! What an arm!"

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Armstrong's Girls' Basketball Team

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—Article—

Already so soon it has come around time for the struggling sophomores to think where they are going to struggle next year. Certainly a good many of us will go up to Athens to continue the pursuit of learning (?). I gave Athens a long look last week. From Wednesday night to Sunday morning was time enough for perceiving many things. First, I saw how large a place it is. The land was dealt out generously there, and Athens spreads over seven hills. This makes the "lure of distant places" an everyday affair, and consequently the public mind is educated to such open-handed ways as to promote easy transportation. There has become established the delightful custom of "rides," that is to say of having certain designated corners on which you may stand expectantly and confidently awaiting a lift in your direction from a generous citizen of the town, or fortunate student in possession of a car. Second, I saw how beautiful a place it is. "Nature has been dealt with kindly," and the wide tree-lined streets, receding, dignified houses, and carefully preserved views give a leisurely atmosphere of stability. The college campi are all planned with an eye to preserving their natural assets and the public and collegiate buildings conform to the natural style of architecture—red brick, white-columned for the most part. Milledge Avenue stretches to the Circle flanked solid with spacious homes shadowed by great oaks and magnolias and elms. Co-ordinate campus flames with maples, Franklin boasts a magnificent maiden-hair tree which was caught in sunlight when I saw it. Across the natural valley which is now a famous stadium, the red clay of agriculture campus has been moulded into a sylvan theater like the one on monument grounds in Washington. The view from the crest of this hill cannot be matched for sheer challenge. Third, I saw how hospitable a place it is. Every year there descends the horde, "cohorts gleaming with purple and gold," and all the colors of many high schools, to become a collective body—the University. Our much famed Southern hospitality is no empty boast in Athens. Rather let me say that I found it overly generous with itself. There was not time in three days to go everywhere, to see all that was offered. It will take several journeys, even years of association to become saturated with that mild, rich, nurturing atmosphere of learning. Students will come and go, but those who live in Athens are fortunate indeed—learning in, loving, but inevitably leaving the University.

—A. G.

SPORTS

Arthur Jeffords, Editor

Walton Purse, Assistant

SPORT
CHATTER

The minds of all the basketball players are on the tournament to be held in Milledgeville. If the team gets by its first game, it will probably meet G.M.C. and this will bring a chance for sweet revenge for those two two-point defeats. . . . Credit must be given to Arthur Cranman, our center, for playing one of the sweetest games of the season against G.M.C. in Milledgeville as he was all over the court until he was injured at the beginning of the fourth quarter. . . . While at Milledgeville Coach Shiver took the boys out to visit the insane asylum. It is a wonder that the officials didn't keep some of the boys. . . . Ever since Armstrong beat S.G.T.C. in December, the Teachers have been going great guns and mopping up with all opposition. They have beaten Mercer, Brewton Parker, Middle Georgia College, and several other teams. . . . Our girls' team is stepping out Saturday night in the preliminary to the boys' game. They will be led by their little captain, Mary Carolyn Meadows, who is the class of that ball club. She is the fastest person on the girls' team. . . . For the boys' team the fastest man on the floor is George Leon, our scrappy little guard, who has been going great guns in practice recently. In Athens recently George was not given credit for a field goal that he made. By mistake it was chalked up to Nathan Karnibad. . . . The Georgia Freshman basketball team is resplendent with stars this year. They include Alex McCaskill and Cecil Kelly, All-G.I.A.A. stars from Lanier; Woodall, an All-G.I.A.A. star from Columbus High; Knox Eldredge, all-state from Miami High and Bill Mims, former Boys High star. . . . Armstrong plays the Georgia Freshmen down here sometime in the latter part of February. The date has not yet been definitely settled. . . . So far this season Jack McLaughlin is leading the team in scoring with fifteen field goals and five foul points for a total of thirty-five points for the first four games. . . . The boxing match with G.M.C. certainly showed that our boxing team is composed of some fine fighters. With that material, the team ought to make a really good showing this year with the opponents that they fight.

Meadows, Rushing
Lead Fem. Cagers

Recently Mary Carolyn Meadows was elected as captain of the girls basketball team of Armstrong Junior College. Janet Rushing was chosen alternate captain.

The girls schedule includes the game Saturday night with the City League team, a return game with the Girls from Statesboro, here, and probably a game with the girls team of Richmond Academy Junior College.

The varsity squad includes Mary Carolyn Meadows, Janet Rushing, Pauline Cargill, Walton Purse, Effie Cone, Callie Morris, Elizabeth Pierce, Martha Lee, Edith Berry, Letty Leon, Elizabeth Wallace, and Electa Robertson. Carolyn Oliver is manager.

Boxing Team
To Be Busy

Armstrong's boxing team will be busy for the next few weeks, as it is scheduled to make three appearances between now and the end of the month.

During the first part of next week the team will go to Statesboro to fight the South Georgia Teachers College team and again on the 24th of February, Armstrong will have a return bout with the Teachers here. Sometime late in February the team is going to Athens to have a return bout with the Georgia Fresh whom they fought last night.

School Heads

(Continued from page 1)

to the dance. That's a fine crowd of boys and girls there," she told a reporter.

The Rev. Fr. Benedict, O.S.B., principal of Benedictine School, stated the program "marks the beginning of a splendid tradition. I sincerely hope that this admirable idea will serve to create a more intimate friendship between the college and Benedictine and the other high schools of Savannah."

Enters Tourney

This year, for the first time, Armstrong is entering its basketball team in the Georgia Junior College Basketball tournament. The tournament is being held on February 25, 26, and 27 in Milledgeville, the same place it was held last year.

J. C. Calhoun
FLORISTS

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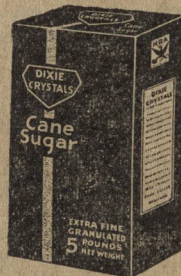
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Savannah Sugar Refinery

Mr. Boyd: "Where do we get vitamin A?"

Jean: "From cod liver oil."

Mr. Boyd: "And where do we get cod liver oil?"

Jean: "I don't know."

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Outfitters to
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J. C. Penney Co., Inc.

Three Floors Filled with
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Collegiate Digest

NATIONAL COLLEGE NEWS IN PICTURE AND PARAGRAPH

Issue 15

Volume V



Caught "Caging"

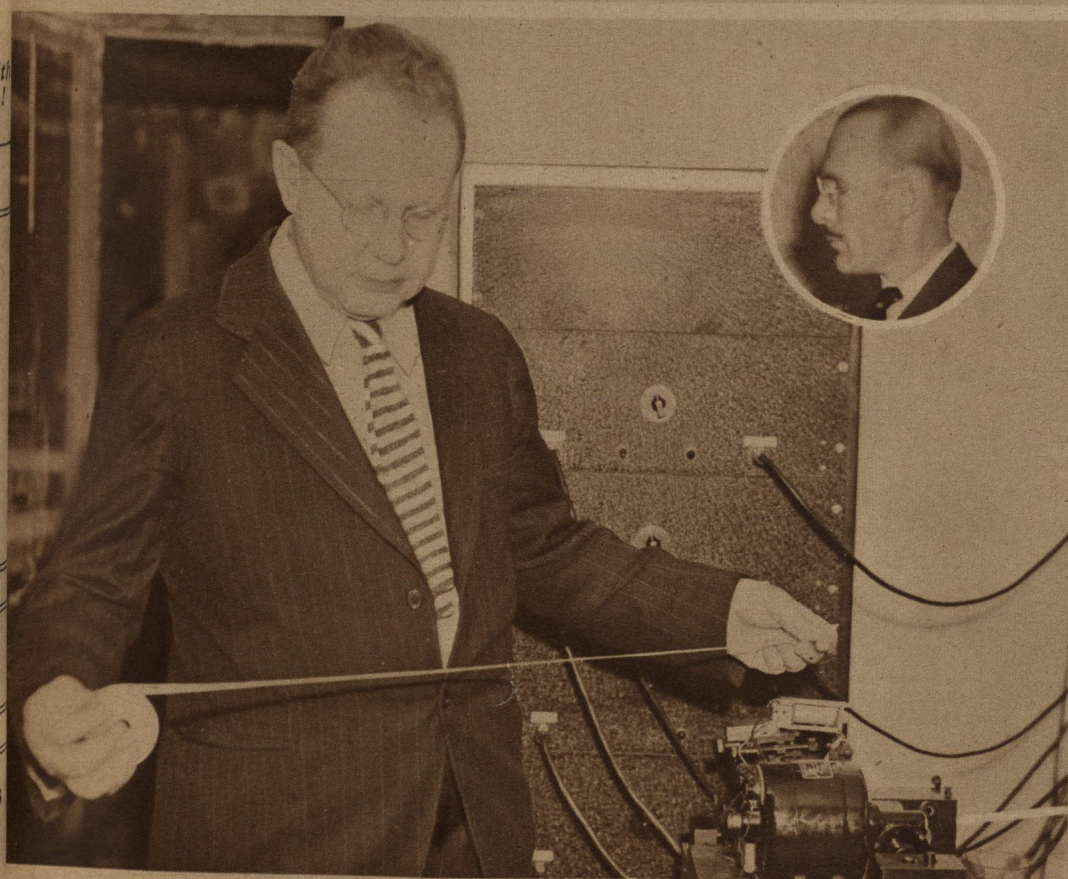
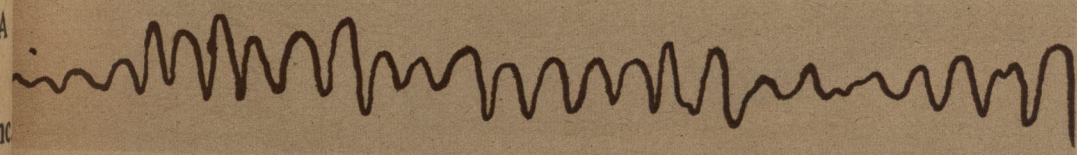
Earl Ruth, captain of the North Carolina State College basketball team, was caught by the cameraman as he "lifted" the ball into the cage during a recent practice session. In a North-South hardwood clash, his team was defeated by New York University basketballers, 37-to-30, before 8,000 in Madison Square Garden.



They're not "uniform" dancers, though

Party The University of Cincinnati R.O.T.C. cadets traditionally honor their honorary lieutenant colonel at their annual military ball, held this year at a downtown hotel. Here's a section of the crowd that attended this important social function.

Lorbach



Discovery: A person can be identified by his brain waves

Brainprints Fingerprinting will be supplemented by law enforcement authorities in the future with a new "brainprinting" machine developed by University of Iowa's Dr. L. E. Travis (inset). The brain waves of famed artist Grant Wood (at top) which he is shown examining show that he is a good mixer and is generally more relaxed.



Thirty-two pies were eaten and smeared like this

Contest Pi Kappa Alpha and Pi Kappa Phi fraternities at Purdue University have started a new form of interfraternity competition, blueberry pie eating. This year the contest was a tie. Time for two pies: 6 minutes, 22 seconds.



He swaps words for a college education

Publicity Bennett Marshall, 15-year-old junior and head of the Howard College sports publicity department, is the so far uncontested winner of the title, "Youngest College Publicity Writer." He has earned his way the past three years writing about the athletic events on the campus of his alma mater. He is a major in history.



Said he: "Art is for everyone"

Autographs Rockwell Kent (center), famed author-writer-lecturer, was swamped by the Bates College students who wanted his autograph after he lectured.



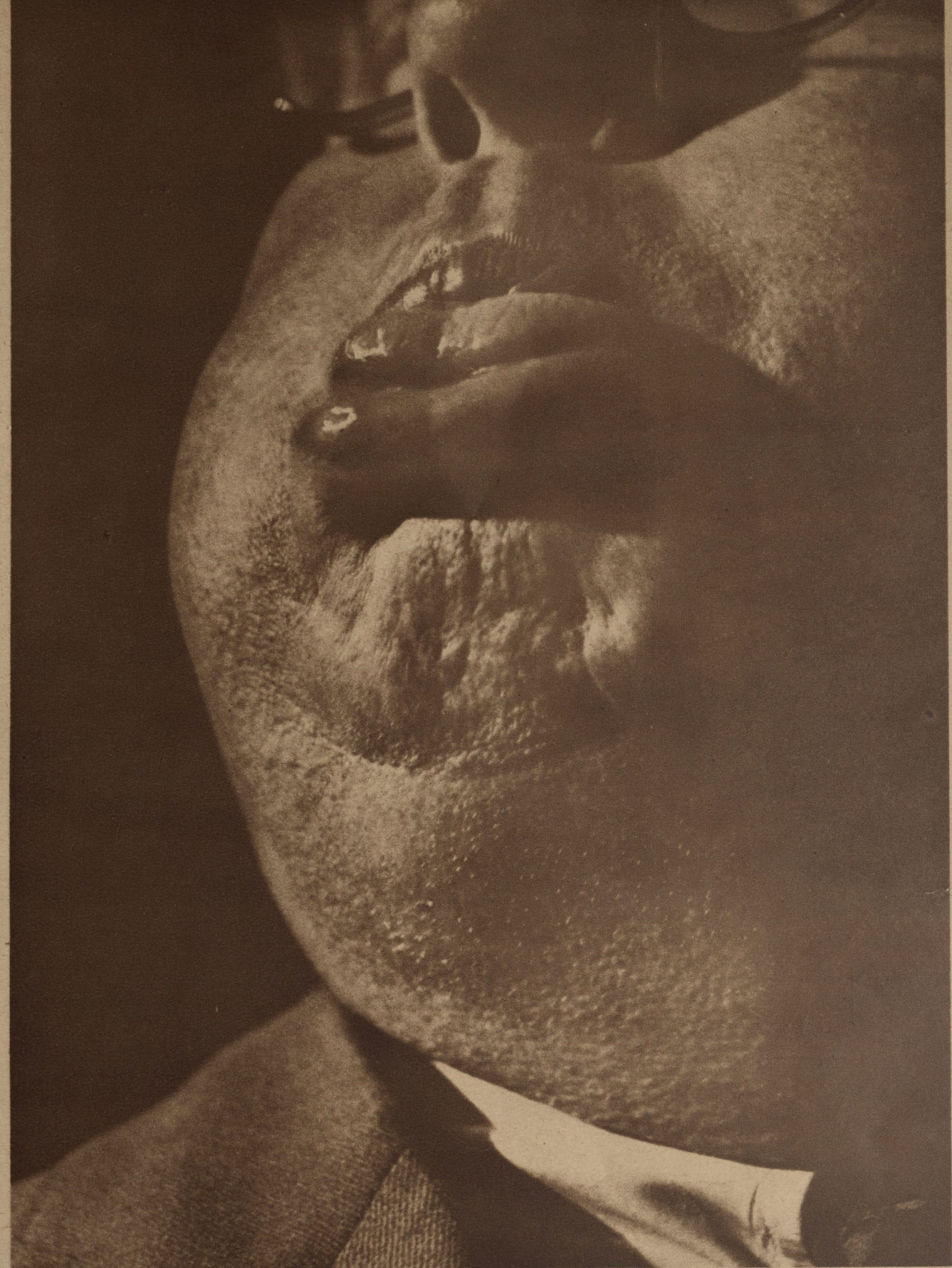
Lightest portable

Mirror So that they may study the stars wherever atmospheric conditions are most favorable, Cornell University scientists have just finished building the lightest telescope of its size in the world. W. T. Thomas is shown above examining the mirror.

Shell Game

Tom Bolles (left) new Harvard crew coach from the University of Washington, visits the Charles River boathouse to watch Bruce Flett remodel a 22-year-old shell.

Wide World



The Critic

To accompany the "Teeth Bite Banana" feature picture in COLLEGIATE DIGEST last week and to satisfy all your requests for more feature pictures, we again chuck our editorial policy into the waste basket to bring you "The Critic" from the studio of Los Angeles' famed Will Connell. Reproduced through courtesy of U. S. Camera 1936.



He's being congratulated for an important victory

Winner Claude Ross, newly elected Associated Students president at Los Angeles Junior College, is covered with congratulatory hugs and pats on the back by Helen Grech, Charlotte Perlberg, Lovena Sellers and Cornelia Wales.



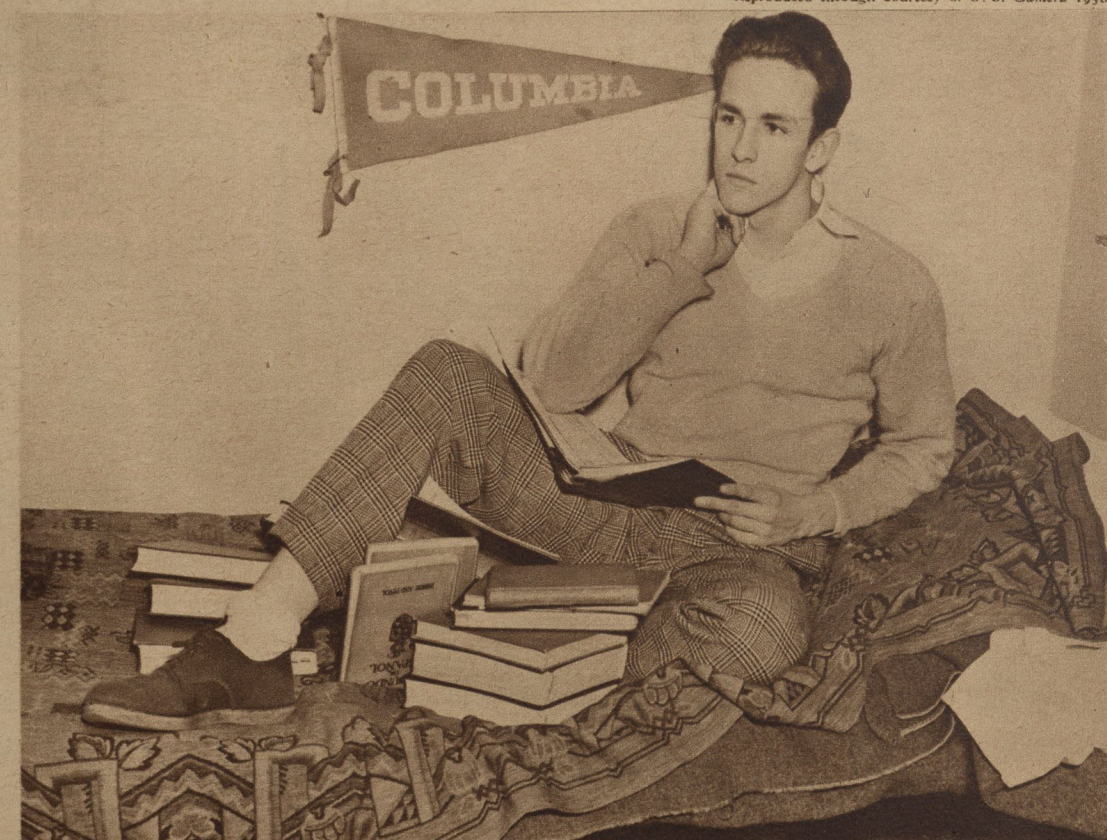
They're training policemen at Indiana

Cops Members of one of three such classes in students of the Indiana University school of police are learning the ins and outs of the detecting device. A state policeman demonstrating an auto theft device.



Page the California and Florida orange growers

Champion Flashy Don McNeill of Kenyon College sucks oranges to refresh himself after winning the National Junior Indoor Tennis Championships in New York City.



Champion runners must work at their books, too

Study Herbert West, Columbia University sophomore, resumed his studies after setting a new indoor record for the 100-meter dash. He did it at the K of C games in New York City in the new low time of 10.6 seconds.

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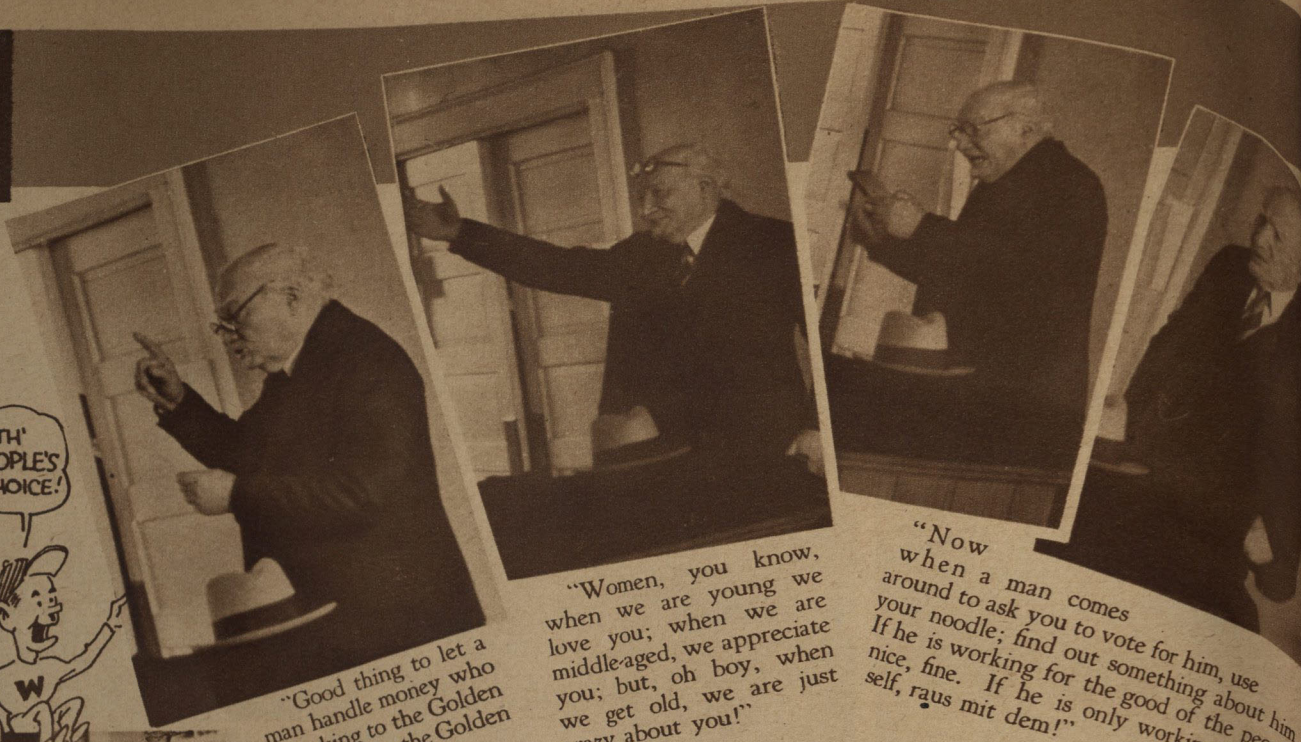
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Politicians Teach Here

TO make his students' study of politics and politicians more realistic and fruitful, Prof. J. T. Salter, University of Wisconsin political scientist, has many of the Badger state's outstanding politicians address his classes each year. When "Uncle Sol" Levitan, 74, six-time and present state treasurer of Wisconsin, gave the class his views on matters political, Prof. Salter caught both lecturer and students in various moods with the candid camera he uses to make his political biographies more complete. When his *Boss Rule: Portraits in City Politics* appeared, the *New York Times* said that "no artist ever painted more living portraits," and now Prof. Salter adds the realism of the candid picture.



Seeking information for another biography . . . Prof. Salter takes notes while Mr. Levitan talks at a meeting of the two in the latter's campaign office.



"Good thing to let a man handle money who is looking to the Golden Gate and not the Golden Calf."

"Women, you know, when we are young we love you; when we are middle-aged, we appreciate you; but, oh boy, when we get old, we are just crazy about you!"

"Now when a man comes around to ask you to vote for him, use your noodle; find out something about him. If he is working for the good of the people, nice, fine. If he is only working for himself, raus mit dem!"

Sol's Sayings:



Proof of the students' interest . . . in the combined lecture and sample campaign talk delivered by Mr. Levitan is found in the faces of those who are enrolled.



They took careful notes, too. That the words of "Uncle Sol" were those politically wise is proven by the fact that his made copious records of his words.



Greatest

University of Arizona co-eds were given a real treat recently when 4½ inches of snow covered their campus, the greatest snow since 1902. Here are Jacqueline Soanes, Janet Flanigan and Helen Swordling getting ready for a snow fight.

COLLEGIATE DIGEST
Photo by Burns



They taught legislators how to legislate. Believing that a knowledge of parliamentary procedure for greater efficiency in the legislature, the University of Arkansas' Dr. A. M. Harding (left) taught Arkansas' newly-elected legislators ins-and-outs of their jobs at a recent pre-inaugural meeting.



They commemorated Kappa Alpha's founding anniversary. Meeting in the historic Lee Chapel on the campus of Washington and Lee University, members of Kappa Alpha celebrated the founding of their Alpha chapter at Washington and Lee.



They're Drexel's hockey twins. The Tews and the Moores are outstanding members of the Drexel Institute hockey team. (l to r) Charlotte and Betty Tew and Christine and June Moore.



They duplicated Millikan's equipment. Milan Fiske and Munsey Crost, Beloit College seniors, are shown with the machine they developed to duplicate the famed Millikan oil drop experiment by which is determined the charge on electrons and thereby the number of molecules in gases.

Speed Here is shown a bit of fast play at the goal as the McGill University team (shield on shirts) conquered the University of Montreal six in a fiercely waged contest. Pictures, Inc.



She provides Zasu Pitts' screen hands. Handy Jane Marsh, Western Reserve University student whose screen name is Jane Howard, is shown above as she appeared in the student production of *One Sunday Afternoon*. Miss Marsh has played parts in nine Hollywood pictures, and for three years she doubled for Zasu Pitts' hands because hers photographed better.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

HAND MADE PIPE

INTERESTING PIPE, JUDGE. LOOKS AS THOUGH IT'S BEEN SMOKED A LOT TOO.

IT HAS—RECKON IT'S 25 YEARS SINCE I CARVED IT OUT.

WISH I COULD GET MY PIPE TO TAKE AS NICE AS THIS.

THAT'S EASY. YOU JUST CAN'T HELP GETTING A GOOD CAKE USING PRINCE ALBERT.

LOOK HOW SNUG P.A. PACKS IN BOWL. PRINCE ALBERT SURE MADE SMOKING A LOT EASIER AND A HEAP COOLER WITH THAT SCIENTIFIC 'CRIMP CUT'.

IT CERTAINLY IS A GREAT SMOKE, JUDGE. (PUFF) TASTES (PUFF) MILD (PUFF). IT'S GOT EVERYTHING.

YES AND P.A. HAS YET TO BITE MY TONGUE.

YOU'LL FIND THESE CHOICE, MELLOW PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCOS SMOKE MILD AND TASTY. P.A. HAS THE 'BITE' REMOVED BY A SCIENTIFIC PROCESS; IT'S 'CRIMP CUT' FOR COOLNESS, AND KEEPS FRESH IN THE HANDY TIN. IT'S THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
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PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



Magnetic pull 150,000 times greater than earth's

Giant This world's most powerful magnet developed by Dr. Francis Bitter of Massachusetts Institute of Technology will be used to study the effects of intense magnetic fields on matter



Relax Open air dancing on the plaza of Kingsbury Hall is the form of relaxation provided for University of Utah students whenever the weather permits.



Hippodrome police halted the skirmish Players of both teams had a few minutes of free-for-all fist fighting during the Manhattan-St. Francis game before police stopped the battle to allow the game to continue. Winning score of 40 to 27, Manhattan has been victorious in six games in seven starts.



Sharpshooters They must keep their guns in condition as well as to shoot a high percentage of bullseyes. Members of the University of Hawaii's women's team are in a strenuous target practice session.

clean their guns preparatory to how to care for their guns as Brown Bros.



Beauty She chairmanned her school's dance. Rita Cahill, one of DePaul University's outstanding women, headed the committee that made the plans for the secretarial society's recent formal dance.

Underwood & Lothrop

"Count and Co-ed" Is Sparkling Musical

Stanley, Quint and Randall
Star; Play to be Repeated
Tonight and Tomorrow Night
In College Auditorium

By Hinckly Murphy,
Staff Writer.

It is the virtue of a play to perform within the limits of its theme: the virtue of the "Count and the Co-ed" was its light, sparkling naivete. To get that quality Director Keach became a benevolent despot for many weeks, and finally gave a well-turned performance.

High-lights of the play lay not so much in its dramatic logic as in the individual, well-performed songs and dances and group expressions. The balancing of chorus with principles, the careful bringing out of the farce, and the development of light and witty situations was well done. The action was a loose framework for these situations.

Individual mention is due George Stanley for his witty performance of songs, and his animated youthful interpretation of his youthful part; Amelia Quint as stern Agatha Lockstep (who will probably be seen more frequently); with tops for song, Hugh Taylor, Evelyn Randall and William Bythewood. Louis Givens turned in a very prexy-like performance, and had at least enough dignity for Oxon. Sara Joyner blended her "O, he's wonderful," with Eddie Davis' rhythmic footwork. Meta Crawford, experienced in musical affairs, sang several songs, enjoyably.

No one could complain of dullness in the life of Marden Campus. Love was in the air, on the benches, in the Prexy's parlor. Songs became duets. Incidentally, the music ought to get a big hand for Margaret Spencer, who worked with chorus, principles, orchestra. Dolores Cowart accompanied so competently that you never thought of her, which is a compliment. She was one of the best actors in the piece. The scenery was realistic, and made you almost smell the college exams.

The plot of the piece concerns the difficulties of Marden College with its finances. In order to get a large endowment, they must match fund of the Alumni Association. As the dramatic deadline approaches a dismal amount still remains unsubscribed, so the college pins its faith on the expected visit of a furrin Count to the school. The whole point is that the Count has a tendency to give money to American colleges. Snooze Andrews, with his gift for feckless activity, gets into a situation in which a policeman pursues him. The time for the Count's visit arrives and Snooze (disguised) is mistaken for him. Finally all comes out, and the quiet helpfulness of Snooze is mentioned in a letter that the Count writes to send a check, for \$50,000. Prexy and the students see in a burst of light the halo around Snooze's modest head, and Prexy gives Snooze all that he could, his daughter. (Ed. Note: In marriage we hope), and the play ends in approx. 50 clinched romances which give the impression of happily ever after plus singing. The play will be performed again today and tomorrow.

The play was a successful climax to the season's plays, nearly all of which were produced under difficulties: infinite work, most of which is not evident to the public, yet is essential to smooth performance. Director Keach and his Theatre Board deserve high compliments for their performance. Awe enters the picture when it is remembered that Mr. Keach does all this in addition to his regular scholastic work. When does a director rest?

It is to be hoped that the Savannah Playhouse will occasionally include efforts of a more thoughtful nature, to round out its plans. There is no reason why it should not attain a good reputation for high quality productions. It has begun well, anyhow.

TO EDIT GEECHEE



Miss Dora Lee Harmon

Catalogue To Be Out Next Week

The new Armstrong catalogue will be out next week, it is announced by Dean J. Thomas Askew.

New items in the catalogue request freshmen to register for next year on September 20, sophomores on September 23.

Dr. Charles H. Herty, director of the Savannah Pulp and Paper Corporation, is formally listed among the faculty as lecturer on chemistry and chemurgy.

Editors Elected For Next Year

Elected on Friday, the following will direct Armstrong publications next year: Betty Lynes, *Inkwell* editor; Dora Lee Harmon, *Geechee* editor; Evelyn Nathan, *Inkwell* business manager, and Douglass Richard, *Geechee* business manager.

Approached for a statement, Miss Lynes gracefully retreated with the plea that the election was a total surprise to her, and she was not prepared to discuss her policy.

Miss Harmon said, "We are going to create new interest in the annual and make it a part of every student in Armstrong, and every student in Armstrong a part of it."

Some time ago the board of publications named Evelyn Nathan to the managership of *The Inkwell* for the remainder of this year and for next. Having high school experience, Miss Nathan stepped in and began to work on the same day she was elected.

Asked to comment on poiley, she was too busy straightening out the editorial desk and throwing away all the present editor's treasures to say much more than, "Co-operation will be greatly appreciated by the business manager in putting out the paper."

It is understood Mr. Richard plans to begin work on the yearbook early next fall so as to have full time to work out the business problems of the annual.

The elections Friday were conducted by the Armstrong board of publications, of which Alva Lines is chairman and A. M. Gignilliat is faculty adviser.

HEADS INKWELL



Miss Betty Lynes

McCuen Named Valedictorian

Robert McCuen, former editor of *The Inkwell*, was recently elected valedictorian of the graduating class from among the six students having the highest scholastic records.

Mr. McCuen has not confined his activities to the scholastic, however, for he has been manager of the basketball team, member of the fencing team, student council and theater board.

Commencement Program Is Outlined

Friday To Be Honor Day;
McCuen, Dr. Solomon, Bishop
Barnwell, Dr. Anderson will
Speak To Graduates

By Ann Gibson,
Staff Writer.

Gentlemen of the Class of 1938, we who are about to die salute you! We intend to die in high style while we are about it, taking a long week-end to prepare for the final shearing, the final reaping of the reward.

We shall finish with things scholastic on Friday, June fourth. At eleven o'clock in the morning in our own new auditorium we shall assemble for the Honors Day Program. High spot will be the address from our chosen Valedictorian, Robert McCuen. He will be followed by Dr. George Solomon, who, we know from past experience, will give us a very inspiring talk. Then will come the Dean and the honors. The upper twenty per cent of each class will be honored, then . . . the great moment. The Dean will announce who made high score in his course on Contemporary Georgia and thereby receives the beautiful gold medal awarded by the Exchange Club, most coveted honor of this year to the thirty students of the course, five of whom run neck and neck with A as their final grade.

As a direct antithesis to so much rewarded effort will be the lovely Sophomore Reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Lowe in the Armstrong building from eight to ten that evening. There is no house in town which lends itself to receptions with more dignity and beauty. The reception last year was the most successful ever held for the college. No doubt this year's will surpass it in enthusiasm, for everyone will want to see the graduates and certainly the number of our friends has grown in the past year. Thus we shall begin the round of purely frivolous activities which will be a part of our week-end.

Next on the calendar is the Sophomore Luncheon at the Savannah Hotel on Saturday at one o'clock. This is sure to be an occasion of great jollity and perhaps even discomfort for some, for the kidders will be busy and the sentimental already sorrowful. This is only a start. In the evening is to be the great festivity with a dance at the College Auditorium. Here we shall have one last mad whirl (or swing) to carry through the years as a fond remembrance of the school. So shall we wind up the frivolities, gather our lavender to cherish in future, and turn our minds to the serious business of leaving the halls to become citizens—for having been here two years, better citizens—of our town, our state, our nation.

The first Baccalaureate Sermon is to be delivered by the Rt. Rev. Middleton Stuart Barnwell, Bishop of the Diocese of Georgia. At eleven o'clock on Sunday morning we shall come to the college auditorium once again, this time "with even step and musing gait," to hear the eminent speaker who has been chosen to give us inspiration for our coming battle with a sometimes harsh and disinterested world. Then, we reach the end. We don our dark blue caps and gowns in the (we hope) bright sunshine of Monday morning to file up for the coveted certificates from our president and friend, Ernest A. Lowe. Dr. Dice R. Anderson, president of Wesleyan College, will give the graduation address.

The lambs will then be sheep. Who shall become famous alumni? Who shall fall by the wayside? Who shall return to the halls, perhaps to teach, perhaps to the twentieth class reunion to see among the members of that year's class his own son or daughter? Only in time can we know. Meanwhile, the Class of 1937, first, historic, united, will pass to the limbo of pleasant memories.

Program of Press Meet

Drewry, Ashmore, Eleazer, Nunn Will Participate In Round Tables

After registration at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon, delegates to the Georgia Collegiate Press Association will assemble in the college auditorium to be called to order by their president, Robert E. Ashmore, of Emory, at 3 o'clock.

Other officers of the association who will participate in the annual spring convention being held here today and tomorrow are Frank Eleazer, Mercer, vice president; Miss Frances Nunn, Brenau, secretary; John E. Drewry, University of Georgia, permanent faculty director.

The two-day program, as announced by the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, University of Georgia, follows:

Friday, May 21

2:30 p. m. Registration.

3 p. m. Convention called to order by President Robert E. Ashmore.

Address of welcome: President E. A. Lowe, Armstrong Junior College.

Greetings from the Savannah newspapers: W. G. Sutlive, editor, Savannah Press.

Announcements: President Ashmore.

4 p. m. Automobile tour of Savannah, with stops at places of historical and other interest. To be led by Hoyt Ware.

6:30 p. m. Dinner, to be given by the Savannah Morning News and Savannah Evening Press. Presiding: H. V. Jenkins. Speakers: Mr. Jenkins, J. P. Miller, and W. G. Sutlive, executive editors of the host newspapers.

8:30 p. m. (Armstrong auditorium). Theater party by Armstrong students. Musical comedy, "The Count and the Co-ed," produced by Savannah Playhouse — Armstrong Junior College.

Saturday, May 22

9:30 a. m. Convention called to order by Vice President Frank Eleazer.

Address: Dean J. Thomas Askew, Armstrong Junior College.

Address: W. Kirk Sutlive, president, Georgia Press Association.

Address: D. B. Turner, editor, Bulloch Times, Statesboro.

10:30 a. m. Sectional round tables, on subjects and with participants as indicated:

Room 102—Round table of editors, managing editors, and news editors, discussing assignments, staff organization, and make-up. Leader, Mr. Eleazer.

Room 103—Round table of business and advertising managers, discussing advertising rates, solicitation, writing, layout, etc. Leader, Mr. Ashmore.

Room 104—Round table of wom-

en's and society editors, discussing society pages and items of special appeal to women readers. Leader, Miss Nunn.

12:30 p. m. Election of officers. (The constitution provides that the retiring executive committee shall offer two nominees for each office and the one receiving the highest vote shall be declared elected. Positions to be filled are president, vice president, and secretary. No institution shall have more than one office and no institution may have the same office for two successive school years. Voting is by institution.)

Selection of place for next annual meeting. (The constitution provides that the retiring executive committee shall report all invitations received, with a recommendation, subject to the approval of the majority of the voting schools, as to the place of the next meeting.)

1 p. m. Luncheon to be given by Armstrong Junior College and its paper, *The Inkwell*. Presiding: Hinckly Murphy.

Announcement of the winner of The Cobb County Times trophy: Mr. Chess Abernathy, editor.

Announcement of the winners of The Savannah Morning News-Evening Press cups: Mr. Herschel V. Jenkins, president and publisher.

2:30 p. m. Visit to Savannah Beach.

THE INKWELL

Official Student Organ,
Armstrong Junior College
of Savannah, Georgia

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Isabel Warner, David Robinson, Wesley de Valinger, Douglas Richard
TYPIST - - - - - Margaret Schuman

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Welcome

We are hosts today to the Georgia Collegiate Press Association. This is indeed an honor, and we are rather flattered that Armstrong, the state's youngest college, was chosen for this convention.

Convention delegates will find the background of the college, this historic city, a place of infinite delight for the visitor. Savannah is unique in layout, and it publishes its autobiography along its main street.

Amusements also have their place, and what city can boast a better springtime sport than surf bathing? Then tonight delegates will be guests at the musical comedy, "The Count and the Co-ed," which opened last night.

With a minimum of time out for business, visitors will be taken on a tour of the city this afternoon to visit representative Savannah industries and other points of interest. Delegates will find local citizens cordial and well informed on Savannah history.

It is our sincere hope that all visitors during the convention will find Armstrong and Savannah such an enjoyable combination that they will return again. Cheerio.

New Leaders

We are pleased to congratulate the new executive officers of Armstrong publications for next year. Wise choices have been made in the election of Miss Lynes, Miss Nathan, Miss Harmon and Mr. Richard.

Miss Nathan has already taken her place as business manager of this paper, the very appearance of which is evidence of her ability.

Miss Lynes is well known for her vivacious personality. In fact it was that and her red hair that got her elected editor of this organ. She comes to the staff as an outside recruit, but (we are told, mind you) with plenty of pep.

Miss Harmon is to be editor of our dear rival, the annual *Geechee*. We expect her to produce a yearbook of originality and worth.

Mr. Richard, who will be business manager of the annual, is quite capable of handling that job. He comes highly recommended by one Alva Lines, which is about as much as you can say of business managers.

May you, '38, carry on what we have tried to establish in the way of Armstrong tradition.

Thanks

The editors take this opportunity to thank both the student body and the administration for the generous way their policies have been received throughout the year.

The student body has been patient and forgiving. New ideas have been given a fair trial, and mistakes have been overlooked. Never has an editorial board had such acclaim and so little fault-finding from its public.

We thank the administration for the complete freedom allowed in the management of the paper. Not one word has been censored, no dictation given. This confidence, we hope, has not been wholly unjustified.

At the request of the editors, individual members of the faculty have given sound advice at times to steady the enthusiasm of youthful pens. This is now fully appreciated. Another, whose fatherly counsel is much esteemed, gave experienced consideration to our editorial problems.

Personal mention goes to Ann Gibson for the splendid way she handled several of the biggest news stories; to Hinckly Murphy, for his feature stories; to David Robinson, who kept trying; to Georgia Anna Hill for her willingness to work, and to Wesley de Valinger, who did a thankless job well.

Time marches on, but the *Literary Digest* has to run.

There is a movement afoot to change the style of roll call. Call it at the end of class for the benefit of late-comers.

Funny Faculty
Isn't It?

—Monologue—

Knock! Knock!
Are you busy, Jane? Well, if you aren't I want to come in!
Oh, that's all right if you are busy. I'll come back another time—

Yes, what I want to tell you can keep, but some is mighty interesting.

Well, if you insist I guess I can come in.

Guess what I want to ask you?

Oh, I knew it, you can't guess—I want to know, if you know any pet saying of the teachers.

You do know plenty, well tell me.

Wait let me tell you one first—

It seems as if one of the young men professors has more pet sayings than anyone in college. I don't know if he knows it or not, but his pupils really try to take everything in he teaches them and also take in his pet saying, too.

Oh, you know who he is before I get started. He uses "my conscience."

Well, my goodness how did you know? Oh, yes took a subject under him and that sort of stuck in, eh?

He uses "Goodness, Gracious, no" a lot too.

Yes, he is noted for promptness. Doesn't he get you when he says "I want you at 2:30 and not 2.35." Must get monotonous when you are on time, doesn't it?

Oh, you don't know—you're never on time.

He's awfully patient, isn't he when someone says "I don't understand, and I don't think I ever will?" He says, "Well, look here" and if you don't look, you don't understand, and if you do look you understand a little more than you did before don't you?

Oh, you don't know, you are very dumb anyway.

Oh, I'm so sorry—I didn't mean to hurt your feelings—you know I didn't, just for that I'll let you give me a pet saying.

Of course I heard someone popping out in the Humanities class with "Let there be more love—more happy love for young people." Oh, you wonder who she was thinking about.

Oh, I don't know, maybe Romeo—Oh, she was, but she didn't know him! "At any rate"—that gets off the subject—doesn't "at any rate" remind you of someone?

Oh, you don't know—Think real hard.

Here's another one of her pet expressions—"was that the way it was"—after she tells a story she always ends it with "was that the way it was." Of course, she knows she is telling it right, but she always answers her own questions.

Did I hear you say something, then she is sure she is telling the truth—isn't she!

Oh, no the music from upstairs don't help us with the poetry we are reading—the music is swing-time where the poetry is pure old waltz time and you know you can't mix them, can you?

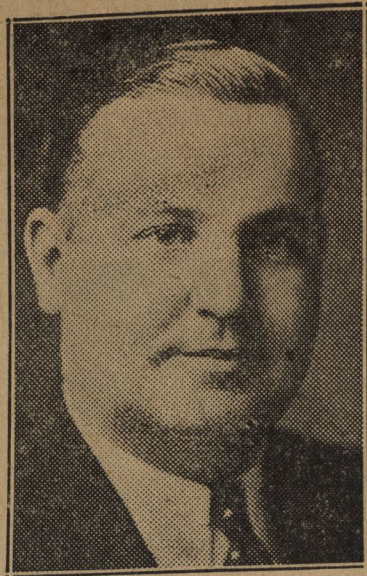
Did you say "for various and sundry reasons"? Those are the exact words that are used everyday—you mean to tell me you don't know who uses them? Shame on you—he also compares his "old shoes to the Georgia Constitution"—How do I know what he means?

Oh, you think he means the Constitution is true, like an old pair of shoes—Well, I really don't know you can ask him what he means, and I bet if you do he will say "it may be stated in this manner" and end up with "get the point."

Of course, you know who he is. If it hadn't been for him you wouldn't have gotten a pink slip—I give up—you certainly do know him well, don't you?

Have you heard about the amoebas that came the other day. What, you want to know who they are—

How should I know—Oh, no dumbell, they aren't new students, they're like the protozoa, paramcium,—don't you know? If the professor heard you say that, he would most likely say, "uh, 'incidentally,' Miss Jones you don't read enough outside of class, a little more reading in the library will do you good."



Dr. John P. Dyer

Issue Dedicated
To John P. Dyer

This issue of the *Inkwell* is dedicated to one of this year's arrivals on faculty row, Dr. John P. Dyer. A native of Tennessee, Dr. Dyer received his Ph. D. at Vanderbilt University after several years as assistant history professor there. He came to Georgia as head of the Social Science department at South Georgia College at Douglas and resigned there to accept the post of Economics and Social Science professor at Armstrong.

Since his arrival here he has been very interested in helping students to find their best place in the college, in promoting the fairest and most uniform possible method of giving and grading tests, and in giving his classes a roused and militant social consciousness.

Dr. Dyer is one of a prominent group of Southerners who choose Agrarianism for their philosophy. He is also author of a new book on Gen. Joseph Wheeler, one of Tennessee's Confederate Army heroes. An enlargement of his Doctor's Thesis, it will soon be ready for the University of North Carolina Press.

Did you say you wish you knew what was so interesting about Columbus?

What Columbus do you mean? Columbus, Georgia?

Oh, Columbus, Ohio. I get it, some professor uses that as his pet expression, eh? He always says "now up at Columbus"

Yes, he is interesting to talk to and he seems up in his subjects too—Even the boys at the bank find him up to his neck in figures and finance.

"Not on your life"—doesn't that drawl tell you right away who this is?

He certainly looks like a good sport, doesn't he?

You say he knows plenty about the American Government—

Of course, he ought to—what do you think he's been studying for all these years if he can't teach you, dumbell, something about our policies and platforms of today's government.

His way of answering a question really shows when he means yes, and when he means no, doesn't it, because he says, "oh, yeah — uhuh!" "oh, no — uh! uh!"

Oh you know a teacher that draws real well and puts over his paints by making drawing on the board and still says he doesn't consider himself an artist — if he doesn't think he can draw—wonder what he thinks I do when I can't even draw a straight line and—

He certainly does know his subject and how to get the facts over to his pupils doesn't he—What are his favorite expressions—

It seems as if—"Is that clear" and "any questions" are his.

Do you know how to paint a flower?

Not a real flower, but use paint? You use three dabs of paint and "you get a very interesting effect"—Of course, it gives an interesting effect—you couldn't do it though—it wouldn't look natural—oh, yes it would look natural at a distance.

Well, anyway, you aren't an artist and we don't expect anything of you, or don't we?

Diogenes' Lamp

Editor's Note.—The opinions expressed in this column are entirely those of Mr. Diogenes, and have no connection with the editorial policy of this paper.

After two years at Armstrong and on the last issue of *The Inkwell*, I am entitled to a little bath. Not that I'll get the typewriter rusty, but the swell times we have had keep coming to mind. Flapping our ears at speakers, being undignified and lousy, beating our brains to get something a little better for the paper. Editor Ware comes in for comment: pursued us everywhere including our boudoir, dining room, and one I found him during my date, waiting on a promised article.

Woist of all was the time when we ground out stories for laughing purposes, poems for puzzle-purposes, and articles for making the students think we were profound and Ed. Ware would not print them. He would say no to his own Grandmother. End to end, the articles would form a rope of darkness reaching around the world. But at the critical time, when you have just finished beating your brains to improve the thing, and then the churl turns up his editorial nose, you felt like getting holt of a stick.

And after two years . . . ought to look back on our mental history. It would be like a mental diary, only it would not be "The Diary, today I met Lulu"—Today I thought so & so. Diogenes cheerfully gives his worthless opinion that we have advanced considerably. Maybe we have lowered our taxes of vanity and had and lack of techniques.

After struggling with various ideas for years, Diogenes (May 18th) is aware that there is a continuity in things which is always recognized in social thinking: the crime and the tenement, ignorance of government and bad government, false issues and lack of interest.

Texas Guinan either coined or used a very vulgar, expressive word: Sucker. Hello sucker! was frank, Rabelaisian and to the point. Being laughed at is a humiliating thing, but it has therapeutic value; the roentgen-ray criticism. If we have laughed ourselves, it does not (as Pegu would say) take the fuzz off our peach. But sometimes it also does not take away the dumb suckerism. One is aware of cultural vacuities and Hollywoodisms.

The news that we shall probably have an Alumni assoc. organizing very soon, gives pleasure. Meanwhile, free atmosphere at Armstrong has been a fine thing. We hope that it will not in future have to be overrun with strict rules, which so stifle zest, and creative ambition. Think of the pleasant, unauthorized times we have had: we can't find a thing to gret in our stay, and we feel genuine pride in being associated with Armstrong, and hope that the association will continue.

Who always addresses his class with "Gentlemen" oh, you know.

Why doesn't he address the ladies too? Well, I really don't know—maybe he will say "of course you know you don't belong in the same party, and maybe the ladies are supposed to be republican so he is too much of a democrat to address us—

Well, you tell him to address the ladies—I can't do it—

Yes, there are two teachers that don't seem to have any pet sayings, or at least if they have they we don't know them.

Well, I know one would "parlez vous en Francais," and the other would be "Be sure to take a shower; you need to close up your pores after exercise."

"Young man, are you the teacher of this class?"

"No, Sir."

"Then don't talk like an idiot."

ATB Initiates, PDM Has Tea

Alpha Tau Beta had its first pledge service a few weeks ago at Armstrong. Pledge pins were given to the pledges, and refreshments were served after the service. Formal initiation of the two new members, Amand Palmer and Frances Coats, took place the same night.

Phi Delta Mu entertained with a tea yesterday afternoon, from 4:00 until 6:00 o'clock, at the home of Walton Purse. Those invited were the graduating class of Armstrong, the members of Alpha Tau Beta and Delta Chi Sororities of Armstrong, the members of Quis Qui and Entre Nous Sororities, and also the graduating class of Pape School.

Armstrong Covers The Waterfront

Although the official opening date for Savannah Beach is still several weeks off, Armstrong descended on the island in full force last week-end and started things humming. Witness the slightly red noses and sore muscles.

Largest single group down last week was the Delta Chi house party at Gussie Oelschig's. Chap-erone Spencer declined to comment on the party for publication, but she did describe her red lastex bathing suit sprinkled with white daisies.

Besides regular parties, dates and singles were seen on the beach. An impromptu dance at the Brass Rail Saturday night included several Armstrongians and dates.

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Geechee Staff Is Entertained

Editors of *The Geechee* entertained the staff Wednesday night with a supper party at the Pink House. Miss Frances Coats, Fred Simpson and Alva Lines were the committee in charge.

Guests were the Misses Ann Gibson, Elizabeth Levy, Josephine Traub, Walton Purse, Grace Bounds, Jeanne Victor, DeAlva Hodges, Eleanor Murphy, Margaret Schuman, Georgia Anna Hill, Mary Garrard, and Frances Coats.

Also present were Hinkley Murphy, Alva Lines, Fred Simpson, Robert Heriot, Herbert Traub, David Robinson, Solomon Sutker, Robert McCuen, Hoyt Ware, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lowe, and Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Gignilliat.

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Armstrong Wins State Net Title

Dumping S. G. C. in the finals, Armstrong Junior College smashed its way to the tennis championship of the Georgia Junior College Conference last Saturday at Douglas. Armstrong triumphed over S. G. C. to the tune of 4 to 1 in the finals. Armstrong was the class of the tournament. This is the second time this year she has beaten S. G. C., who had not lost a match, except to Armstrong, in over two and one-half years and who had dominated State Junior College tennis circles for three straight years, winning both State title and S. E. Championship.

Our team won its first two matches by default and on Saturday morning shut out Young Harris College 5 to 0 in the semi-finals. They were not extended in the least in scoring their third love victory of the year.

John Tyre, number one man and captain of Armstrong, showed his ability in defeating Harper of Douglas, singles champion of conference, by the score of 1-6, 6-3, 6-3. Robert Lanier was the only Armstrong player to suffer defeat, while the other three Armstrong players decisively defeated their respective opponents.

This is the first year that Armstrong has entered the Junior College tournament and the victory was a fine climax to an undefeated season.

According to the scores of students in other states, Armstrong did considerably well, and ranked fairly high.

Judge: "How many children have you, Mirardy?"

Mirardy: "Well, judge, I has two by mu first husband, one by my last husband and then I has two of mu own."

Professor: "You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?"

Unsubdued Student: "Not in the least, sir, not in the Least."

History Professor: "Can you tell me what makes the Leaning Tower of Pisa lean?"

Self-conscious co-ed: "I don't know or I'd take some myself."

Professor: Fools ask more questions than a wise man can answer. Freshman: Maybe that's why I flunked that last exam.

She: "Why in the world did women even take up knitting anyway?"

He: "To give them something to think about while they talk."

He took her gently in his arms And pressed her to his breast. The lovely color left her cheek And lodged on his full dress.

Some girls are blondes and some brunettes.

Some are beautiful and wise; Some, they say, are clever, too— But I guess they go with other guys.

Undertaker: "Come, come, where is the sixth pallbearer?"

The Minister: "Pardon, sir, he's proposing to the widow."
—Texas Ranger.

Baby Ear of Corn: "Mama, where did I come from?"
Mama Ear of Corn: "Hush, dear, the stalk brought you."

Traffic Cop: "Don't you know what I mean when I hold up my hand?"

Old Lady: "I ought to; I was a school teacher for thirty-five years."
—Hi-duel.

"What have you done?" St. Peter asked, "That I should admit you here?"

"I ran a comic," the editor said, "Of my college for one long year." St. Peter pityingly shook his head.

And gravely touched the bell, "Come in, poor thing, select a harp, You've had your share of hell."
—Witt.

Athletic Banquet Honor Lettermen Next Week

The annual athletic banquet will be held next week, and varsity men will be presented letters for this year.

Lettermen are:
Basketball (women), Purse, Rushing, Meadows (c), Cargill, Lee, Leon, Wallace, Beery, Pierce, Cone, Morris, Robertson, C. Mayhew, L. Mayhew, and Oliver (m).
Basketball (men), Cranman, McLaughlin, Dupont, Lanier (c), Mopper, Karnibad, Leon, Kronstadt, Morgan, Miller, and Jeffords (m).
Tennis (women), Nathan, Purse, Robertson, McIntire, Oliver.
Tennis (men), Cranman, Tyre (c), Lanier, Dupont, Haines, Morgan.

Boxing, Cranman, Tyre, Mopper, Breland, McLaughlin, Miller, Roberts, Stokes, Ross, and Smith (m).
Golf, Jeffords, Barragan, Sanders, Carr.

Arthur Cranman, freshman, takes off top honors with letters in three sports.

Conductor: "I'll have to charge you full fare for your little brother; he's wearing long pants."
Young Brother: "Gosh, Sis, you ride free!"

"If the Dean doesn't take back what he said to me this morning, I am going to leave college."
"What did he say?"
"He told me to leave college."

Old Lady: "I suppose you have been in the Navy so long that you are accustomed to sea legs."
Sailor: "Lady, I wasn't even looking!"

"See that guy there? He's going through college by caring for a baby."
"He's lucky. I got kicked out for the same thing."

A professor who comes two minutes early to class is very rare—in fact, he's in a class by himself.
—Epitome.

"Do you think we can squeeze in here?" he asked, as he entered a crowded bus with his big date.
"Dear," she whispered, "I think we'd better wait until we get home."
—Yellow Jacket.

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—Selected.

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Collegiate Digest

NATIONAL COLLEGE NEWS IN PICTURE AND PARAGRAPH

Issue 22

Volume V



The Lion eight churls the Harlem River...and their faces, too
Sweep Swingers Bidding for the Poughkeepsie Regatta championship this year will be these eight fighting rowers of Columbia University. Trying for the highest collegiate rowing honors in the Blue and White shell will be (l to r) Coxswain Baldini, Stroke Kloth, Rahilly, Murphy, Bernius, Kurz, Martin, Cook and Captain Bass.

Wide World



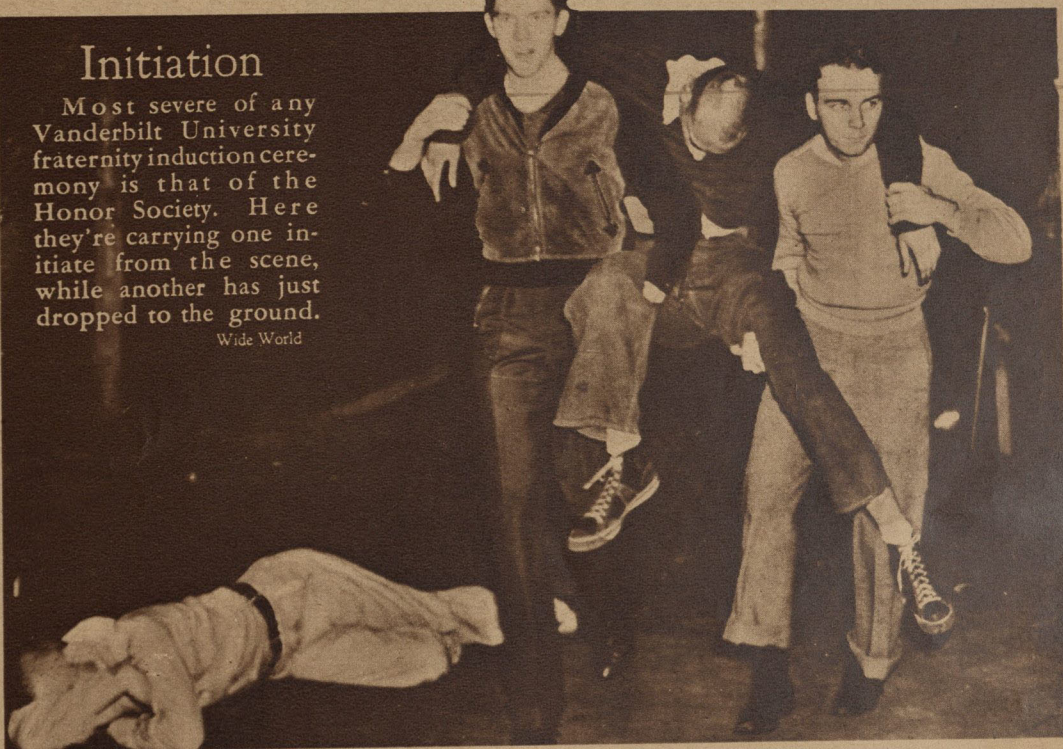
C.C.N.Y. showgirls turned ticket sellers . . . and sold 1,000
Sale College of the City of New York students, all clamoring for seats to the student presentation of *Don't Look Now*, did plenty of looking (and buying, too!) when co-ed members of the cast staged a ticket selling contest, as this photo of the traffic jam proves.

COLLEGIATE DIGEST Photo by Kaminsky

Initiation

Most severe of any Vanderbilt University fraternity induction ceremony is that of the Honor Society. Here they're carrying one initiate from the scene, while another has just dropped to the ground.

Wide World



Sit Down

When Macalester College (St. Paul, Minn.) students staged a sit-down protest of Pres. J. C. Acheson's ruling against a holiday to celebrate a basketball championship, he followed suit and sat down, too

Wide World



Badger Boss

Clarence Dykstra Is Experienced At Calming Troubled Waters



Wisconsin's No. 1 Host and Hostess Acme

IN 1925, the year Century Editor Glenn Frank came from New York to Wisconsin to be the state university's "boy" president, Clarence Addison Dykstra was Los Angeles' city commissioner of water and power. Eleven years later, when Wisconsin asked Mr. Dykstra to replace Mr. Frank, Mr. Dykstra was still concerned with water. Cincinnati, the city he had managed for six years, was so deep under floods that his six feet, 3½ inches of height were no protection against immersion. A month after the waters subsided, City Manager Dykstra signed a one-year contract to return to education as new president of the University of Wisconsin at \$15,000 per year.

Of Mr. Dykstra's 37 years in public life 19 have been spent in education, the past 18 in city administration. Born in Cleveland 54 years ago, he received a B.A. from Iowa, has no other degree, although Wisconsin rarely advances young instructors unless they've attained Ph.D.'s. He studied political science and history at Chicago, taught at Ohio State and was head of the department of political science at Kansas from 1909 to 1918.

In Cincinnati he reorganized and reformed the administration of a half million people with a boundless, straight-line energy that won the city the title "best-governed." At Wisconsin, under the exacting eye of a Progressive board of regents, he'll administer 10,000 students—many of whom debate the R. O. T. C., organize Communist groups, more of whom hope for a winning football team. It was counted undesirable ostentation that Delta Tau Delta's Glenn Frank had a car and a chauffeur. Delta Upsilon's Dykstra asked both, was granted them and a riding horse to boot.

Get that ball! Action

Plenty of action here as Princeton and French Rugby Club players rough it up on a throw-in after an off-side play in the rugby game between the two teams. Wide World

Shopping

Marketing is a part of the home economics course that Georgian Court College students take to learn how to do housework better (and cheaper) than grandma used to do. Here Ann and Peggy Lawless buy groceries for the day. International



Seeing big cities is part of their college course. These Stephens College students were among the 262 from the Columbia, Mo., educational tour of the east. They made their first stop in New York City last month to learn all about life in the big city. Picture

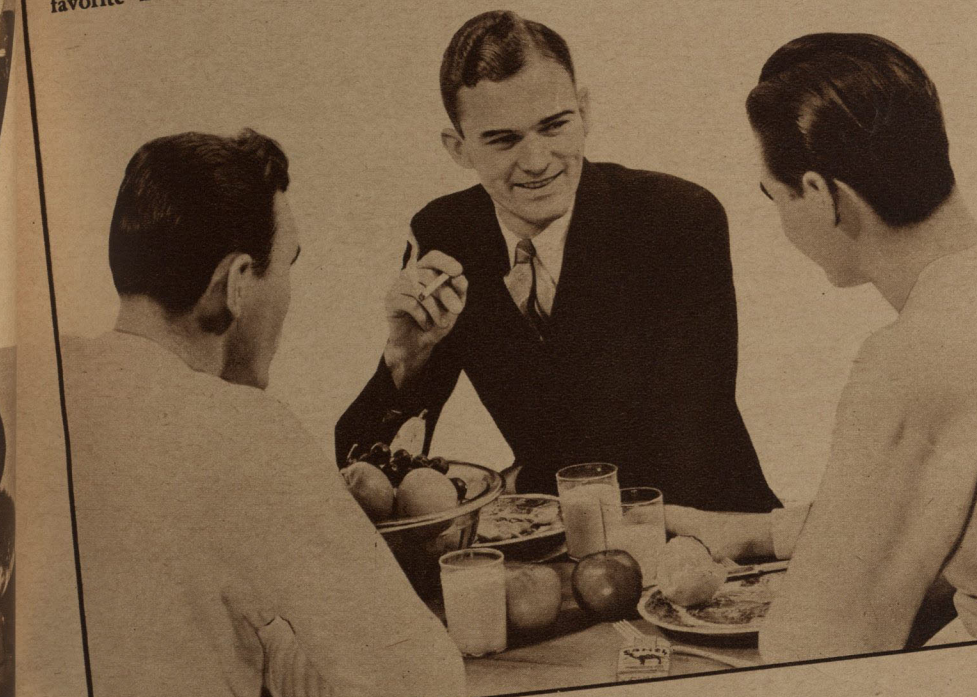


Expert shooter—Glenn Hardin, now shooting regularly being held up tending her store.



THE YOUNGEST MAN on the Olympic track squad. Glenn Hardin was only 20 years old when he won his first Olympic victory for the U. S. He eats sensibly—takes good digestion for granted. The picture below shows Glenn enjoying his favorite meal—rare, thick, juicy steak,

green vegetables, fruit, milk, and Camels. As Glenn phrases it: "It wouldn't do me much good to eat and not digest properly. So I smoke Camels for digestion's sake. It's grand to light up Camels and enjoy the sense of well-being that comes when digestion's o-kay."



An Important Fact for Cigarette Smokers

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

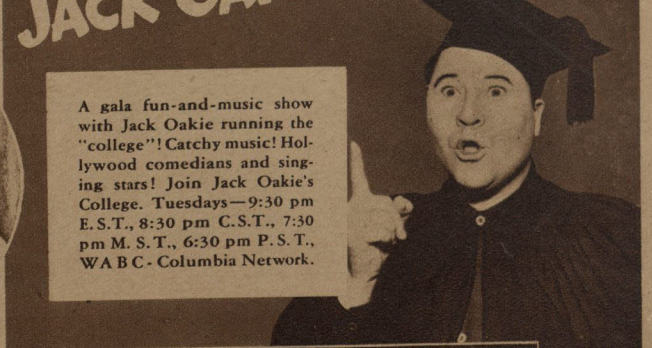
• Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd says: "Social life keeps nerves on the qui vive. Smoking Camels tends to minimize the strain, I find. Camels are so mild."

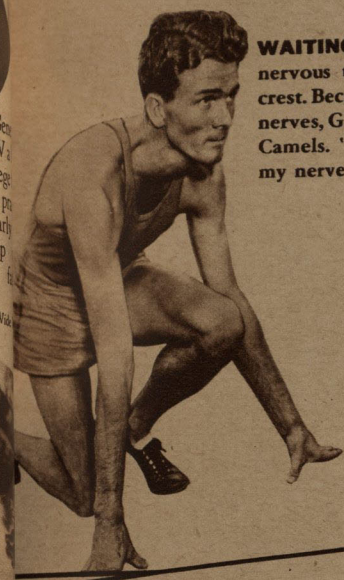


HEAR HIM — LAUGH WITH HIM — JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE

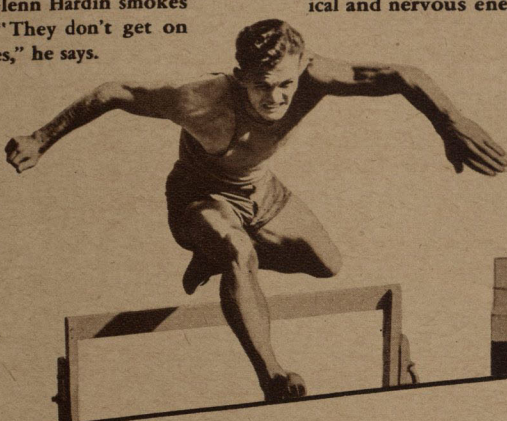
A gala fun-and-music show with Jack Oakie running the "college"! Catchy music! Hollywood comedians and singing stars! Join Jack Oakie's College. Tuesdays—9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T., W.A.B.C. Columbia Network.



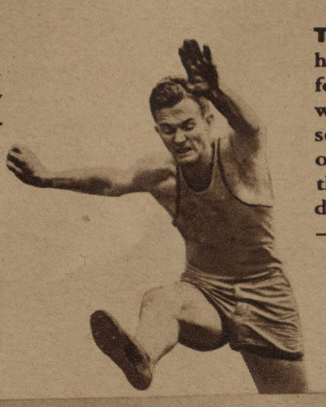
The World's Record Holder... Glenn Hardin... Going Over the Hurdles



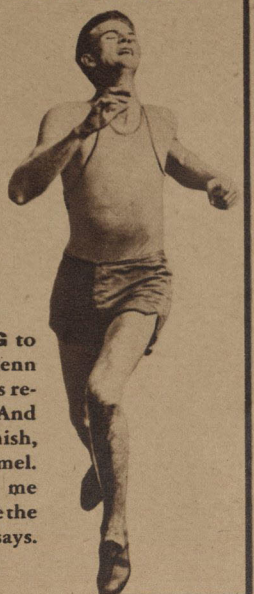
WAITING for the gun—when nervous tension reaches the crest. Because he prizes healthy nerves, Glenn Hardin smokes Camels. "They don't get on my nerves," he says.



SAILING over a low hurdle—Glenn's strained face shows how the race drains tremendous physical and nervous energy.



TOPPING a high hurdle—superb form helped Glenn win 2 Olympics—set the world's record. His time for the 400-meter hurdles was sensational—50.6 seconds!



SPRINTING to the finish—Glenn calls on all his reserve energy. And after the finish, he lights a Camel. "Camels give me a 'lift' and ease the tension," he says.

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

WORKS HARD on all five college courses. "Rege" Kennedy, '40, says: "I smoke Camels pretty steadily—they ease the tension of long, hard concentrating. Camels don't jangle my nerves."



AS SPOKESMAN for the hostesses of a leading air-line, Betty Steffen observes: "Camels help me keep feeling pepped-up. I smoke all I please. Camels never get on my nerves."



CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!

On With the Dance



Yale's Fine Arts Balls was an "Enchanted Land"
And this is only a small portion of the great crowd that was on hand for the grand march that opened this colorful biennial stellar social event. *Wide World*



Costume balls are all the rage these days
Surrealistic costumes (above) were required for a recent William and Mary College dance, while old clothes and mock gambling devices were featured at a Washington University (St. Louis) architectural students' dance (below). *COLLEGIATE DIGEST Photo by Richard Velt*



Every dance must have its queen
And Bandleader Rudy Valee chose Virginia Whiting as the most beautiful co-ed at the University of Buffalo Junior Prom. *COLLEGIATE DIGEST Photo by J. Stanley Nixon*



COLLEGIATE DIGEST Photo by Charles Lorenz



Irene Rich enriches
Major James O. Green, Jr., is shown with Irene Rich at the Lehigh University dance. She was guest of honor. *Photo by J. Stanley Nixon*



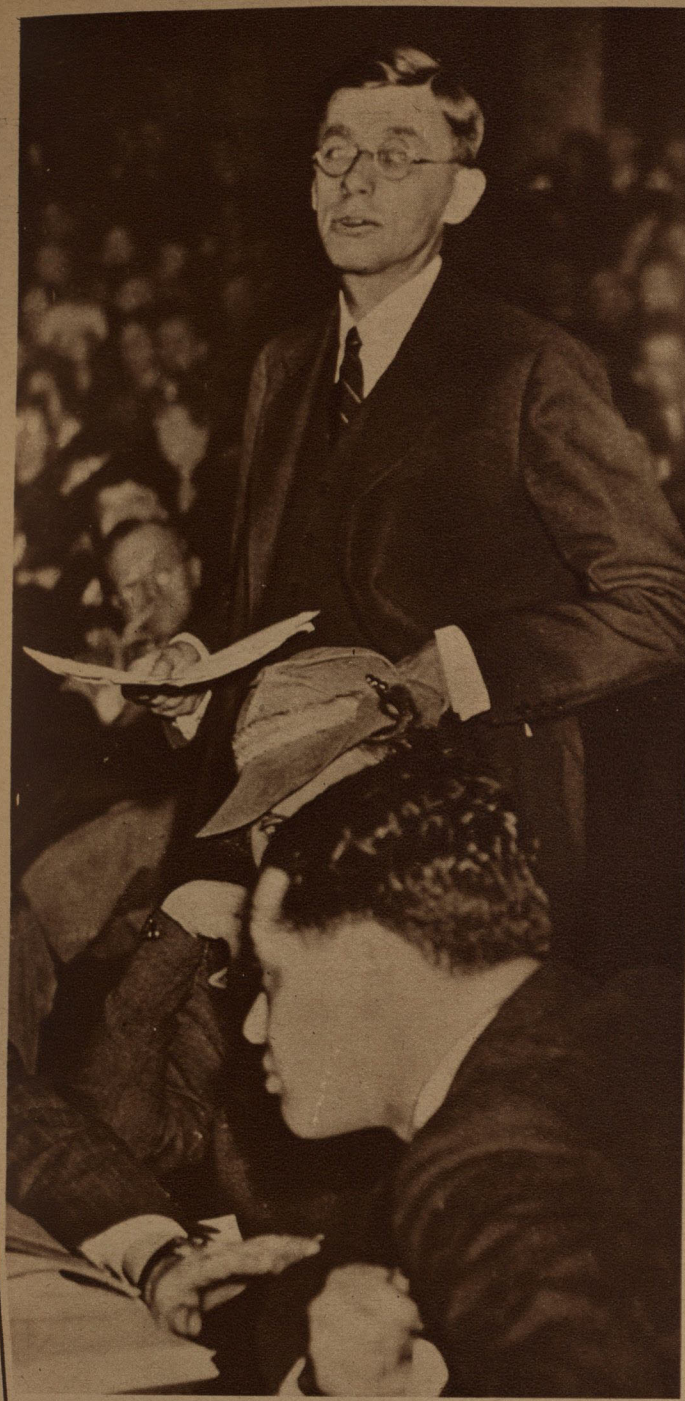
Shades of
for the Northwestern University Night W.C.T.U.'s founder, notice hall. Club, a student-operated. It's named after two camps. *Acme*



And after the dance . . .
Ohio Wesleyan University students go to Bun the Baker's for a before-bed snack. *COLLEGIATE DIGEST Photo by Trumbull*



Michigan famous Pretzel
for after-the-dance Michigan hang-out for many generations. *Photo by Crow*



Legislators were given educational low-down
Lobby Important among the duties of the president of every large educational institution is that of appearing before state legislative committees to urge passage of bills that would benefit, defeat of bills that would harm their universities. Here's Harvard's Pres. James Bryant Conant appearing before the Massachusetts legislature's committee on education. *Pictures, Inc.*



She brought the lunchroom to hungry Kappas who couldn't go to the lunchroom
Snacker University of Oregon sorority members are not allowed to go out for a snack after finishing their late studying, so Betty Howell (center) took advantage of the opportunity, and now practically earns her way through school selling midnight sandwiches to her Kappa Gamma sisters. She's shown with her first customer and her assistant. *COLLEGIATE DIGEST Photo by Gehan*



It's more than a show when college wrestlers "go"
Surprise Yes, ordinary wrestling fans get the surprise of their lives when they go to college wrestling bouts, for the wrestlers haven't become actors yet. Here're Sklar of College of the City of New York and Puttman of Temple during their 155-pound match in Temple's Conwell Hall. *Wide World*



Amendments passed right and left
Mockers When shouting Hiram College students convened in mock session they passed constitutional amendments for uniform marriage and divorce laws, child labor regulation and conservation of national resources. *Wide World*



New record established in Wichita
Vaccination When two cases of smallpox were discovered at the University of Wichita, school physicians established a local record by "shooting" 558 in one day. *COLLEGIATE DIGEST Photo*



L. A. J. C. students print their paper, too
Here Robert M. Smyser, editor of the Los Angeles Junior College Junior Collegian, is shown at the "stone" okeying final front-page proofs.

Pacemakers

Most potent force for betterment of college and university newspapers is the annual All-American Critical Service of the Associated Collegiate Press, editorial and business staff association of more than 600 undergraduate journals which is directed by Fred L. Kildow of the University of Minnesota school of journalism. From the hundreds of newspapers criticized each year, the Critical Service judges select the seven best U. S. college newspapers, name them "Pacemakers."



Only "top" woman editor
... in this year's crop of Pacemakers is Elsie Pierce, editorial executive of the University of Michigan Daily.



He edits "world's largest"
Robert DeVany of the University of Minnesota Daily is editorial boss of the largest undergraduate newspaper.



Modern and lively
... is the make-up of the University of Akron Buchtelite, edited this year by Robert D. Firestone.



"Congratulations"
... says D. E. Massey, Jr., managing editor of the University of Georgia Red and Black, to Editor George Boswell.



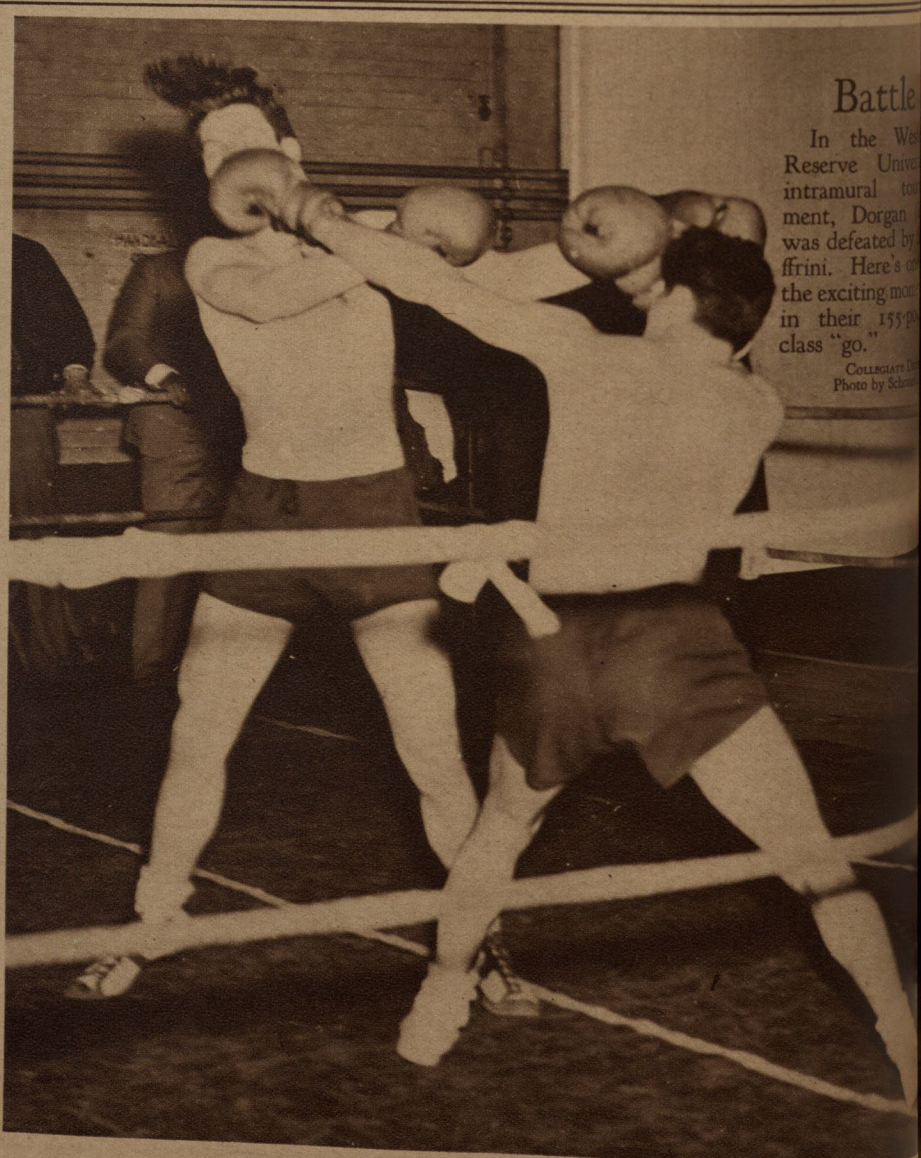
Hot-spot of the campus
... is the editor's chair of the University of Wisconsin Daily Cardinal, occupied this year by Wallace Drew.



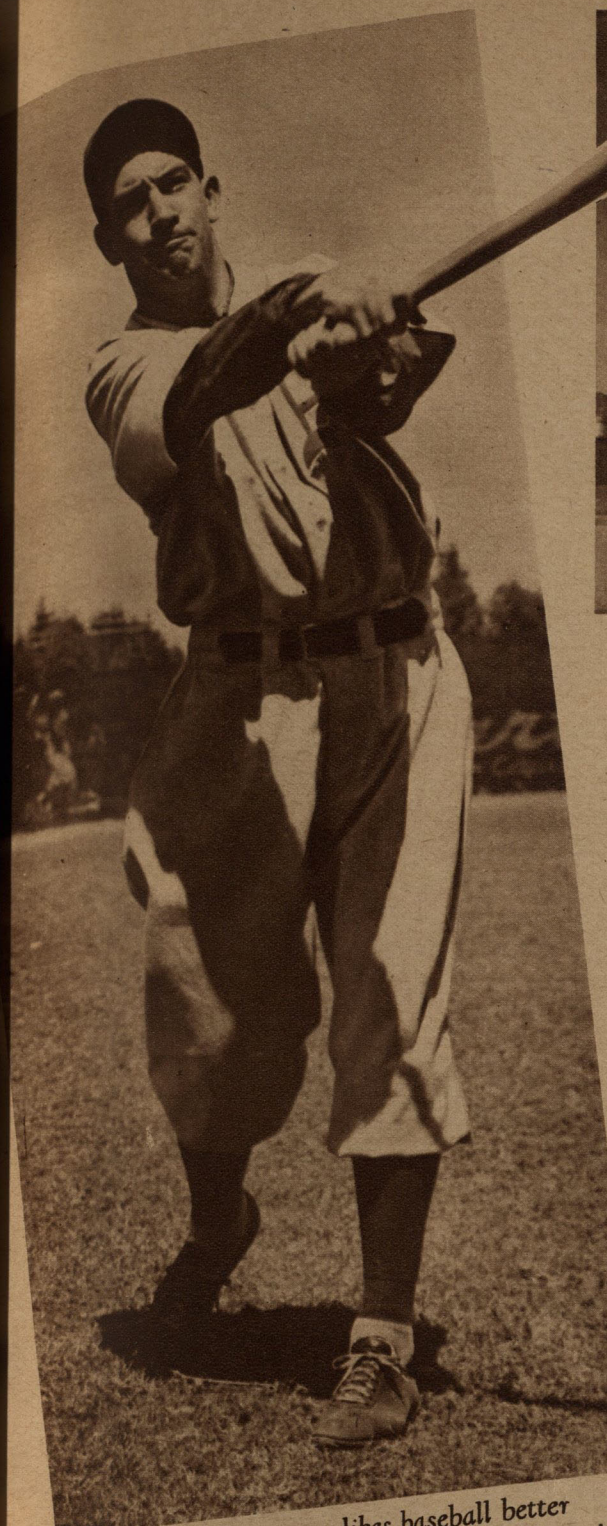
Truly professional
... in appearance is the Editor of Milwaukee (Wis.) State College, edited by Robert B. Parker.



Hoosier library tops 300,000-volume mark
Indiana University librarians make out the record cards for the 300,000 book to be placed on their library's shelves. Its Plato the Teacher, edited by Indiana's Pres. W. L. Bryan and Mrs. Bryan.



Battle
In the War Reserve University intramural tournament, Dorgan was defeated by... Here's one of the exciting moments in their 1933 class "go."



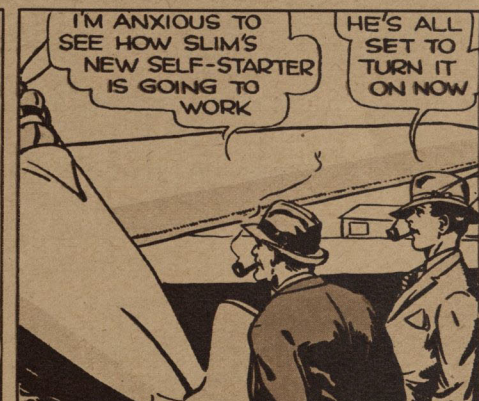
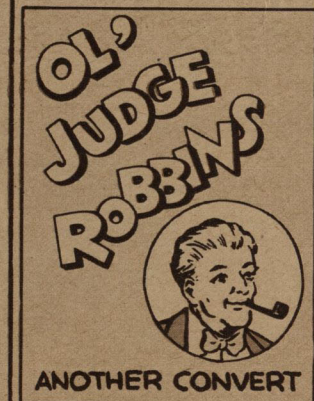
This All-American likes baseball better
Clarence "Ace" Parker, Duke University's famed All-American grid star, is now knocking 'em out for the Philadelphia Athletics, which he joined at their training camp in Mexico this spring.



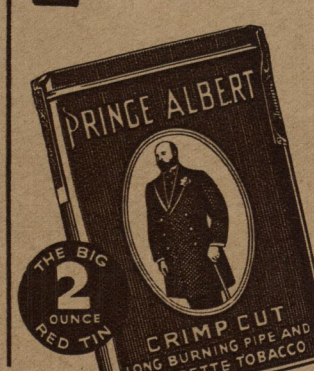
"Economic royalists"
Kingers
This is the initiation of new members into the Yale "Franklin for King" Club. Initiates must pin their credentials on a donkey before being accepted for membership. Headquarters are in the Yale Political Union house.



No Charge
Johns Hopkins University's Athletic Director G. W. Shaffer and Pres. Isaiah Bowman complete plans which eliminate all charges for admission to university sports events.



OUR OFFER

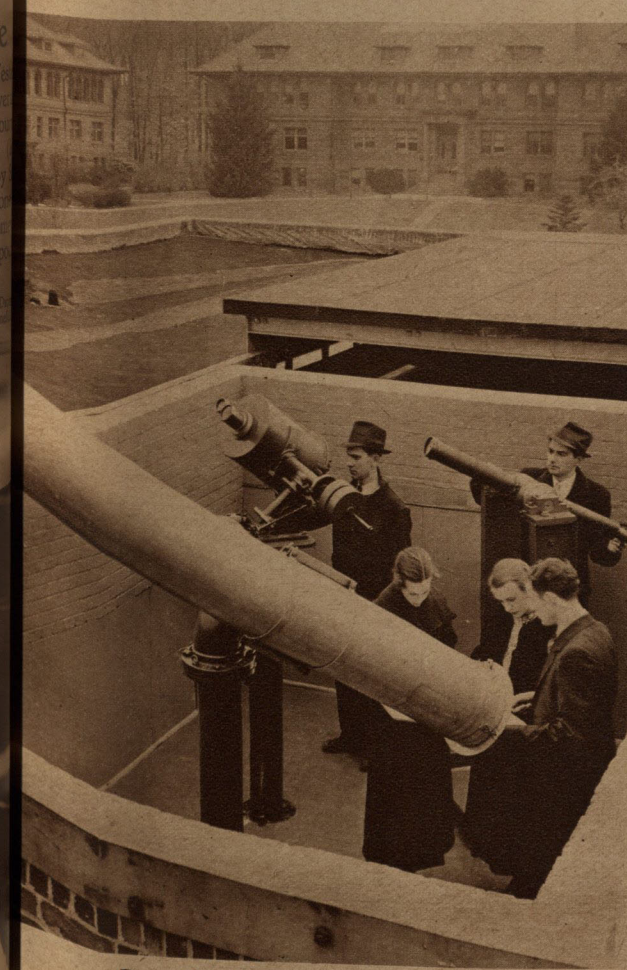


PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



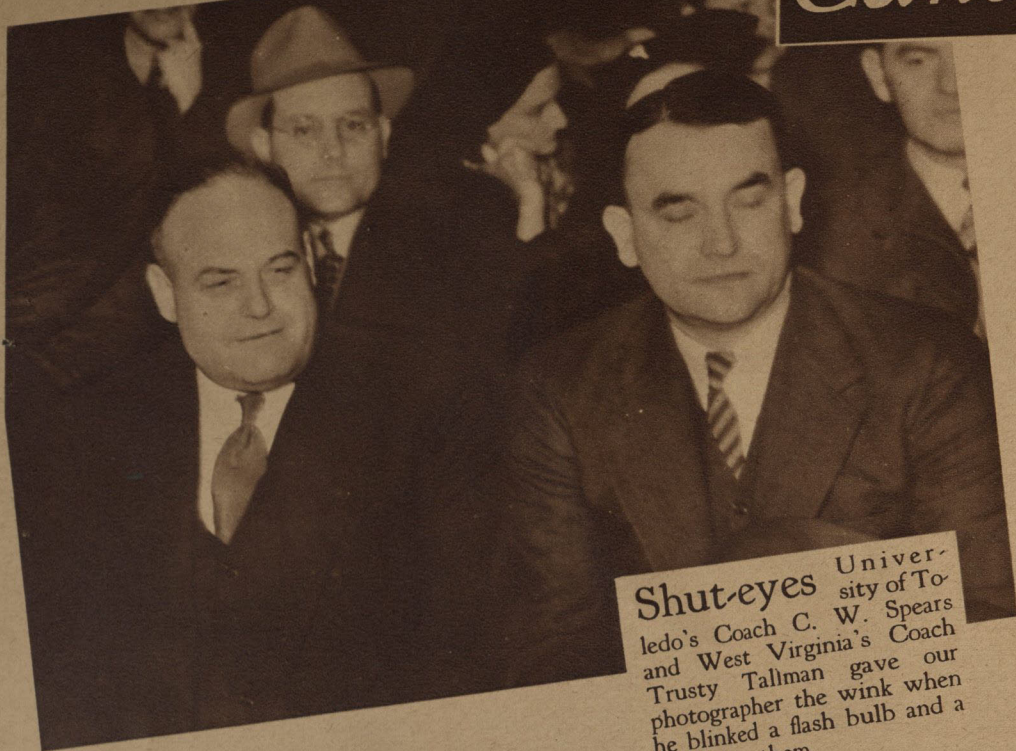
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

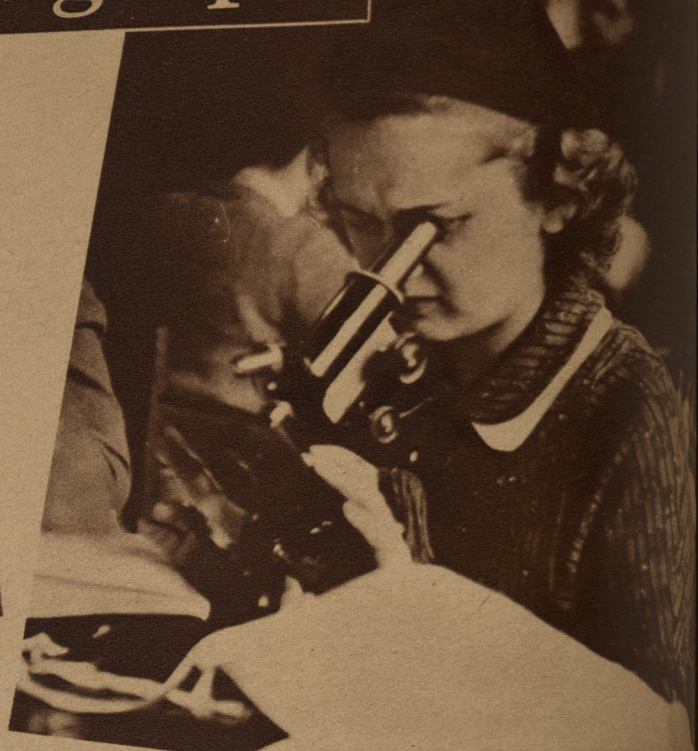


Penn State's new observatory
Astronomy students at Pennsylvania State College are shown in the just-finished observatory which has been opened atop one of the main college buildings. Its equipment is modern.

Candigraphs



Shut-eyes University of Toledo's Coach C. W. Spears and West Virginia's Coach Trusty Tallman gave our photographer the wink when he blinked a flash bulb and a shutter at them.
COLLEGIATE DIGEST Photo by Young



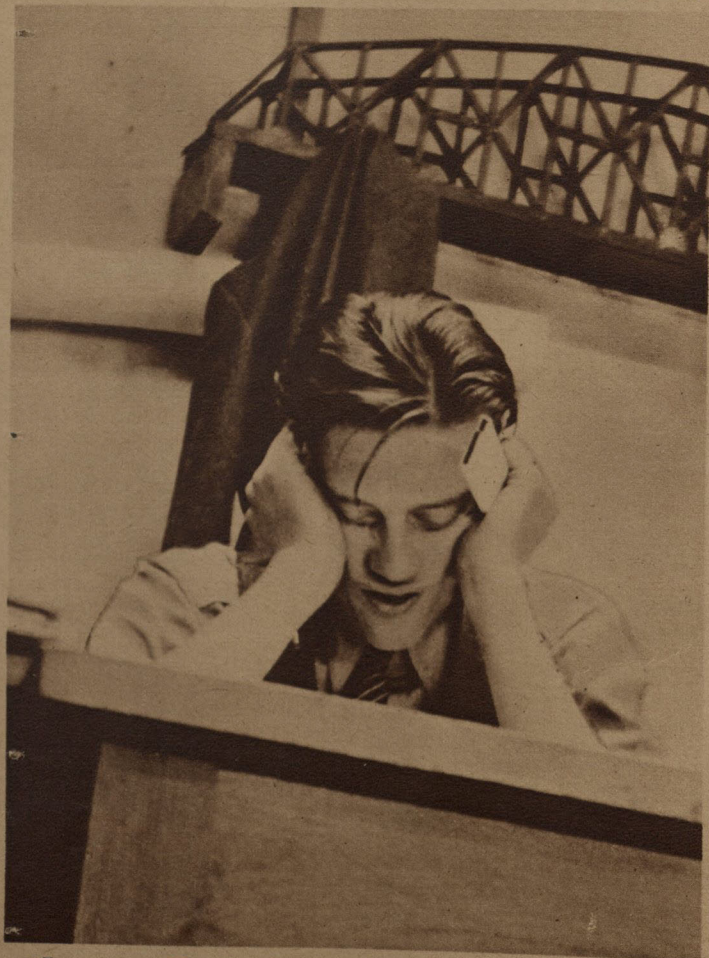
Search "... ain't no such animal," this University of Michigan zoology student is saying as she tries to find something the book told her to look for.
COLLEGIATE DIGEST Photo by Hollinshead



Party Just a birthday party given to the student at the head of the table by her friends and classmates at the Texas Technological College.
COLLEGIATE DIGEST Photo by Davis



Exam Edison Quinn demonstrates one way of looking at the U. S. Military Academy entrance examination he and hundreds of others took in New York City recently.
Pictures, Inc.



Napper This South Dakota State College engineering student needed to catch up on his sleep—and our photographer caught him napping in the "framed structures" laboratory class.
COLLEGIATE DIGEST Photo by Lang



Attention Members of the Syracuse University radio debate team are tense with real they await the "go ahead" signal from the control room. They broadcast dramatized debate on marriage problems once each week to a listening audience of 100,000.